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VOLUME IV

Many divinest sounds have I admired,
The Olympian Gods and mortal men among;
But such a strain of wondrous, strange, untired,
And soul-awakening music, sweet and strong,
Yet did I never hear except from thee.

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PREFACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the present volume is given the residue of Shelley's Poetical Works arranged according to the plan laid down in the prefaces to the first and third volumes, and dealt with on the principles there stated. It will be seen that the greater part of the volume consists of mature posthumous poems, original and translated; and that it is only in the section devoted to *Juvenilia* that we come back upon volumes issued by Shelley in his lifetime.

It seems necessary to add a few remarks to those already made in the former prefaces. First, as regards the complement of the posthumous poems, it should be stated that, wherever I have noticed certain words spelt otherwise than there is reason to believe Shelley spelt them, I have restored what I think his spelling: thus, *inchant*, being the spelling of that word for which I have found authority, that orthography has been adopted whenever *enchant* has been observed in the posthumous poems; and the same remark applies to *inwoven* and *enwoven*. I have also, whenever the word *passed* has come under my notice, substituted *past*,—knowing that such was Shelley's

habitual way of spelling the word. But, although these changes are made in the mature posthumous poems, they are not as a matter of course made in such of the *Juvenilia* as Shelley printed himself: there, the original forms are preserved, unless for some special reason given.

In the preface to the first volume, it was pointed out that Shelley's quotations from foreign tongues had not been interfered with; and the same plan has been followed throughout. In regard to the epigram on the title-page of *Adonais* and the verses from Moschus at the head of the preface to that poem, as well as the quotations from Homer and Plutarch in the Notes to *Queen Mab*, the exact Greek scholar will find much to complain of; but I suspect these extracts give us pretty accurately the measure of Shelley's own exactness at the periods in question, and it seems hardly worth while to give the quotations correctly as a supplement to his versions. In the verses from Lucretius quoted on the title-page to *Queen Mab*, however, a printer's error, *juratque* for *juvatque*, has been corrected; but I have even left the titles of, and extracts from, French works as I found them in the *Queen Mab* Notes, the errors in accents &c., affording some additional evidence as to Shelley's scholarship or accuracy in the year 1813, and having thus an intrinsic value for the student of the poet.

Although in a general way the setting of lines is arranged so that the indentations (or, as they are technically called, "indentions") have some correspondence with the rhymes, there are two forms of verse in which this plan has

not been followed,—*terza rima* and the Sonnet. In printing the *terza rima* poems in simple groups of three lines, the present edition follows those of Mrs. Shelley, who, I doubt not, followed in this respect the indication of Shelley's manuscripts,—especially as we find the same arrangement in the stanzas of cognate form employed in the *Ode to the West Wind*. In giving the sonnet without "indentions," the invariable practice of Shelley's own printed volumes is followed; and in such of his manuscript sonnets as I have seen there are no intentional "indentions,"—merely the same irregularity of margin that we generally find in his manuscripts. As the writing of these two highly artificial forms of verse has ever been matter of much controversy and strong opinion, it is unlikely that Shelley's own way of writing them was unconsidered: it should therefore be followed. In the preface to the first volume (page xxxvii), it was stated that the lines had been numbered throughout, in the margin, whenever the poems were not already, in Shelley's editions, divided into numbered stanzas, but that no new numeration of stanzas had been introduced: it was not, however, intended that the rule of marginal numeration should apply to any poem or fragment of less than fifteen lines,—that is to say, of anything not exceeding in length the sonnet; nor was it intended that no new numeration of stanzas was to be introduced into the posthumous poems, in which there seemed to be no need to follow any such irregular precedent as that of leaving the stanzas unnumbered in some cases and not in others.

The assignment of particular poems to particular years never rests on my own authority unless that fact be expressed. When a poem is placed under a given year without any remark as to authority, it is to be assumed that no change has been made, and that the poem remains under the year to which it is assigned by Mrs. Shelley or such other editor as may have given it to the public. Generally, I think, sufficient clue will be found, in the notes, to the authorities on which particular poems are assigned to particular dates; but, as that may not be invariably the case, it is as well to say here that precedent is the authority when no other is adduced.

Seeing that the expression "the Boscombe MSS." has crept into some of the foot-notes, it ought perhaps to be explained, for the benefit of those to whom such expression may seem unintelligible, that Boscombe Manor is the seat of Sir Percy Shelley, and that there the priceless manuscripts and other relics of the poet remaining in the hands of his family are reverently preserved.

In going over the lyrics of 1821 and 1822, given in this volume, it has occurred to me as probable that it was to some of these, especially those in which the Williamses are concerned, that Mrs. Shelley referred when, in bringing out the second edition of 1839, she said in her postscript of the 6th of November of that year, "By the aid of a friend I also present some poems complete and correct, which hitherto have been defaced by various mistakes and omissions."

Since the greater part of the present volume was printed, I have had the opportunity of collating a few manuscripts of Shelley's not seen in time to be dealt with in framing the text. The chief results of such collation will be found at the end of the volume, under the head of *Addenda*. The manuscript of *Hellas* and the list of errata for that poem, sold by auction on the 19th of last month, are treasure-trove of importance for the Shelley student,—though the manuscript of the poem is not written by Shelley, but only revised by him.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

38, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood,
August, 1877.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1819.

[Mrs. Shelley says in her Note on Poems of 1819 that Shelley "had an idea of publishing a series of poems adapted expressly to commemorate" the people's "circumstances and wrongs—he wrote a few, but in those days of prosecution for libel they could not be printed." I presume it was to this same scheme that Shelley referred when he wrote to Leigh Hunt as late as the 1st of May, 1820, enquiring whether he knew of any "bookseller who would like to publish a little volume of *popular songs*, wholly political, and destined to awaken and direct the imagination of the reformers." This enquiry is made in a letter to Hunt placed at my disposal by Mr. Townshend Mayer, and which I have never seen in print. Mrs. Shelley says these popular poems are "not among the best of his productions, a writer being always shackled when he endeavours to write down to the comprehension of those who could not understand or feel a highly imaginative style." I imagine we may safely accept the first six poems in the following section as the extant result of this scheme,—but Mrs. Shelley tells us that "besides these outpourings of compassion and indignation, he had meant to adorn the cause he loved with loftier poetry of glory and triumph—such is the scope of the Ode to the Assertors of Liberty." That ode will be found in Vol. II of this edition, pp. 294—5; and there seems to be no doubt that, though originally published with the heading *An Ode, [written, October*, 1819, *before the Spaniards had recovered their liberty.]*, Shelley meant it to apply to England, the first stanza in particular having reference to the Manchester massacre. Other minor poems belonging to this year are the *Ode to Heaven*, *Ode to the West Wind* and *An Exhortation*, which have already been given in this edition (Vol. II), with *Prometheus Unbound*, as Shelley gave them. The year that produced, with all these smaller works, *The Cenci*, the greater part of *Prometheus*, *The Mask of Anarchy*, and *Peter Bell the Third*, must be reckoned a great year in the career of Shelley.—H. B. F.]

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1819.

LINES

WRITTEN DURING THE CASTLEREAGH ADMINISTRATION.[1]

I.

Corpses are cold in the tomb;
Stones on the pavement are dumb;
Abortions are dead in the womb,
And their mothers look pale—like the white shore
Of Albion, free no more.

II.

Her sons are as stones in the way—
They are masses of senseless clay—
They are trodden, and move not away,—
The abortion with which she travaileth
Is Liberty, smitten to death.

III.

Then trample and dance, thou Oppressor!
For thy victim is no redresser;
Thou art sole lord and possessor
Of her corpses, and clods, and abortions—they pave
Thy path to the grave.

[1] First published in *The Athenæum* in 1832, and reprinted the following year in *The Shelley Papers*, edited by Captain Medwin.

IV.

Hearest thou the festal[1] din
Of Death, and Destruction, and Sin,
And Wealth crying *Havock!* within?
'Tis the bacchanal triumph which makes Truth dumb,
Thine epithalamium.

V.

Aye, marry thy ghastly wife!
Let Fear and Disquiet[2] and Strife
Spread thy couch in the chamber of Life!
Marry Ruin, thou Tyrant! and God be thy guide
To the bed of thy[3] bride!

SONG

TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND.[4]

I.

MEN of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

II.

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

[1] According to Medwin, *festal;* according to Mrs. Shelley, *festival.*
[2] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions; but *Disgust* in Medwin's.
[3] So in Medwin's edition; but *the* in Mrs. Shelley's.
[4] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the first edition of 1839.

III.

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

IV.

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

V.

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

VI.

Sow seed,—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth,—let no impostor heap;
Weave robes,—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms,—in your defence to bear.

VII.

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells;
In halls ye deck another dwells.
Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see
The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

VIII.

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
England be your sepulchre.

SONNET:

ENGLAND IN 1819.[1]

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king,—
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
Through public scorn,—mud from a muddy spring,—
Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,
But leech-like to their fainting country cling,
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow,—
A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field,—
An army, which liberticide and prey
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield[2]
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay;
Religion Christless, Godless—a book sealed;
A Senate,—Time's worst statute unrepealed,—
Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom may
Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

SIMILES,

FOR TWO POLITICAL CHARACTERS OF 1819.[3]

I.

As from an ancestral oak
Two empty ravens sound their clarion,
Yell by yell, and croak by croak,
When they scent the noonday smoke
Of fresh human carrion:—

[1] First given by Mrs. Shelley in her first edition of 1839.

[2] In the first edition there is a semicolon here,—in the second a comma. I think the sense requires that there should be no stop. Mr. Rossetti reads *Make* for *Makes*.

[3] From *The Shelley Papers*. The words *for two political characters of* 1819 were added in Mrs. Shelley's second edition of 1839. Medwin says the two characters were Castlereagh and Sidmouth, which is of course correct.

II.

As two gibbering night-birds flit
From their bowers of deadly hue
Through the night to frighten it,
When the moon[1] is in a fit,
And the stars are none, or few:—

III.

As a shark and dog-fish wait
Under an Atlantic isle,
For the negro-ship, whose freight
Is the theme of their debate,
Wrinkling their red gills the while—

IV.

Are ye, two vultures sick for battle,
Two scorpions under one wet stone,
Two bloodless wolves whose dry throats rattle,
Two crows perched on the murrained cattle,
Two vipers tangled into one.

FRAGMENT:
TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.[2]

PEOPLE of England, ye who toil and groan,
Who reap the harvests which are not your own,
Who weave the clothes which your oppressors wear,
And for your own take the inclement air;
Who build warm houses . . . 5

[1] In Medwin's and Mrs. Shelley's editions *morn*. Mr. Rossetti reads *moon*, no doubt rightly.

[2] The *Relics of Shelley* furnish lines 1 to 7 of this fragment. The rest were given by Mrs. Shelley in the second edition of 1839, among the additional fragments appended to that edition. I think there can be little if any doubt that the whole sixteen lines, hitherto printed apart, belong together.

And are like gods who give them all they have,
And nurse them from the cradle to the grave . . .

* * * * *

What men gain fairly—that they should possess,
And children may inherit idleness,
From him who earns it—This is understood;
Private injustice may be general good.
But he who gains by base and armèd wrong,
Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,
May be despoiled; even as a stolen dress
Is stript from a convicted thief, and he
Left in the nakedness of infamy.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.[1]

I.

GOD prosper, speed, and save,
God raise from England's grave
Her murdered Queen!
Pave with swift victory
The steps of Liberty,
Whom Britons own to be
Immortal Queen.

II.

See, she comes throned on high,
On swift Eternity!
God save the Queen!
Millions on millions wait
Firm, rapid, and elate,
On her majestic state!
God save the Queen!

[1] In the second edition of 1839 Mrs. Shelley introduced this poem into her Note on Poems of 1819. Mr. Rossetti heads it *God Save the Queen.*

III.

She is thine own pure soul
Moulding the mighty whole,—
God save the Queen!
She is thine own deep love
Rained down from heaven above,—
Wherever[1] she rest or move,
God save our Queen!

IV.

Wilder her enemies
In their own dark disguise,—
God save our Queen!
All earthly things that dare
Her sacred name to bear,
Strip them, as kings are, bare;
God save the Queen!

V.

Be her eternal throne
Built in our hearts alone—
God save the Queen!
Let the oppressor hold
Canopied seats of gold;
She sits enthroned of old
O'er our hearts Queen.

VI.

Lips touched by seraphim
Breathe out the choral hymn
"God save the Queen!"
Sweet as if angels sang,
Loud as that trumpet's clang
Wakening the world's dead gang,—
God save the Queen!

[1] Probably Shelley would have preferred *where'er* in this place.

THE INDIAN SERENADE.[1]

I.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,

[1] This poem came out in the second number of *The Liberal* (1822), under the title *Song, written for an Indian Air.* In the *Posthumous Poems*, it reappeared as *Lines to an Indian Air;* and that title is also adopted in Mrs. Shelley's collected editions, wherein the poem is assigned to the year 1821. Mr. Rossetti, however, has traced it back as far as 1819, and thinks it may have been written even as early as 1818. In 1819, at all events, Shelley seems to have given an autograph copy of it to Miss Sophia Stacey, afterwards Mrs. Catty, whose son still has the MS. Mr. Garnett (*Relics of Shelley*, p. 99.) says "Several fragmentary versions of the piece exist among Shelley's manuscripts, all differing more or less from the printed text and each other"; but a second complete, and apparently late, MS. is described by Mr. Robert Browning, in a most interesting letter to Leigh Hunt, published in Vol. II of Hunt's *Correspondence*, pp. 264—8. I extract the passage relating to this subject:

"While I write, there is a strange thing that happened last night impossible to get out of my thoughts. It may give you pain to tell you of it, yet if with the pain come triumphant memories and hopes, as I expect there will, you may choose the pain with them. What decides me to tell it is that I heard you years ago allude to the destruction of a volume of *Lamia, Isabella, &c.,—to be restored to you yet* ——now you remember; also, I think of your putting my name near Shelley's in the end of your letter, where you say 'since I lost Shelley.' Is it not strange that I should have transcribed for the first time, last night, the *Indian Serenade* that, together with some verses of Metastasio, accompanied that book? That I should have been reserved to tell the present possessor of them—to whom they were given by Captain Roberts—*what* the poem was, and *that it had been published!* It is preserved religiously; but the characters are all but illegible, and I needed a good magnifying-glass to be quite sure of such of them as remain. The end is that I have rescued three or four variations in the reading of that divine little poem, as one reads it, at least, in the *Posthumous Poems*. It is headed *The Indian Serenade* (not *Lines to an Indian Air*). In the first stanza the seventh line is 'Hath led me'; in the second, the third line is 'And the Champak's odours fail'; and the eighth, 'O! Beloved as thou art!' In the last stanza, the seventh line was, 'Oh, press it to thine own again.' Are not all these better readings? (even to the 'Hath' for 'Has.') There, I give them you as you gave us Milton's hair. If I have mistaken in telling you, you will understand and forgive."

Mr. Rossetti has seen what purports to be a verbatim copy of the same MS.; and that copy shews two further variations, namely *From* instead of *In* at the beginning of the second line, and *must* instead of *will* in the final line; but I should hesitate to accept the evidence of a professing transcript unauthenticated by the transcriber's name; and *From* for *In* looks very like a clerical error. Mr. Rossetti says 'There seems to be no ground for affirming' that the MS. recovered from the drowned Shelley "is of higher authority than the one used for

And the stars are shining[1] bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath[2] led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

II.

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
And the Champak's odours fail[3]
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart;—
As I must on thine,[4]
O! belovèd as thou art![5]

the *Posthumous Poems*"; but I imagine that a copy of these verses found on Shelley's person after his death would be eminently likely to be the most recent copy he had made,—and hence of higher authority than all others. Although the line

The champak odours fail

strikes me as more lovely than

And the champak's odours fail,

the sense is certainly improved in the less musical, though still exquisitely musical, line; and, on the whole, I agree with Mr. Browning in thinking the version an improved one. Another living poet has taken the same view: with the exception of *champak's* for *champak*, Mr. Allingham adopts the variations in his charming Anthology, *Nightingale Valley*, and adds in a note—"We have enquired after the *Indian Air*, but, if there was one (and a friend of Shelley's thought there was), it seems untraceable." On this point I may say that, although, as Mr. Rossetti has shewn, the current story of Shelley having written the words to an air brought from India by Mrs. Williams cannot be correct, the air to which that lady sang it can scarcely be irrecoverable, as I am assured by a near relative of hers that it is an air very widely known in India.

[1] In *The Liberal*, *burning*: but *shining* in the *Posthumous Poems* and Mrs. Shelley's other editions.

[2] *Hath* in *The Liberal*; *Has* in Mrs. Shelley's editions from 1824 onwards.

[3] Mr. Allingham substitutes *pine* for *fail*, with the remark, "The reading *pine* in the second verse, instead of *fail*, must, for the present, rest on its own merits. We believe that the *fail*, in the third verse, caused the same word to be slipt into the second, under the notion of making the iteration more exact; but such merely verbal and mechanical iteration is not in place here, and destroys the rhymic structure of the lyric in a very un-Shelleyan manner." I cannot assent to this: I think the substitution of *pine* introduces a mechanical element not in the poem before, and ruins a most lovely line. In one of the Boscombe drafts *odours of my chaplet* is substituted for *champak odours*.

[4] So in *The Liberal* and the *Posthumous Poems*; and Mr. Browning gives no account of the word *die*, interpolated in the collected editions, which I think is much better out.

[5] So in the editions of 1839 and onwards; but in *The Liberal* and the *Posthumous Poems* the *O!* found by Mr. Browning in the MS., is omitted.

III.

O lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail![1]
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;—
Oh! press it to thine own again,[2]
Where it will break at last.

CANCELLED PASSAGE.[3]

O pillow cold and wet with tears!
Thou breathest sleep no more!

TO SOPHIA.[4]

I.

THOU art fair, and few are fairer,
Of the nymphs of earth or ocean.
They are robes that fit the wearer—

[1] This line is pointed as in *The Liberal:* Mrs. Shelley gives it, in all editions, thus :

I die, I faint, I fail !

[2] In *The Liberal* this line stands

O ! press me to thine own again,

and in the *Posthumous Poems*

Oh ! press it close to thine again.

[3] Mr. Rossetti found these two lines in the note-book containing *Charles the First*. He gives them as "apparently belonging" to *The Indian Serenade*.

[4] These stanzas, which were first published by Mr. Rossetti in 1870, were addressed by Shelley to Miss Sophia Stacey. "This lady," says Mr. Rossetti, "was a ward of Mr. Parker, an uncle by marriage of Shelley, living in Bath. She saw a good deal of the poet and his wife in Italy from time to time, having lived three months in the same house with them in Florence —Madame Du Plantis', Via Val Fonda. She eventually married Captain J. P. Catty, R.E." I am very much indebted to Major General Catty of the 46th Regiment for permission to include in this edition these beautiful verses and those entitled *Time Long Past*, which will be found among the poems of 1820.

Those soft limbs of thine, whose motion
Ever falls and shifts and glances,
As the life within them dances.

II.

Thy deep eyes, a double planet,
Gaze the wisest into madness
With soft clear fire. The winds that fan it
Are those thoughts of gentle gladness
Which, like zephyrs on the billow,
Make thy gentle soul their pillow.

III.

If whatever face thou paintest
In those eyes grows pale with pleasure,
If the fainting soul is faintest
When it hears thy harp's wild measure,
Wonder not that, when thou speakest,
Of the weak my heart is weakest.

IV.

As dew beneath the wind of morning,
As the sea which whirlwinds waken,
As the birds at thunder's warning,
As aught mute but deeply shaken,
As one who feels an unseen spirit,
Is my heart when thine is near it.

FRAGMENT: A SOUL KNOWN.[1]

I AM as a spirit who has dwelt
Within his heart of hearts, and I have felt
His feelings, and have thought his thoughts, and known
The inmost converse of his soul, the tone
Unheard but in the silence of his blood,
When all the pulses in their multitude
Image the trembling calm of summer seas.
I have unlocked the golden melodies
Of his deep soul, as with a master-key,
And loosened them and bathed myself therein—
Even as an eagle in a thunder-mist
Clothing his wings with lightning.

FRAGMENT: IS NOT TO-DAY ENOUGH?

Is not to-day enough? Why do I peer
  Into the darkness of the day to come?
Is not to-morrow even as yesterday?
  And will the day that follows change thy doom?
Few flowers grow upon thy wintry way;
  And who waits for thee in that cheerless home
Whence thou hast fled, whither thou must return
Charged with the load that makes thee faint and mourn?

[1] This and the next five fragments are from *Relics of Shelley*. Mr. Garnett assigns them to the year 1819. I have supplied the headings for convenience of reference.

FRAGMENT: QUESTIONS.

Is it that in some brighter sphere
We part from friends we meet with here?
Or do we see the Future pass
Over the Present's dusky glass?
Or what is that that makes us seem
To patch up fragments of a dream,
Part of which comes true, and part
Beats and trembles in the heart?

FRAGMENT: TO ITALY.

As the sunrise to the night,
  As the north wind to the clouds,
As the earthquake's fiery flight,
  Ruining mountain solitudes,
Everlasting Italy,
Be those hopes and fears on thee.

FRAGMENT OF AN INVITATION.

Follow to the deep wood's weeds,
Follow to the wild briar dingle,
Where we seek to intermingle,
And the violet tells her tale
To the odour-scented gale,
For they two have enough to do
Of such work as I and you.

THE BIRTH OF PLEASURE.

At the creation of the Earth
Pleasure, that divinest birth,
From the soil of Heaven did rise,
Wrapt in sweet wild melodies—
Like an exhalation wreathing
To the sound of air low-breathing
Through Æolian pines, which make
A shade and shelter to the lake
Whence it rises soft and slow;
Her life breathing [limbs] did flow
In the harmony divine
Of an ever-lengthening line
Which enwrapt her perfect form
With a beauty clear and warm.

FRAGMENT: LOVE THE UNIVERSE.[1]

And who feels discord now or sorrow?
  Love is the universe to-day—
These are the slaves of dim to-morrow,
  Darkening Life's labyrinthine way.

[1] This and the next three fragments were first given by Mrs. Shelley in the first edition of 1839,—without titles. I have supplied the headings, here as in some other cases, for convenience of reference.

FRAGMENT: WINE OF EGLANTINE.

I AM drunk with the honey wine
Of the moon-unfolded eglantine,
Which fairies catch in hyacinth bowls:[1]—
The bats, the dormice, and the moles
Sleep in the walls or under the sward
Of the desolate Castle yard;
And when 'tis spilt on the summer earth
  Or its fumes arise among the dew,
Their jocund dreams are full of mirth,
  They gibber their joy in sleep; for few
  Of the fairies bear those bowls so new!

FRAGMENT: CALM THOUGHTS.

YE gentle visitations of calm thought—
  Moods like the memories of happier earth,
  Which come arrayed in thoughts of little worth,
Like stars in clouds by the weak winds enwrought,
  But that the clouds depart and stars remain,
While they remain, and ye, alas, depart!

FRAGMENT: DEAD BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

AND where is truth? On tombs? for such to thee
Has been my heart—and thy dead memory
Has lain from childhood, many a changeful year—
Unchangingly preserved and buried there.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *buds;* but *bowls* in the MS., as stated by Mr. Garnett, at p. 95 of the *Relics of Shelley.*

FRAGMENT:

"A GENTLE STORY OF TWO LOVERS YOUNG."[1]

A GENTLE story of two lovers young,
Who met in innocence and died in sorrow,
And of one selfish heart, whose rancour clung
Like curses on them; are ye slow to borrow
The lore of truth from such a tale?
Or in this world's deserted vale,
Do ye not see a star of gladness
Pierce the shadows of its sadness,
When ye are cold, that love is a light sent
From heaven, which none shall quench, to cheer the innocent?

FRAGMENT OF AN INCANTATION.

I.

WHEN a lover clasps his fairest,
Then be our dread sport the rarest.
Their caresses were like the chaff
In the tempest, and be our laugh
His despair—her epitaph!

II.

When a mother clasps her child,
Watch till dusty Death has piled
His cold ashes on the clay;
She has loved it many a day—
She remains,—it fades away.

[1] This and the eight fragments which follow it were first given by Mrs. Shelley in the second edition of 1839, without any separate headings, which, again, I have supplied for convenience of reference.

FRAGMENT: AN UNFINISHED TALE.

One sung of thee who left the tale untold,
Like the false dawns which perish in the bursting:
Like empty cups of wrought and dædal gold,
Which mock the lips with air, when they are thirsting.

FRAGMENT: THE ROMAN'S CHAMBER.

I.

In the cave which wild weeds cover
Wait for thine ætherial lover;
For the pallid moon is waning,
O'er the spiral cypress hanging
And the moon no cloud is staining.

II.

It was once a Roman's chamber,
Where he kept his darkest revels,
And the wild weeds twine and clamber;
It was then a chasm for devils.

FRAGMENT: ROME AND NATURE.

Rome has fallen, ye see it lying
Heaped in undistinguished ruin:
Nature is alone undying.

FRAGMENT: POETRY AND MUSIC.

How sweet it is to sit and read the tales
Of mighty poets and to hear the while
Sweet music, which when the attention fails
Fills the dim pause———

FRAGMENT:

"A GENTLE STORY OF TWO LOVERS YOUNG."

A GENTLE story of two lovers young,
Who met in innocence and died in sorrow,
And of one selfish heart, whose rancour clung
Like curses on them; are ye slow to borrow
The lore of truth from such a tale?
Or in this world's deserted vale,
Do ye not see a star of gladness
Pierce the shadows of its sadness,
When ye are cold, that love is a light sent
From heaven, which none shall quench, to cheer the
innocent?

FRAGMENT OF AN INCANTATION.

I.

WHEN a lover clasps his fairest,
Then be our dread sport the rarest.
Their caresses were like the chaff
In the tempest, and be our laugh
His despair—[illegible] epitaph!

II.

When a [illegible] clasps her [illegible]
Watch [illegible] Death ha[illegible]
His cold[illegible]
She [illegible]
She [illegible]

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mild,
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editions,—com-
early as 1847.
English burial
child was buried,
: "This spot

is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent's heart are now prophetic ; he is rendered immortal by love, as his memory is by death. My beloved child is buried here. I envy death the body far less than the oppressors the minds of those whom they have torn from me. The one can kill the body, the other crushes the affections."

FRAGMENT: THE SERPENT.

WAKE the serpent not—lest he
Should not know the way to go,—
Let him crawl which yet lies sleeping
Through the deep grass of the meadow!
Not a bee shall hear him creeping,
Not a may-fly shall awaken
From its cradling blue-bell shaken,
Not the starlight as he's sliding
Through the grass with silent gliding.

FRAGMENT: FITFUL RAIN.

THE fitful alternations of the rain,
When the chill wind, languid as with pain
Of its own heavy moisture, here and there
Drives through the grey and beamless atmosphere.

FRAGMENT: LOVE'S ATMOSPHERE.

THERE is a warm and gentle atmosphere
About the form of one we love, and thus
As in a tender mist our spirits are
Wrapt in the of that which is to us
The health of life's own life.

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.[1]

THY little footsteps on the sands
Of a remote and lonely shore;
The twinkling of thine infant hands,
Where now the worm will feed no more:
Thy mingled look of love and glee
When we returned to gaze on thee.

[1] First given in Mrs. Shelley's first edition of 1839.

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.[1]

(With what truth I may say—
Roma! Roma! Roma!
Non è più come era prima!)

I.

My lost William, thou in whom
Some bright spirit lived, and did
That decaying robe consume
Which its lustre faintly hid,
Here its ashes find a tomb,
But beneath this pyramid
Thou art not—if a thing divine
Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine
Is thy mother's grief and mine.

II.

Where art thou, my gentle child?
Let me think thy spirit feeds,
With[2] its life intense and mild,
The love of living leaves and weeds,
Among these tombs and ruins wild;—
Let me think that through low seeds
Of the sweet flowers and sunny grass,
Into their hues and scents may pass
A portion[3] ————

[1] Mrs. Shelley first published this fragment in the *Posthumous Poems* (1824) with the date "June, 1819," affixed.

[2] *Within* in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1824 and 1839; but this mistake was corrected in later editions,—commencing, certainly, as early as 1847.

[3] Concerning the English burial ground wherein this child was buried, Shelley wrote as follows: "This spot is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent's heart are now prophetic; he is rendered immortal by love, as his memory is by death. My beloved child is buried here. I envy death the body far less than the oppressors the minds of those whom they have torn from me. The one can kill the body, the other crushes the affections."

TWO FRAGMENTS TO MARY.[1]

I.

My dearest Mary, wherefore hast thou gone,
And left me in this dreary world alone!
Thy form is here indeed—a lovely one—
But thou art fled, gone down the dreary road,
That leads to Sorrow's most obscure abode;
Thou sittest on the hearth of pale despair,
Where
For thine own sake I cannot follow thee.

II.

The world is dreary,
And I am weary
Of wandering on without thee, Mary;
A joy was erewhile
In thy voice and thy smile,
And 'tis gone, when I should be gone too, Mary.

ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI,

IN THE FLORENTINE GALLERY.[2]

I.

It lieth, gazing on the midnight sky,
Upon the cloudy mountain peak supine;
Below, far lands are seen tremblingly;
Its horror and its beauty are divine.

[1] These two fragments addressed to herself were first given by Mrs. Shelley in the second edition of 1839, with the date "July, 1819" affixed, but without any heading. Mr. Rossetti, who infers (no doubt rightly) that they were "written in the season of Mrs. Shelley's deep dejection for the loss of the beloved infant William," suspects that *when* in the last line of fragment II should be *where*—"*i.e.* to the tomb." This seems likely, but not, to my mind, a certainty.

[2] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*, inscribed "Florence, 1819."

Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie
Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,[1]
Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
The agonies of anguish and of death.

II.

Yet it is less the horror than the grace
Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone;
Whereon the lineaments of that dead face
Are graven, till the characters be grown
Into itself, and thought no more can trace;
'Tis the melodious hue of beauty thrown
Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,
Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

III.

And from its head as from one body grow,
As grass out of a watery rock,
Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and flow
And their long tangles in each other lock,
And with unending involutions shew
Their mailèd radiance, as it were to mock
The torture and the death within, and saw
The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

IV.

And from a stone beside, a poisonous eft
Peeps idly into those[2] Gorgonian eyes;
Whilst in the air a ghastly bat, bereft
Of sense, has flitted with a mad surprise
Out of the cave this hideous light had cleft,
And he comes hastening like a moth that hies

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1824 and 1839, *shrine;* but corrected to *shine* as early as 1847.

[2] In the *Posthumous Poems, those:* in the editions of 1839 *these.*

After a taper; and the midnight sky
Flares, a light more dread than obscurity.

V.

'Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror;
For from the serpents gleams a brazen glare
Kindled by that inextricable error,
Which makes a thrilling vapour of the air
Become a and ever-shifting mirror
Of all the beauty and the terror there—
A woman's countenance, with serpent locks,
Gazing in death on heaven from those wet rocks.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.[1]

I.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle;—
Why not I with thine?

[1] Mrs. Shelley classes this poem among those of 1820; and in the *Posthumous Poems* it is dated "January, 1820." Mr. Rossetti follows this arrangement. The poem was, however, published in *The Indicator* for of the 22nd December, 1819, with the signature "Σ.", and with the following introductory note by Leigh Hunt:—"We intended to introduce the following delightful little lyric, by a friend, in very different company from that of the gentlemen just presented to the reader; [the article making up the rest of the number was that on "Thieves, Ancient and Modern"] but as Mercury, who was the god of thieves, was also the inventor of the lyre, and as Love himself, time out of mind, has been called a thief, it is not, in all respects, inappropriately situated. We may fancy Mercury playing, and Love singing:—and the song is indeed worthy of the performers. It is elemental, Platonical; a meeting of divineness with humanity." It is possible that this poem was the one referred to in Shelley's letter to Hunt in which he enquires after *The Mask of Anarchy*, and refers to another poem as enclosed, to be printed in *The Examiner*, or to

II.

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained it's brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

"share the fate, whatever that fate may be, of the *Mask*." This letter was printed in Hunt's *Lord Byron and some of His Contemporaries*, dated "December, 1819"; but Mrs. Shelley gives the date (*Essays, &c.*, 1840, Vol. II) as November. She says in a footnote that the enclosed poem was *Peter Bell the Third;* but such cannot be the case, as that poem was certainly sent to Hunt in another letter, dated 2nd November, 1819, printed in *Relics of Shelley* (p. 103). It being clear that the poem referred to in the other November letter was not *Peter Bell*, it is at least possible that it was *Love's Philosophy*. The only important variation from the received text presented by the *Indicator* version is in the second stanza, where lines 3 and 4 are as follows:

No *leaf or* flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained *to kiss* it's brother;

this reading is certainly Shelley's, but was doubtless rejected by him on revision. The received version has the authority of an extant MS. of later date,—that namely, in the copy of Leigh Hunt's *Literary Pocket-book* for 1819, which Shelley presented to Miss Sophia Stacey on the 29th of December, 1820, with this and two other poems written in in MS. The change made in this case is of the subtlest mastery,—a wonderful improvement where none seemed needed; and yet one can see not only that the metre was out of order before, but also that the word *kiss* did occur just once too often. While adopting as a matter of course this emendation, I have in minutiæ followed the *Indicator* text implicitly. It commends itself to me as perfectly printed from a perfect MS. of Shelley's. It may be worth while to add that Mr. J. H. Dixon pointed out in *Notes and Queries* (in January, 1868) that the poem is traceable to a French song in eight lines,—

Les vents baisent les nuages.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1820.

[As *The Sensitive Plant, A Vision of the Sea, The Cloud, To a Skylark,* and the *Ode to Liberty* have been given in Vol. II, with *Prometheus Unbound,* as Shelley gave them, I presume *Arethusa* should open this section. In Mrs. Shelley's collected editions those five poems all precede it. It is dated "Pisa, 1820"; and though Shelley was at Pisa late in 1820 as well as early, I infer, from this poem being placed by Mrs. Shelley before the *Letter to Maria Gisborne* (given in Vol. III of this edition), that *Arethusa* was written *before* the visit to Leghorn, where the *Letter* was written. There are not many complete dates to guide us in the arrangement of these poems; but the *Ode to Naples* furnishes another, being referred to in a diary of Mrs. Shelley's under the date 25th August, 1820, though the date given in the *Posthumous Poems* is September, 1820; and *Orpheus* may safely be placed after that, being traceable to the influence of Sgricci, the *Improvvisatore,* whom the Shelleys heard in the winter of 1820. Mrs. Shelley's long letter giving an account of Sgricci (see Vol. II, p. 432) is dated the 29th of December 1820.—H. B. F.]

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1820.

ARETHUSA.[1]

I.

ARETHUSA arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;—
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams:
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

[1] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*.

II.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook;
And opened a chasm
In the rocks;—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below:
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god[1] were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

III.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!"
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *river God*.

With the brackish Dorian stream:—
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin[1]
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

IV.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a net-work of coloured light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night:—
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts

[1] The licence taken by Shelley in such rhymes as this seems to demand some explanation. This is one of several cases in which, amidst marks of the most fastidious workmanship, we find *ruin* set to rhyme with *pursuing* or some other present participle in *ing*. I cannot think that Shelley would have permitted himself to indulge in so indefensible a solecism had the words not formed a rhyme to him; and it seems likely that, being of the aristocratic caste, the habit of dropping the final *g* was indelibly acquired as a child and youth, and never struck him as a bad habit to be got over. If so, to him, *ruin* and *pursuing* were a perfect rhyme; and I need not tell the reader that, to this day, it is an affectation current among persons who are or pretend to be of the aristocratic caste, not only to drop the final *g* in these cases themselves, but to stigmatize its pronunciation by other people as "pedantic"!

Of the mountain clifts
They past to their Dorian home.

V.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noon-tide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of Asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.

THE QUESTION.[1]

I.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring

[1] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*.

Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

II.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets—
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—[1]
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

III.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-coloured May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

IV.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt with white,
And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;

[1] This line, omitted from Mrs. Shelley's editions, was discovered by Mr. Garnett, and published in *The Westminster Review* for July, 1870.

And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

V.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!—Oh! to whom?

HYMN OF APOLLO.[1]

I.

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries,
From the broad moonlight of the sky,
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—
Waken me when their Mother, the grey Dawn,
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

II.

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves
Are filled with my bright presence, and the air
Leaves the green earth to my embraces bare.

[1] Mrs. Shelley first gave this and the *Hymn of Pan* in the *Posthumous Poems*, with a note explaining that the two Hymns were "written at the request of a friend, to be inserted in a drama on the subject of Midas."

III.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
  Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
All men who do or even imagine ill
  Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of night.

IV.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers
  With their ætherial colours; the Moon's globe
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
  Are cinctured with my power as with a robe;
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine,
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

V.

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,
  Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;
  For grief that I depart they weep and frown:
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle?

VI.

I am the eye with which the Universe
  Beholds itself and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
  All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
All light of art or nature;—to my song,
Victory and praise in their[1] own right belong.

[1] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions: Mr. Rossetti substitutes *its*.

HYMN OF PAN.

I.

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus[1] was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

II.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by[2] my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

[1] The note referred to at p. 84 explains that "Apollo and Pan contended before Tmolus for the prize in music."

[2] So in the *Posthumous Poems*, but *with* in the editions of 1839.

III.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal Earth,
And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing how down the vale of Menalus
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed:
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

TO ———[1]

I.

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burthen thine.

II.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

[1] First given in the *Posthumous Poems*,—as was also the next.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

AN ALLEGORY.

FIRST SPIRIT.

O THOU, who plumed with strong desire
Wouldst[1] float above the earth, beware!
A Shadow tracks thy flight of fire—
Night is coming!
Bright are the regions of the air,
And among the winds and beams
It were delight to wander there—
Night is coming!

SECOND SPIRIT.

The deathless stars are bright above;
If I would cross the shade of night,
Within my heart is the lamp of love,
And that is day!
And the moon will smile[2] with gentle light
On my golden plumes where'er they move;
The meteors will linger round my flight,
And make night day.

FIRST SPIRIT.

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken
Hail, and lightning, and stormy rain;
See, the bounds of the air are shaken—
Night is coming!

[1] *Would* in the *Posthumous Poems*, but *Wouldst* in the editions of 1839.

[2] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions; but *shine* in Mr. Rossetti's.

The red swift clouds of the hurricane
Yon declining sun have overtaken,
The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain—
Night is coming!

SECOND SPIRIT.

I see the light, and I hear the sound;
I'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark,
With the calm within and the light around
Which makes night day:
And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,
Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound,
My moon-like[1] flight thou then may'st mark
On high, far away.

Some say there is a precipice
Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin
O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice
'Mid Alpine mountains;
And that the languid storm pursuing
That wingèd shape, for ever flies
Round those hoar branches, aye renewing
Its aëry fountains.

Some say when nights are dry and clear,
And the death-dews sleep on the morass,
Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,
Which make[2] night day:
And a silver shape like his early love doth pass
Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,
And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,
He finds night day.

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems*, *moon-like*; but *moonlight* in the editions of 1839.

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *makes*.

SONG OF PROSERPINE,

WHILE GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE PLAIN OF ENNA.[1]

I.

Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth,
Thou from whose immortal bosom,
Gods, and men, and beasts have birth,
Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

II.

If with mists of evening dew
Thou dost nourish these young flowers
Till they grow, in scent and hue,
Fairest children of the hours,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

SUMMER AND WINTER.[2]

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon—and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun; the weeds,

[1] This poem was first given by Mrs. Shelley in the first edition of 1839.

[2] This fragment appeared in *The Keepsake* for 1829.

The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds;
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds[1] die
In the deep forests; and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod as hard as brick; and when,
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold:
Alas then for the homeless beggar old!

LINES TO A REVIEWER.[2]

Alas! good friend, what profit can you see
In hating such an hateless thing as me?
There is no sport in hate where all the rage
Is on one side. In vain would you assuage
Your frowns upon an unresisting smile,
In which not even contempt lurks, to beguile
Your heart, by some faint sympathy of hate.
Oh conquer what you cannot satiate!
For to your passion I am far more coy
Than ever yet was coldest maid or boy
In winter noon. Of your antipathy
If I am the Narcissus, you are free
To pine into a sound with hating me.

[1] In *The Keepsake, do die;* but *do* was omitted from the editions of 1839.

[2] First given by Mrs. Shelley, as a sonnet, in the *Posthumous Poems*, wherein, in the second line, we read *an*, instead of the *a* of later editions. The title *Lines to a Reviewer* occurs in the first edition of 1839.

ODE TO NAPLES.[1]

EPODE[2] I. *a.*

I STOOD within the city disinterred;[3]
And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
Of spirits passing through the streets; and heard
The Mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls;
The oracular thunder penetrating shook
The listening soul in my suspended blood;
I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke—
I felt, but heard not:—through white columns glowed
The isle-sustaining Ocean-flood,
A plane of light between two Heavens of azure:
Around me gleamed many a bright sepulchre
Of whose pure beauty, Time, as if his pleasure
Were to spare Death, had never made erasure;
But every living lineament was clear
As in the sculptor's thought; and there
The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy and pine,

[1] The Author has connected many recollections of his visit to Pompeii and Baiæ with the enthusiasm excited by the intelligence of the proclamation of a Constitutional Government at Naples. This has given a tinge of picturesque and descriptive imagery to the introductory Epodes which depicture these[4] scenes, and some of the majestic feelings permanently connected with the scene of this animating event. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

[2] Mr. Swinburne seems to have expressed himself in a letter to Mr. Rossetti to the effect that the designation of the so-called epodes, and strophes and antistrophes, as given in editions previous to Mr. Rossetti's, is "chaotic to a degree," adding "They are, as far as I can see, hopelessly muddled; *beginning* with an Epode (*after*-song!)" As the foregoing note is clearly Shelley's, and speaks of the "introductory Epodes," that solecism is doubtless his; and I do not see much use in attempting to rename the various divisions, which are in all probability named according to Shelley's own intention. I therefore leave things as I find them in Mrs. Shelley's editions in this respect.

[3] I presume the explanation "Pompeii," given here in a note, is Shelley's.

[4] In the *Posthumous Poems*, *these*,—in the collected editions, *the*.

Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow,
Seemed only not to move and grow
Because the crystal silence of the air
Weighed on their life; even as the Power divine
Which then lulled all things, brooded upon mine.

EPODE II. a.

Then gentle winds arose
With many a mingled close
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain-odour keen;
And where the Baian ocean
Welters with airlike motion,
Within, above, around its bowers of starry green,
Moving the sea-flowers in those purple caves
Even as the ever stormless atmosphere
Floats o'er the Elysian realm,
It bore me like an Angel, o'er the waves
Of sunlight, whose swift pinnace of dewy air
No storm can overwhelm;
I sailed, where ever flows
Under the calm Serene
A spirit of deep emotion
From the unknown graves
Of the dead kings of Melody.[1]
Shadowy Aornos darkened o'er the helm
The horizontal æther; heaven stript bare
Its depths over Elysium, where the prow
Made the invisible water white as snow;
From that Typhæan mount, Inarime
There streamed a sunlight vapour, like the standard
Of some ætherial host;
Whilst from all the coast,
Louder and louder, gathering round, there wandered

[1] Homer and Virgil. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

Over the oracular woods and divine sea
Prophesyings which grew articulate—
They seize me—I must speak them—be they fate!

STROPHE α. 1.

Naples! thou Heart of men which ever pantest
Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven!
Elysian City which to calm inchantest
The mutinous air and sea: they round thee, even
As sleep round Love, are driven!
Metropolis of a ruined Paradise[1]
Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained!
Bright Altar of the bloodless sacrifice,
Which armèd Victory offers up unstained
To Love, the flower-enchained!
Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,
Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail,
Hail, hail, all hail!

STROPHE β. 2.

Thou youngest giant birth
Which from the groaning earth
Leap'st, clothed in armour of impenetrable scale!
Last of the Intercessors!
Who 'gainst the Crowned Transgressors
Pleadest before God's love! Arrayed in Wisdom's mail,
Wave thy lightning lance in mirth
Nor let thy high heart fail,
Though from their hundred gates the leagued Oppressors,
With hurried legions move!
Hail, hail, all hail!

[1] *Cf. Adonais*, Stanza X:

Lost angel of a ruined Paradise!

ANTISTROPHE α.

What though Cimmerian Anarchs dare blaspheme
Freedom and thee? thy shield is as a mirror
To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam
To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer;
A new Actæon's error
Shall their's have been—devoured by their own hounds!
Be thou like the imperial Basilisk
Killing thy foe with unapparent wounds!
Gaze on oppression, till at that dread risk
Aghast she pass from the Earth's disk:
Fear not, but gaze—for freemen mightier grow,
And slaves more feeble, gazing on their foe;
If Hope and Truth and Justice may avail,
Thou shalt be great—All hail!

ANTISTROPHE β. 2.

From Freedom's form divine,
From Nature's inmost shrine,
Strip every impious gawd, rend Error veil by veil:
O'er Ruin desolate,
O'er Falsehood's fallen state,
Sit thou sublime, unawed; be the Destroyer pale!
And equal laws be thine,
And wingèd words let sail,
Freighted with truth even from the throne of God:
That wealth, surviving fate,
Be thine.—All hail!

ANTISTROPHE α. γ.

Didst thou not start to hear Spain's thrilling pæan
From land to land re-echoed solemnly,
Till silence became music? From the Ææan[1]

[1] Ææa, the island of Circe. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

To the cold Alps, eternal Italy
Starts to hear thine! The Sea
Which paves the desert streets of Venice laughs
In light and music; widowed Genoa wan
By moonlight spells ancestral epitaphs,
Murmuring, where is Doria? fair Milan,
Within whose veins long ran
The viper's[1] palsying venom, lifts her heel
To bruise his head. The signal and the seal
(If Hope and Truth and Justice can avail)
Art Thou of all these hopes.—O hail!

ANTISTROPHE β. γ.

Florence! beneath the sun,
Of cities fairest one,
Blushes within her bower for Freedom's expectation:
From eyes of quenchless hope
Rome tears the priestly cope,
As ruling once by power, so now by admiration,
As athlete stript to run
From a remoter station
For the high prize lost on Philippi's shore:—
As then Hope, Truth, and Justice did avail,
So now may Fraud and Wrong! O hail!

EPODE I. β.

Hear ye the march as of the Earth-born Forms
Arrayed against the ever-living Gods?
The crash and darkness of a thousand storms
Bursting their inaccessible abodes
Of crags and thunder-clouds?
See ye the banners blazoned to the day,

[1] The viper was the armorial device of the Visconti, tyrants of Milan. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride?
Dissonant threats kill Silence far away,
The serene Heaven which wraps our Eden wide
With iron light is dyed,
The Anarchs of the North lead forth their legions
Like Chaos o'er creation, uncreating;
An hundred tribes nourished on strange religions
And lawless slaveries,—down the aërial regions
Of the white Alps, desolating,
Famished wolves that bide no waiting,
Blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory,
Trampling our columned cities into dust,
Their dull and savage lust
On Beauty's corse to sickness satiating—
They come! The fields they tread look black and hoary
With fire—from their red feet the streams run gory!

EPODE II. β.

Great Spirit, deepest Love!
Which rulest and dost move
All things which live and are, within the Italian shore;
Who spreadest heaven around it,
Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround it;
Who sittest in thy star, o'er Ocean's western floor,
Spirit of beauty! at whose soft command
The sunbeams and the showers distil its foison
From the Earth's bosom chill;
O bid those beams be each a blinding brand
Of lightning! bid those showers be dews of poison!
Bid the Earth's plenty kill!
Bid thy bright Heaven above,
Whilst light and darkness bound it,
Be their tomb who planned
To make it ours and thine!
Or, with thine harmonizing ardours fill

And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon
Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire—
Be man's high hope and unextinct desire,
The instrument to work thy will divine!
Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards,
And frowns and fears from Thee,
Would not more swiftly flee
Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds.—
Whatever, Spirit, from thy starry shrine
Thou yieldest or withholdest, Oh let be
This city of thy worship ever free![1]

LIBERTY.[2]

I.

THE fiery mountains answer each other;
Their thunderings are echoed from zone to zone;
The tempestuous oceans awake one another,
And the ice-rocks are shaken round Winter's throne,[3]
When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

II.

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,
Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around,
Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,
An hundred are shuddering and tottering; the sound
Is bellowing underground.

[1] The date "September, 1820," is appended to this Ode in the *Posthumous Poems*; but Mr. Rossetti states that, in Mrs. Shelley's diary, the date of the Ode is noted as the 25th of August, 1820.

[2] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*.

[3] Misprinted *zone* in the *Posthumous Poems* and the editions of 1839; but *throne* is substituted in some of the later editions.

III.

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,
And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp;
Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean; thy stare
Makes blind the volcanoes; the sun's bright lamp
To thine is a fen-fire damp.

IV.

From billow and mountain and exhalation
The sunlight is darted through vapour and blast;
From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,
From city to hamlet thy dawning is cast,—
And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night
In the van of the morning light.

GOOD NIGHT.[1]

I.

Good night? ah! no; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *good* night.

[1] Mrs. Shelley gives this poem among those of 1821; but Mr. Rossetti, finding it in Shelley's writing in the copy of Leigh Hunt's *Literary Pocket-book* given by the poet to Miss Sophia Stacey on the 29th of December, 1820, rightly carries it back to that year. I do not, however, think that the version found in the *Pocket-book* is, as Mr. Rossetti says, "considerably better (especially in the first line of the last stanza) than any heretofore published." Indeed I much prefer the version of the *Posthumous Poems*, and think it quite possible that that was the later version. If so, and if Mrs. Shelley first became acquainted with the poem through a revised copy made in 1821, her classification would be accounted for. The version which Mr. Rossetti gives from the *Pocket-book* is as follows:

GOOD-NIGHT.

I.

"Good-night?" No, love! the night is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,—
Then it will be *good* night.

II.

How were the night without thee good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood,—
Then it will be *good* night.

III.

The hearts that on each other beat
From evening close to morning light
Have nights as good as they are sweet,
But never *say* "good-night."

II.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood,
Then it will be *good* night.

III.

To hearts which near each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night is good; because, my love,
They never *say* good night.

BUONA NOTTE.[1]

I.

"BUONA notte, buona notte!"—Come mai
La notte sarà buona senza te?
Non dirmi buona notte,—chè tu sai,
La notte sà star buona da per sè.

II.

Solinga, scura, cupa, senza speme,
La notte quando Lilla m'abbandona;
Pei cuori chi si batton insieme
Ogni notte, senza dirla, sarà buona.

[1] This Italian version of the foregoing poem exists in Shelley's handwriting in the note-book containing *Charles the First*, in Sir Percy Shelley's possession. Mrs. Shelley did not publish it; but it made its appearance as early as 1834 in a curious book by Medwin called *The Angler in Wales, or Days and Nights of Sportsmen* (London, Bentley, 2 vols. 8vo.), wherein fact and fiction are more strangely blended than in Medwin's other books. The song is reproduced in his *Life of Shelley*, with but one verbal variation: for the word *Come* which begins stanza III in the *Life*, and which is in the MS., we read *Quanto* in *The Angler*. Mr. Rossetti corrected the poem from the MS.; and I give it with his corrections. It is to be observed that this Italian version is more like Mrs. Shelley's version of the English poem than Mr. Rossetti's.

III.

Come male buona notte si suona
Con sospiri e parole interrotte!—
Il modo di aver la notte buona
E mai non di dir la buona notte.

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.[1]

I.

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

II.

Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

III.

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

[1] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*. The obvious incompleteness of this lyric is more striking than that of many other poems left fragmentary by Shelley. The three stanzas are so finely finished, that I cannot doubt Shelley wrote a fourth, of which the last word would probably be *pillow;* and I suspect it still remains to be found in his note-books.

ORPHEUS.[1]

A.

NOT far from hence. From yonder pointed hill,
Crowned with a ring of oaks, you may behold
A dark and barren field, through which there flows,
Sluggish and black, a deep but narrow stream,
Which the wind ripples not, and the fair moon
Gazes in vain, and finds no mirror there.
Follow the herbless banks of that strange brook
Until you pause beside a darksome pond,
The fountain of this rivulet, whose gush
Cannot be seen, hid by a rayless night
That lives beneath the overhanging rock
That shades the pool—an endless spring of gloom,
Upon whose edge hovers the tender light,
Trembling to mingle with its paramour,—
But, as Syrinx fled Pan, so night flies day,
Or, with most sullen and regardless hate,
Refuses stern her heaven-born embrace.
On one side of this jagged and shapeless hill

[1] The beautiful fragment entitled *Orpheus* was first given to the world by Mr. Garnett, in whose *Relics of Shelley* it appears with the following note prefixed :—

"No trace of this poem appears in Shelley's note-books ; it exists only in a transcript by Mrs. Shelley, who has written, in playful allusion to her toils as an amanuensis, '*Aspetto fin che il diluvio cala, ed allora cerco di posare argine alle sue parole ;*' 'I wait the descent of the flood, and then I endeavour to embank his words.' From this circumstance, as well as from the internal evidence of the piece, I should conjecture that it was an attempt at *improvisation*. Shelley had several times heard Sgricci, the renowned *improvvisatore*, in the winter of 1820, and this may have inspired him with the idea of attempting a similar feat. Assuredly, this poem, though containing many felicitous passages, hardly attains his usual standard, either of thought or expression. It *may* be a translation from the Italian."

Lines 16, 17, 24, 66, and the passage from *Ah no* in line 45 to *Melody* in line 55, were omitted from the *Relics*, and appeared for the first time in the edition of Mr. Rossetti, who went over the MS., and found also a few verbal changes to make in the text as it appeared in the *Relics :* these I have adopted.

There is a cave, from which there eddies up
A pale mist, like aërial gossamer,
Whose breath destroys all life—awhile it veils
The rock—then, scattered by the wind, it flies
Along the stream, or lingers on the clefts,
Killing the sleepy worms, if aught bide there.
Upon the beetling edge of that dark rock
There stands a group of cypresses; not such
As, with a graceful spire and stirring life,
Pierce the pure heaven of your native vale,
Whose branches the air plays among, but not
Disturbs, fearing to spoil their solemn grace;
But blasted and all wearily they stand,
One to another clinging; their weak boughs
Sigh as the wind buffets them, and they shake
Beneath its blasts—a weather-beaten crew!

CHORUS.

What wondrous sound is that, mournful and faint,
But more melodious than the murmuring wind
Which through the columns of a temple glides?

A

It is the wandering voice of Orpheus' lyre,
Borne by the winds, who sigh that their rude king
Hurries them fast from these air-feeding notes;
But in their speed they bear along with them
The waning sound, scattering it like dew
Upon the startled sense.

CHORUS.

Does he still sing?
Methought he rashly cast away his harp
When he had lost Eurydice.

A.

Ah no!
Awhile he paused.—As a poor hunted stag
A moment shudders on the fearful brink
Of a swift stream—the cruel hounds press on
With deafening yell, the arrows glance and wound,—
He plunges in: so Orpheus, seized and torn
By the sharp fangs of an insatiate grief,
Mænad-like waved his lyre in the bright air,
And wildly shrieked "Where she is, it is dark!"
And then he struck from forth the strings a sound
Of deep and fearful melody. Alas!
In times long past, when fair Eurydice
With her bright eyes sat listening by his side,
He gently sang of high and heavenly themes.
As in a brook, fretted with little waves,
By the light airs of spring—each riplet makes
A many-sided mirror for the sun,
While it flows musically through green banks,
Ceaseless and pauseless, ever clear and fresh,
So flowed his song, reflecting the deep joy
And tender love that fed those sweetest notes,
The heavenly offspring of ambrosial food.
But that is past. Returning from drear Hell,
He chose a lonely seat of unhewn stone,
Blackened with lichens, on a herbless plain.
Then from the deep and overflowing spring
Of his eternal ever-moving grief
There rose to Heaven a sound of angry song.
'Tis as a mighty cataract that parts
Two sister rocks with waters swift and strong,
And casts itself with horrid roar and din
Adown a steep; from a perennial source
It ever flows and falls, and breaks the air

With loud and fierce, but most harmonious roar,
And as it falls casts up a vaporous spray
Which the sun clothes in hues of Iris light.
Thus the tempestuous torrent of his grief
Is clothed in sweetest sounds and varying words
Of poesy. Unlike all human works,
It never slackens, and through every change
Wisdom and beauty and the power divine
Of mighty poesy together dwell,
Mingling in sweet accord. As I have seen
A fierce south blast tear through the darkened sky,
Driving along a rack of wingèd clouds,
Which may not pause, but ever hurry on,
As their wild shepherd wills them, while the stars,
Twinkling and dim, peep from between the plumes.
Anon the sky is cleared, and the high dome
Of serene Heaven, starred with fiery flowers,
Shuts in the shaken earth; or the still moon
Swiftly, yet gracefully, begins her walk,
Rising all bright behind the eastern hills.
I talk of moon, and wind, and stars, and not
Of song; but would I echo his high song,
Nature must lend me words ne'er used before,
Or I must borrow from her perfect works,
To picture forth his[1] perfect attributes.
He does no longer sit upon his throne
Of rock upon a desert herbless plain,
For the evergreen and knotted ilexes,
And cypresses that seldom wave their boughs,
And sea-green olives with their grateful fruit,
And elms dragging along the twisted vines,
Which drop their berries as they follow fast,
And blackthorn bushes with their infant race

[1] Mr. Rossetti substitutes *its* for *his* on his own authority.

Of blushing rose blooms; beeches, to lovers dear,
And weeping willow trees; all swift or slow,
As their huge boughs or lighter dress permit,
Have circled in his throne, and Earth herself
Has sent from her maternal breast a growth
Of starlike flowers and herbs of odour sweet,
To pave the temple that his poesy
Has framed, while near his feet grim lions couch,
And kids, fearless from love, creep near his lair.
Even the blind worms seem to feel the sound.
The birds are silent, hanging down their heads,
Perched on the lowest branches of the trees;
Not even the nightingale intrudes a note
In rivalry, but all entranced she listens.

FIORDISPINA.[1]

THE season was the childhood of sweet June,
Whose sunny hours from morning until noon
Went creeping through the day with silent feet,
Each with its load of pleasure, slow yet sweet;
Like the long years of blest Eternity
Never to be developed. Joy to thee,
Fiordispina, and thy Cosimo,
For thou the wonders of the depth canst know
Of this unfathomable flood of hours,
Sparkling beneath the heaven which embowers—

* * * * *

[1] The second paragraph of this poem (lines 11 to 30) was first given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems* as *A Fragment*. The rest is from *Relics of Shelley*, wherein, at p. 29, Mr. Garnett tells us that many lines of *Fiordispina* were transferred to *Epipsychidion*, and were therefore omitted from this fragment, which "seems to have been written during the first days of Shelley's acquaintance with Emilia Viviani."

They were two cousins, almost like to[1] twins,
Except that from the catalogue of sins
Nature had rased their love—which could not be
But by dissevering their nativity.
And so they grew together like two flowers
Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers
Lull or awaken in their purple prime,
Which the same hand will gather—the same clime
Shake with decay. This fair day smiles to see
All those who love—and who e'er[2] loved like thee,
Fiordispina? Scarcely Cosimo,
Within whose bosom and whose brain now glow
The ardours of a vision which obscure
The very idol of its portraiture.
He faints, dissolved into a sea[3] of love;
But thou art as a planet sphered above;
But thou art Love itself—ruling the motion
Of his subjected spirit: such emotion
Must end in sin or sorrow, if sweet May
Had not brought forth this morn—your wedding-day.

* * * * *

Lie there; sleep awhile in your own dew,
Ye faint-eyed children of the Hours,
Fiordispina said, and threw the flowers
Which she had from the breathing—

—A table near of polished porphyry.
They seemed to wear a beauty from the eye
That looked on them—a fragrance from the touch
Whose warmth checked their life; a light such

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems, like to twins;* in later editions, *like two twins,* which is less correct grammatically, and less like Shelley as clashing with *like two flowers* in line 15.

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *ever:* Mr. Garnett substitutes *e'er.*

[3] The word here is *sense* in Mrs. Shelley's editions; but Mr. Garnett gives *sea* as the reading of the MS.

As sleepers wear, lulled by the voice they love,
which did reprove
The childish pity that she felt for them,
And a remorse that from their stem
She had divided such fair shapes made
A feeling in the which was a shade
Of gentle beauty on the flowers: there lay
All gems that make the earth's dark bosom gay.
rods of myrtle-buds and lemon-blooms,
And that leaf tinted lightly which assumes
The livery of unremembered snow—
Violets whose eyes have drunk—

* * * * *

Fiordispina and her nurse are now
Upon the steps of the high portico;
Under the withered arm of Media
She flings her glowing arm

* * * * *

step by step and stair by stair,
That withered woman, grey and white and brown—
More like a trunk by lichens overgrown
Than anything which once could have been human.
And ever as she goes the palsied woman

* * * * *

"How slow and painfully you seem to walk,
Poor Media! you tire yourself with talk."
"And well it may,
Fiordispina, dearest—well-a-day!
You are hastening to a marriage-bed;
I to the grave!"—"And if my love were dead,
Unless my heart deceives me, I would lie
Beside him in my shroud as willingly
As now in the gay night-dress Lilla wrought."

" Fie, child! Let that unseasonable thought
Not be remembered till it snows in June;
Such fancies are a music out of tune
With the sweet dance your heart must keep to-night.
What! would you take all beauty and delight
Back to the Paradise from which you sprung,
And leave to grosser mortals?——
And say, sweet lamb, would you not learn the sweet
And subtle mystery by which spirits meet?
Who knows whether the loving game is played,
When, once of mortal [vesture] disarrayed,
The naked soul goes wandering here and there
Through the wide desarts of Elysian air?
The violet dies not till it"——

THE TOWER OF FAMINE.[1]

AMID the desolation of a city,
Which was the cradle, and is now the grave
Of an extinguished people; so that pity

[1] This fragment of *terza rima* appeared with two other pieces in *The Keepsake* for 1829 (edited by F. M. Reynolds.) The other two pieces are *Summer and Winter* and *The Aziola;* the same volume contains Shelley's prose fragment *On Love;* and, as there are also original contributions of Mrs. Shelley's, I presume there is no need to doubt that it was from her that these three small pieces were obtained. They bear the general heading *Fragments, by Percy Bysshe Shelley;* and to the title of *The Tower of Famine* the following note is appended:

"At Pisa there still exists the prison of Ugolino, which goes by the name of 'La Torre della Fame': in the adjoining building the galley slaves are confined. It is situated near the Ponte al Mare on the Arno."

Whether Mrs. Shelley found this note in the MS. or wrote it, I cannot say; but Mr. Rossetti calls it "Shelley's note." He adds that Mr. Browning says Shelley has "made a mistake; supposing the building rightly called the Torre Guelfa to be the Tower of Famine. His *description* applies to the former; his *conception* to the latter. Of the true Tower of Famine, the vestiges should be sought for in the Piazza de' Cavalieri."

Weeps o'er the shipwrecks of oblivion's wave,
There stands the Tower of Famine. It is built
Upon some prison homes, whose dwellers rave

For[1] bread, and gold, and blood: pain, linked to guilt,
Agitates the light flame of their hours,
Until its vital oil is spent or spilt:

There stands the pile, a tower amid the towers
And sacred domes; each marble-ribbèd roof,
The brazen-gated temples, and the bowers

Of solitary wealth; the tempest-proof
Pavilions of the dark Italian air,
Are by its presence dimmed—they stand aloof,

And are withdrawn—so that the world is bare,
As if a spectre wrapt in shapeless terror
Amid a company of ladies fair

Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror
Of all their beauty, and their hair and hue,
The life of their sweet eyes, with all its error,
Should be absorbed, till they to marble grew.

THE WANING MOON.[2]

And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,

[1] In *The Keepsake* we read *With*; but *For* is substituted in the collected editions.

[2] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*.

The moon arose up in the murky east,[1]
A white and shapeless mass.

TO THE MOON.[2]

I.

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy ?

II.

Thou chosen sister of the spirit,
That gazes on thee till in thee it pities . . .

AN ALLEGORY.[3]

I.

A portal as of shadowy adamant
Stands yawning on the highway of the life
Which we all tread, a cavern huge and gaunt;
Around it rages an unceasing strife
Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt
The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high
Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's later editions *on the murky earth*: the reading of the text is given in the *Relics of Shelley* from a MS. in Sir Percy Shelley's possession. It is easy to see how the line became corrupt: in the *Posthumous Poems* and the editions of 1839 we read *in the murky earth*, the word *earth* only being wrong; and when it was observed that something was wrong, a second mistake appears to have been made instead of the first being rectified.

[2] Stanza I was first given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*. The fragment of a second stanza was given by Mr. Rossetti from the MS.

[3] First published by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*.

II.

And many pass[1] it by with careless tread,
Not knowing that a shadowy. . .
Tracks every traveller even to where the dead
Wait peacefully for their companion new;
But others, by more curious humour led,
Pause to examine,—these are very few,
And they learn little there, except to know
That shadows follow them where'er they go.

TIME LONG PAST.[2]

I.

LIKE the ghost of a dear friend dead
Is time long past.
A tone which is now forever fled,
A hope which is now forever past,
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was time long past.

II.

There were sweet dreams in the night
Of time long past:

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems*, and editions of 1839, *passed*; but Mr. Rossetti substitutes *pass*, which seems a perfectly secure emendation.

[2] The preservation of these beautiful lines, we owe to Mrs. Catty (Miss Sophia Stacey) to whom the poem *To Sophia* (pp. 12-13 of this volume) was addressed. *Time Long Past* was written by Shelley in a copy of Leigh Hunt's *Literary Pocket-book* for 1819, which he gave Miss Stacey on the 29th of December 1820. Whether this date is to regulate the date assigned to the composition I doubt, because in that *Pocket-book* Shelley also wrote *Love's Philosophy*, which had appeared a year before in *The Indicator*; but at present it is the only date we have to go by,—the poem having apparently been unknown to Mrs. Shelley or forgotten by her. It first appeared in Mr. Rossetti's edition (1870); and it is to the courtesy of Major General Catty, the son of the lady the poem was given to, that I am indebted for permission to include it in this edition.

And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast
Which made us wish it yet might last—
That time long past.

III.

There is regret, almost remorse,
For time long past.
'Tis like a child's belovèd corse
A father watches, till at last
Beauty is like remembrance cast
From time long past.

SONNET.[1]

Ye hasten to the dead! What seek ye there,
Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes
Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear?
O thou quick Heart which pantest to possess
All that anticipation feigneth fair!
Thou vainly curious mind which wouldest guess
Whence thou didst come, and whither thou mayst[2] go,
And that which never yet was known wouldst[3] know—
Oh, whither hasten ye that thus ye press
With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,
Seeking alike from happiness and woe
A refuge in the cavern of grey death?
O heart, and mind, and thoughts! What thing do you
Hope to inherit in the grave below?

[1] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*.

[2] In the *Posthumous Poems, may'st*; in the collected editions, *mayest*.

[3] In the *Posthumous Poems, would*; but *wouldst* in the editions of 1839.

FRAGMENT: THE DESARTS OF SLEEP.[1]

I WENT into the desarts of dim sleep—
That world which, like an unknown wilderness,
Bounds this with its recesses wide and deep.

FRAGMENT: CONSEQUENCE.

THE viewless and invisible Consequence
Watches thy goings-out and comings-in,
And . . hovers o'er thy guilty sleep,
Unveiling every new-born deed, and thoughts
More ghastly than those deeds.

FRAGMENT: MILTON'S SPIRIT.

I DREAMED that Milton's spirit rose, and took
From life's green tree his Uranian lute;
And from his touch sweet thunder flowed, and shook
All human things built in contempt of man,—
And sanguine thrones and impious altars quaked,
Prisons and citadels. . .

FRAGMENT: A FACE.[2]

HIS face was like a snake's—wrinkled and loose
And withered.

[1] This and the next two fragments are from the Boscombe MSS.,—transcribed by Mr. Garnett and published in Mr. Rossetti's edition.

[2] This fragment also was first published by Mr. Rossetti, who found it in the note-book containing *Charles the First*.

FRAGMENT.[1]

My head is heavy, my limbs are weary,
And it is not life that makes me move..

HOPE, FEAR, AND DOUBT.[2]

Such hope, as is the sick despair of good,
Such fear, as is the certainty of ill,
Such doubt, as is pale Expectation's food
Turned while she tastes to poison, when the will
Is powerless, and the spirit. . . .
Alas! this is not what I thought life was.
I knew that there were crimes and evil men,
Misery and hate; nor did I hope to pass
Untouched by suffering, through the rugged glen.
In mine own heart I saw as in a glass
The hearts of others And when
I went among my kind, with triple brass
Of calm endurance my weak breast I armed,
To bear scorn, fear, and hate, a woful mass!

[1] This fragment is from the *Relics of Shelley*.

[2] The first five lines of this fragment are from *Relics of Shelley*: the last nine were first given by Mrs. Shelley in her note on the Poems of 1820, in the first edition of 1839. I have ventured to connect them because they seem to me to be very clearly related. They form together an irregular sonnet with two lines unfinished.

FRAGMENT:

UNRISEN SPLENDOUR.[1]

UNRISEN splendour of the brightest sun,
To rise upon our darkness, if the star
Now beckoning thee out of thy misty throne
Could thaw the clouds which wage an obscure war
With thy young brightness!

[1] From *Relics of Shelley.*

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1821.

[The year 1821 was a very fertile one with Shelley: the presence of friends at Pisa and the Baths of San Giuliano, recorded by Mrs. Shelley in her note on the Poems of 1821, would seem to have operated most favourably on the creative energy of the poet. The minor poems belonging to this year, wherein we first find traces of the companionship of Edward Williams and "Jane," are most remarkable for variety, beauty, and mass; and it is to be remembered that *Epipsychidion*, *Adonais*, and *Hellas*, all belong to this year. Thus, although what is commonly called "human interest" found no development in Shelley's poetry after *The Cenci*, the poems of this later period abound in a very genuine human interest,—that of the persons associated with the several compositions; for behind these aëry fabrics of Platonism and almost mystic contemplation, the attentive reader discerns clearly enough such substantial beings as the unfortunate Viviani and the hapless Keats, and the delightful couple whose greatest misfortune and perhaps also highest privilege was their acquaintance with Shelley.—H. B. F.]

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1821.

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.[1]

I.

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep.
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

II.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So White Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold[2] year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail[3] aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

III.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days

[1] Mrs. Shelley first gave this dirge in the *Posthumous Poems*, and afterwards placed it in the collected editions at the end of the Poems of 1821. As, however, it is dated the 1st of January, 1821, it should, I think, come at the beginning of this section.

[2] So in the *Posthumous Poems*; but *dead-cold* in the editions of 1839, and Mr. Rossetti's. I suspect this later reading to be only a misprint.

[3] The word *wail* is misprinted *wait* in the *Posthumous Poems*, but given rightly in the collected editions.

Rocks the year:—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours, she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

IV.

January grey is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O, ye hours,
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

TO NIGHT.[1]

I.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

II.

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;[2]
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

[1] This and the nine poems which follow it all appear in the *Posthumous Poems* (1824).

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *day*, with a small *d*.

III.

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his[1] rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

IV.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

V.

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

[1] Mr. Rossetti makes a very tempting emendation here,—*her* for *his*,—on the ground that, in stanza II, Day is a *female* impersonation. I do not however feel convinced that the Day of stanza III is not a different impersonation, and a male one. In the absence of authority for the change, *his* should, I think, be left.

FROM THE ARABIC.

AN IMITATION.[1]

I.

My faint spirit was sitting in the light
Of thy looks, my love;
It panted for thee like the hind at noon
For the brooks, my love.
Thy barb whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight
Bore thee far from me;
My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,
Did companion thee.

II.

Ah! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove
With the wings of care;
In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,
Shall mine cling to thee,
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
It may bring to thee.

[1] This song is said by Medwin to be "almost a translation" from a passage in a very remarkable book,—*Antar, a Bedoween Romance*, by Terrick Hamilton, in 4 vols. (London 1819 and 1820). I have not succeeded in identifying the passage; but I confess I have not, with that view, read through the book, which is full of love-songs done in poetic prose.

TO EMILIA VIVIANI.[1]

MADONNA, wherefore hast thou sent to me
Sweet basil and mignonette ?[2]
Embleming love and health, which never yet
In the same wreath might be.
Alas, and they are wet!
Is it with thy kisses or thy tears ?
For never rain or dew
Such fragrance drew
From plant or flower—the very doubt endears
My sadness ever new,
The sighs I breathe, the tears I shed for thee.[3]

TIME.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea ?

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems*, this madrigal is headed "TO E*** V***," and dated March, 1821.

[2] Spelt *mignionette* in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1824 and 1839.

[3] Mr. Garnett (*Relics of Shelley*) gives as the commencement of a second stanza of this poem the first of the three following lines: the other two lines, for which I am indebted to Mr. Garnett, have not been published till now:

Send the stars light, but send not love to me,
In whom love ever made
Health like a heap of embers soon to fade.

LINES.

I.

FAR, far away, O ye
Halcyons of memory,
Seek some far calmer nest
Than this abandoned breast;—
No news of your false spring
To my heart's winter bring,
Once having gone, in vain
Ye come again.

II.

Vultures, who build your bowers
High in the Future's towers,
Withered hopes on hopes are spread,
Dying joys choked by the dead,
Will serve your beaks for prey
Many a day.

THE FUGITIVES.

I.

THE waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing—
Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,

The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing—
Come away!

The Earth is like Ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion:
Bird, beast, man and worm
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away!

II.

"Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale;—
A bold pilot I trow,
Who should follow us now,"—
Shouted He—

And she cried: "Ply the oar!
Put off gaily from shore!"—
As she spoke, bolts of death
Mixed with hail, specked their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,
The blue beacon cloud broke,
And[1] though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
From the lee.

III.

"And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou?

[1] The word *And*, which occurs here in the editions of 1839. in the *Posthumous Poems* is omitted

And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
I and thou?"[1]

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover—
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low;—

While around the lashed Ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered and shifted
To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress
Beside the pale portress,
Like a blood-hound well beaten,
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame;

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the grey tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
As e'er clung[2] to child,

[1] I give this stanza as one speech, as given in Mrs. Shelley's editions, and as I think Shelley meant it. Mr. Rossetti makes five speeches of it, understanding the questions to be "interjectional queries exchanged between the lovers."

[2] So in the *Posthumous Poems* and the first edition of 1839 : in the second *clung* got corrupted into *cling*.

He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest and last
Of his name!

TO ———.[1]

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the belovèd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

SONG.

I.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

II.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?

[1] At the suggestion of Mr. Garnett, this song is printed without the artificial division of its four couplets into two stanzas, to be found in previous editions.

With the joyous and the free
  Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

III.

As a lizard with the shade
  Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
  Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

IV.

Let me set my mournful ditty
  To a merry measure,
Thou wilt never come for pity,
  Thou wilt come for pleasure.
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

V.

I love all that thou lovest,
  Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
  And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

VI.

I love snow, and all the forms
  Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
  Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

VII.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good;
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

VIII.

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! O come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

MUTABILITY.

I.

THE flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempts and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

II.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship how[1] rare!

[1] So in the MS. (at Boscombe); but *too* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call.

III.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

SONNET.

POLITICAL GREATNESS.

Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame;
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,
History is but the shadow of their shame,
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery
Of their own likeness. What are numbers knit
By force or custom? Man who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

THE AZIOLA.[1]

I.

"Do you not hear the Aziola cry?
Methinks she must be nigh,"
Said Mary, as we sate
In dusk, ere[2] stars were lit, or candles brought;
And I, who thought
This Aziola was some tedious woman,
Asked, "Who is Aziola?" How elate
I felt to know that it was nothing human,
No mockery of myself to fear or[3] hate:
And Mary saw my soul,
And laughed, and said, "Disquiet yourself not;
'Tis nothing but a little downy owl."

II.

Sad Aziola! many an eventide
Thy music I had heard
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain side,
And fields and marshes wide,
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,
The soul ever stirred;
Unlike and far sweeter than them[4] all.
Sad Aziola! from that moment I
Loved thee and thy sad cry.

[1] Published in *The Keepsake* for 1829.

[2] This line is certainly right as printed in *The Keepsake*, which I have followed. In Mrs. Shelley's and Mr. Rossetti's editions, the word *the* is introduced before *stars*.

[3] Here again I think *The Keepsake* is right in reading *or*: Mrs. Shelley and Mr. Rossetti read *and*.

[4] So in *The Keepsake*, but *they* in the collected editions. Mr. Garnett suggests that *them* should be inserted after *Unlike*,—a very tempting emendation, for which I should be glad to find authority.

A LAMENT.[1]

I.

Oh, world! oh, life! oh, time!
On whose last steps I climb
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—O, never more!

II.

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,[2]
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—O, never more!

REMEMBRANCE.[3]

I.

Swifter far than summer's flight—
Swifter far than youth's delight—

[1] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*.

[2] Mr. Rossetti introduces the word *autumn* after *summer*.

[3] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*, with the title *A Lament*. Mr. Rossetti substituted the title *Remembrance*, obtained from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Trelawny, which varies considerably from the received version. Mr. Rossetti says the song was sent to Mrs. Williams with the following "lines of message":—"Dear Jane, If this melancholy old song suits any of your tunes, or any that humour of the moment may dictate, you are welcome to it. Do not say it is mine to anyone, even if you think so: indeed, it is from the torn leaf of a book out of date. How are you to-day, and how is Williams? Tell him that I dreamed of nothing but sailing, and fishing up coral. Your ever affectionate, P. B. S." Every change shewn by that MS. of the song seems to me a distinct deterioration; and I have not the slightest doubt that this, like many other poems, was written by Shelley several times, and improved each time. It is incon-

Swifter far than happy night,[1]
Art thou come and gone—
As the wood when leaves are shed,[2]
As the night when sleep is fled,
As the heart when joy is dead,
I am left lone, alone.

II.

The swallow summer comes again—
The owlet night resumes his[3] reign—
But the wild-swan youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou.—
My heart each day desires the morrow;[4]
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

III.

Lilies for a bridal bed—
Roses for a matron's head—

ceivable that the perfect poem as printed by Mrs. Shelley in 1824 can have been varied from Mr. Trelawny's MS. on Mrs. Shelley's own authority: she must have had a MS. shewing the variations; but Mr. Rossetti, while giving one line not in Mr. Trelawny's MS., on the authority of a letter of Mrs. Shelley's wherein the line is quoted, thought it safer to "abide by the MS." elsewhere in the poem. Fortunately MS. authority exists for Mrs. Shelley's version,—or rather for what is a slight advance upon that. Lord Houghton has a copy of *Adonais*, on the fly-leaf of which this poem has been written by Shelley; and the version printed above is, by his Lordship's kindness, given *verbatim et literatim* from this copy. The following notes will shew in what respects it varies from Mrs. Shelley's and Mr. Rossetti's editions. I have specified every variation except those in punctuation.

[1] This line and the last change places in Mr. Rossetti's edition.

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's and Mr. Rossetti's editions this and the two following lines read thus:

As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,

but I think it will be obvious at once that Lord Houghton's copy shews developement. I take it that Shelley observed the unfitness of the Earth covered with dead leaves for a symbol of a forsaken state, and substituted that of the stripped wood. It seems to me impossible that the alteration can have been in the other direction.

[3] In Mrs. Shelley's and Mr. Rossetti's editions, *her*.

[4] In Mr. Rossetti's edition this line reads

My heart to-day desires to-morrow;

and this, again, is I think inferior metrically and in force of expression to the line of the text.

Violets for a maiden dead—
Pansies let *my* flowers be:[1]
On the living grave I bear
Scatter them without a tear—
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.[2]

TO EDWARD WILLIAMS.[3]

I.

THE serpent is shut out from paradise.
The wounded deer must seek the herb no more
In which its heart-cure lies:
The widowed dove must cease to haunt a bower
Like that from which its mate with feignèd sighs
Fled in the April hour.
I too must seldom seek again
Near happy friends a mitigated pain.

[1] In Mr. Trelawny's MS. there is a wholly different line in place of this, namely,

Sadder flowers find for me:

another proof, I think, that it was a less mature version than Lord Houghton's,—the line being over alliterative and faulty in point of rhyme.

[2] In Mr. Rossetti's edition

Waste a hope, a fear, for me.

[3] Mrs. Shelley first gave these lines, addressed to Edward Williams, in the first edition of 1839, headed simply STANZAS. Where they originally appeared, I have not yet succeeded in finding out; but I have little doubt that they were published in some periodical or Annual before the issue of Ascham's edition of 1834,—a piratical collected edition of Shelley's poetry which contains these stanzas to Williams, as well as the three pieces from *The Keepsake* for 1829. It seems most improbable that this pirated edition should include anything not already in print; and this poem, then headed STANZAS TO ****, will probably be found sooner or later in some such place as I have indicated. A MS. of the poem, in Shelley's writing, is in the possession of Mr. Trelawny: it is, Mr. Rossetti says, headed simply TO ———; but it is accompanied by a letter from Shelley, thus: "My dear Williams, Looking over the portfolio in which my friend used to keep his verses, and in which those I sent you the other day were found, I have lit upon these; which, as they are too dismal for *me* to keep, I send you. If any of the stanzas should please you, you may read them to Jane, but to no one else. And yet, on second thoughts, I had rather you would not. Yours ever affectionately, P. B. S." In this case, again, I suspect Mrs. Shelley worked from a different MS.

II.

Of hatred I am proud,—with scorn content;
Indifference, that once hurt me, now is grown[1]
Itself indifferent.
But, not to speak of love, pity alone
Can break a spirit already more than bent.
The miserable one
Turns the mind's poison into food,—
Its medicine is tears,—its evil good.

III.

Therefore, if now I see you seldomer,
Dear friends, dear *friend!*[2] know that I only fly
Your looks, because they stir
Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that cannot die:
The very comfort that they minister
I scarce can bear, yet I,
So deeply is the arrow gone,
Should quickly perish if it were withdrawn.

IV.

When I return to my cold home, you ask
Why I am not as I have ever[3] been.
You spoil me for the task
Of acting a forced part in[4] life's dull scene,—
Of wearing on my brow the idle mask
Of author, great or mean,
In the world's carnival. I sought
Peace thus, and but in you I found it not.

[1] In Mr. Rossetti's edition, Indifference, which once hurt me, is now grown . . .

[2] So in the second edition of 1839 and Mr. Rossetti's; but in Ascham's and in the first edition of 1839, we read, instead,
Dear, gentle friend!

[3] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions; but *lately* in Mr. Rossetti's.

[4] So in Mr. Trelawny's MS., but *on* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

V.

Full half an hour, to-day, I tried my lot
With various flowers, and every one still said,
"She loves me[1]——loves me not."
And if this meant a vision long since fled—
If it meant fortune, fame, or peace of thought—
If it meant,—but I dread
To speak what you may know too well:
Still there was truth in the sad oracle.

VI.

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home;
No bird so wild but has its quiet nest,
When[2] it no more would roam;
The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast
Break like a bursting heart, and die in foam,[3]
And thus at length find rest.
Doubtless there is a place of peace
Where *my* weak heart and all its throbs will[4] cease.

VII.

I asked her, yesterday, if she believed
That I had resolution. One who *had*
Would ne'er have thus relieved
His heart with words,—but what his judgment bade
Would do, and leave the scorner unrelieved.[5]
These verses are[6] too sad
To send to you, but that I know,
Happy yourself, you feel another's woe.

[1] The note, "See *Faust*," reproduced here by Mrs. Shelley from Ascham's edition, is highly suggestive of the origin in periodical literature which I suspect. It is like a magazine editor's note.

[2] *Whence* in Ascham's edition and the first of 1839; but *When* in the second and Mr. Rossetti's.

[3] In the first edition of 1839,

Burst like a bursting heart, and die in peace,

but the line appears as in the text in the second edition and Mr. Rossetti's.

[4] In the first edition of 1839 *shall*, —in the second *will*.

[5] So in the second edition of 1839 and Mr. Rossetti's; but *unreprieved* in the two earlier editions.

[6] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions, and in Ascham's; but *were* in Mr. Rossetti's.

TO-MORROW.[1]

I.

WHERE art thou, beloved To-morrow?
When young and old and strong and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—
In thy place—ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled—To-day.

II.

If I walk in Autumn's even
While the dead leaves pass,
If I look on Spring's soft heaven,—
Something is not there which was.
Winter's wondrous frost and snow,
Summer's clouds, where are they now?

TO ———.[2]

I.

ONE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,

[1] Stanza I of this song appears in the *Posthumous Poems:* stanza II, I give in this connexion on internal evidence alone, for it was not published until 1870, having been communicated by Mr. Garnett to Mr. Rossetti, as an independent fragment. It seems to me to balance the other stanza so perfectly both in thought and in style that I can hardly think the connexion will be questioned. I have, however, put the matter before Mr. Garnett, who found the stanza among the Boscombe MSS., and is better qualified than any one else to judge of the probabilities of the case; and he thinks there is "every probability that the two stanzas should be connected."

[2] This and the next poem were first given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems.*

One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

II.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not,
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

TO ———.

I.

WHEN passion's trance is overpast,
If tenderness and truth could last
Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep
Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep!

II.

It were enough to feel, to see,
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
And dream the rest—and burn and be
The secret food of fires unseen,
Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

III.

After the slumber of the year
The woodland violets re-appear,
All things revive in field or grove,
And sky and sea, but two, which move,
And form[1] all others, life and love.

A BRIDAL SONG.[2]

I.

THE golden gates of Sleep unbar
  Where Strength and Beauty met together,
Kindle their image like a star
  In a sea of glassy weather.
Night, with all thy stars look down,—
  Darkness, weep thy holiest dew,—
Never smiled the inconstant moon
    On a pair so true.
Let eyes not see their own delight;—
Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight
    Oft renew.

II.

Fairies, sprites, and angels keep her!
  Holy stars, permit no wrong!
And return to wake the sleeper,
    Dawn,—ere it be long!
Oh joy! oh fear! what will be done
In the absence of the sun!
    Come along!

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *for;* but *form* in the MS. in Sir Percy Shelley's possession. See *Relics of Shelley*, p. 95.

[2] Of the three versions of this Song, the first appears in the *Posthumous Poems* and Mrs. Shelley's collected editions: the second is from Medwin's *Life of Shelley;* and the third was

EPITHALAMIUM.

NIGHT, with all thine eyes look down!
  Darkness shed its holiest dew!
When ever smiled the inconstant moon
  On a pair so true?
Hence, coy hour! and quench thy light,
Lest eyes see their own delight!
Hence, swift hour! and thy loved flight
    Oft renew.

BOYS.

Oh joy! oh fear! what may be done
In the absence of the sun?
    Come along!

The golden gates of sleep unbar!
  When strength and beauty meet together,
Kindles their image like a star
  In a sea of glassy weather.
Hence, coy hour! and quench thy light,
Lest[1] eyes see their own delight!
Hence, swift hour! and thy loved flight
    Oft renew.

GIRLS.

Oh joy! oh fear! what may be done
In the absence of the sun?
    Come along!

first given by Mr. Rossetti from a MS. play by Edward Williams, entitled *The Promise; or a Year, a Month and a Day*, in Mr. Trelawny's hands. Medwin says this play was "taken from the interweaving of two stories in Boccaccio, and Shelley had assisted him in the work, and supplied him with an epithalamium for music, since incorrectly published, and which I give in its original form." Of course it is inaccurate to describe either version as incorrect: each has too much of Shelley in it to be by any other hand; and doubtless there were two choric versions of which Medwin only knew one. I do not doubt the authenticity of *his* version, the least.

[1] Misprinted *Let* by Medwin.

Fairies! sprites! and angels keep her!
Holiest powers, permit no wrong!
And return, to wake the sleeper,
Dawn, ere it be long.
Hence, swift hour! and quench thy light,
Lest eyes see their own delight!
Hence, coy hour! and thy loved flight
Oft renew.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Oh joy! oh fear! what will be done
In the absence of the sun?
Come along!

ANOTHER VERSION.

BOYS SING.

NIGHT! with all thine eyes look down!
Darkness! weep thy holiest dew!
Never smiled the inconstant moon
On a pair so true.
Haste, coy hour! and quench all light,
Lest eyes see their own delight!
Haste, swift hour! and thy loved flight
Oft renew!

GIRLS SING.

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her!
Holy stars! permit no wrong!
And return to wake the sleeper,
Dawn, ere it be long!

Oh joy! oh fear! there is not one
Of us can guess what may be done
In the absence of the sun:—
Come along!

BOYS.

Oh! linger long, thou envious eastern lamp
In the damp
Caves of the deep!

GIRLS.

Nay, return, Vesper! urge thy lazy car!
Swift unbar
The gates of Sleep!

CHORUS.

The golden gate of Sleep unbar,
When Strength and Beauty, met together,
Kindle their image, like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.
May the purple mist of love
Round them rise, and with them move,
Nourishing each tender gem
Which, like flowers, will burst from them.
As the fruit is to the tree
May their children ever be!

LOVE, HOPE, DESIRE, AND FEAR.[1]

* * * * *

AND many there were hurt by that strong boy,
His name, they said, was Pleasure,

[1] First given by Mr. Garnett, in *Relics of Shelley*.

And near him stood, glorious beyond measure,
Four Ladies who possess all empery
In earth and air and sea,
Nothing that lives from their award is free.
Their names will I declare to thee,
Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear,
And they the regents are
Of the four elements that frame the heart,
And each diversely exercised her art
By force or circumstance or sleight
To prove her dreadful might
Upon that poor domain.
Desire presented her [false] glass, and then
The spirit dwelling there
Was spell-bound to embrace what seemed so fair
Within that magic mirror,
And dazed by that bright error,
It would have scorned the [shafts] of the avenger,
And death, and penitence, and danger,
Had not then silent Fear
Touched with her palsying spear,
So that as if a frozen torrent
The blood was curdled in its current;
It dared not speak, even in look or motion,
But chained within itself its proud devotion.
Between Desire and Fear thou wert
A wretched thing, poor heart!
Sad was his life who bore thee in his breast,
Wild bird for that weak nest.
Till Love even from fierce Desire it bought,
And from the very wound of tender thought
Drew solace, and the pity of sweet eyes
Gave strength to bear those gentle agonies,
Surmount the loss, the terror, and the sorrow.

Then Hope approached, she who can borrow
For poor to-day, from rich to-morrow,
And Fear withdrew, as night when day
Descends upon the orient ray,
And after long and vain endurance
The poor heart woke to her assurance.
—At one birth these four were born
With the world's forgotten morn,
And from Pleasure still they hold
All it circles, as of old.
When, as summer lures the swallow,
Pleasure lures the heart to follow—
O weak heart of little wit!
The fair hand that wounded it,
Seeking, like a panting hare,
Refuge in the lynx's lair,
Love, Desire, Hope, and Fear,
Ever will be near.

PROLOGUE TO HELLAS.[1]

HERALD OF ETERNITY.

IT is the day when all the sons of God
Wait in the roofless senate-house, whose floor
Is Chaos, and the immovable abyss

[1] The honour of giving this magnificent fragment to the world is entirely Mr. Garnett's. It was first published in *Relics of Shelley;* and I cannot do better than quote *in extenso* the note there prefixed to it, which is as follows :—

"Mrs. Shelley informs us, in her note on the *Prometheus Unbound*, that at the time of her husband's arrival in Italy, he meditated the production of three dramas. One of these was the *Prometheus* itself; the second, a drama on the subject of Tasso's madness; the third one founded on the Book of Job; 'of which,' she adds, 'he never abandoned the idea.' That this was the case will be apparent from the following newly-discovered fragment, which may have been, as I have on the whole preferred to describe it, an unfinished prologue to *Hellas*, or

Frozen by his steadfast word to hyaline

* * * * *

The shadow of God, and delegate
Of that before whose breath the universe
Is as a print of dew.
Hierarchs and kings
Who from yon thrones pinnacled on the past
Sway the reluctant present, ye who sit
Pavilioned on the radiance or the gloom
Of mortal thought, which like an exhalation
Steaming from earth, conceals the of heaven
Which gave it birth, assemble here
Before your Father's throne; the swift decree
Yet hovers, and the fiery incarnation
Is yet withheld, clothèd in which it shall
annul
The fairest of those wandering isles that gem
The sapphire space of interstellar air,
That green and azure sphere, that earth inwrapt
Less in the beauty of its tender light
Than in an atmosphere of living spirit
Which interpenetrating all the. . .
it rolls from realm to realm

perhaps the original sketch of that work, discarded for the existing more dramatic, but less ambitious version, for which the *Persæ* of Æschylus evidently supplied the model. It is written in the same book as the original MS. of *Hellas*, and so blended with this as to be only separable after very minute examination. Few even of Shelley's rough drafts have proved more difficult to decipher or connect; numerous chasms will be observed, which, with every diligence, it has proved impossible to fill up; the correct reading of many printed lines is far from certain; and the imperfection of some passages is such as to have occasioned their entire omission. Nevertheless, I am confident that the unpolished and mutilated remnant will be accepted as a worthy emanation of one of Shelley's sublimest moods, and a noble earnest of what he might have accomplished could he have executed his original design of founding a drama on the Book of Job. Weak health, variable spirits, above all, the absence of encouragement, must be enumerated as chief among the causes which have deprived our literature of so magnificent a work."

And age to age, and in its ebb and flow
Impels the generations
To their appointed place,
Whilst the high Arbiter
Beholds the strife, and at the appointed time
Sends his decrees veiled in eternal. . .

Within the circuit of this pendant orb
There lies an antique region, on which fell
The dews of thought in the world's golden dawn
Earliest and most benign, and from it sprung
Temples and cities and immortal forms
And harmonies of wisdom and of song,
And thoughts, and deeds worthy of thoughts so fair.
And when the sun of its dominion failed,
And when the winter of its glory came,
The winds that stript it bare blew on and swept
That dew into the utmost wildernesses
In wandering clouds of sunny rain that thawed
The unmaternal bosom of the North.
Haste, sons of God, for ye beheld,
Reluctant, or consenting, or astonished,
The stern decrees go forth, which heaped on Greece
Ruin and degradation and despair.
A fourth now waits: assemble, sons of God,
To speed or to prevent or to suspend,
If, as ye dream, such power be not withheld,
The unaccomplished destiny.

* * * * *

CHORUS.

The curtain of the Universe
Is rent and shattered,

The splendour-wingèd worlds disperse
Like wild doves scattered.

Space is roofless and bare,
And in the midst a cloudy shrine,
Dark amid thrones of light.
In the blue glow of hyaline
Golden worlds revolve and shine.
In flight
From every point of the Infinite,
Like a thousand dawns on a single night
The splendours rise and spread;
And through thunder and darkness dread
Light and music are radiated,
And in their pavilioned chariots led
By living wings high overhead
The giant Powers move,
Gloomy or bright as the thrones they fill.

* * * * *

A chaos of light and motion
Upon that glassy ocean.

* * * * *

The senate of the Gods is met,
Each in his rank and station set;
There is silence in the spaces—
Lo! Satan, Christ, and Mahomet
Start from their places!

CHRIST.

Almighty Father!
Low-kneeling at the feet of Destiny

* * * * *

There are two fountains in which spirits weep
When mortals err, Discord and Slavery named,
And with their bitter dew two Destinies
Filled each their irrevocable urns; the third,
Fiercest and mightiest, mingled both, and added
Chaos and Death, and slow Oblivion's lymph,
And hate and terror, and the poisoned rain

* * * * *

The Aurora of the nations. By this brow
Whose pores wept tears of blood, by these wide wounds,
By this imperial crown of agony,
By infamy and solitude and death,
For this I underwent, and by the pain
Of pity for those who would for me
The unremembered joy of a revenge,
For this I felt—by Plato's sacred light,
Of which my spirit was a burning morrow—
By Greece and all she cannot cease to be,
Her quenchless words, sparks of immortal truth,
Stars of all night—her harmonies and forms,
Echoes and shadows of what Love adores
In thee, I do compel thee, send forth Fate,
Thy irrevocable child: let her descend
A seraph-wingèd victory [arrayed]
In tempest of the omnipotence of God
Which sweeps through all things.

From hollow leagues, from Tyranny which arms
Adverse miscreeds and emulous anarchies
To stamp, as on a wingèd serpent's seed,
Upon the name of Freedom; from the storm
Of faction, which like earthquake shakes and sickens
The solid heart of enterprise; from all

By which the holiest dreams of highest spirits
Are stars beneath the dawn . . .

She shall arise
Victorious as the world arose from Chaos!
And as the Heavens and the Earth arrayed
Their presence in the beauty and the light
Of thy first smile, O Father, as they gather
The spirit of thy love which paves for them
Their path o'er the abyss, till every sphere
Shall be one living Spirit, so shall Greece—

SATAN.

Be as all things beneath the empyrean,
Mine! Art thou eyeless like old Destiny,
Thou mockery-king, crowned with a wreath of thorns?
Whose sceptre is a reed, the broken reed
Which pierces thee! whose throne a chair of scorn;
For seest thou not beneath this crystal floor
The innumerable worlds of golden light
Which are my empire, and the least of them
which thou would'st redeem from me?
Know'st thou not them my portion?
Or wouldst rekindle the strife
Which our great Father then did arbitrate
When he assigned to his competing sons
Each his apportioned realm?
Thou Destiny,
Thou who art mailed in the omnipotence
Of Him who sends thee forth, whate'er thy task,
Speed, spare not to accomplish, and be mine
Thy trophies, whether Greece again become
The fountain in the desart whence the earth
Shall drink of freedom, which shall give it strength

To suffer, or a gulph of hollow death
To swallow all delight, all life, all hope.
Go, thou Vicegerent of my will, no less
Than of the Father's; but lest thou shouldst faint,
The wingèd hounds, Famine and Pestilence,
Shall wait on thee, the hundred-forkèd snake
Insatiate Superstition still shall . . .
The earth behind thy steps, and War shall hover
Above, and Fraud shall gape below, and Change
Shall flit before thee on her dragon wings,
Convulsing and consuming, and I add
Three vials of the tears which dæmons weep
When virtuous spirits through the gate of Death
Pass triumphing over the thorns of life,
Sceptres and crowns, mitres and swords and snares,
Trampling in scorn, like Him and Socrates.
The first is Anarchy; when Power and Pleasure,
Glory and science and security,
On Freedom hang like fruit on the green tree,
Then pour it forth, and men shall gather ashes.
The second Tyranny—

CHRIST.

Obdurate spirit!
Thou seest but the Past in the To-come.
Pride is thy error and thy punishment.
Boast not thine empire, dream not that thy worlds
Are more than furnace-sparks or rainbow-drops
Before the Power that wields and kindles them.
True greatness asks not space, true excellence
Lives in the Spirit of all things that live,
Which lends it to the worlds thou callest thine.

* * * * *

MAHOMET.

* * * * *

Haste thou and fill the waning crescent
With beams as keen as those which pierced the shadow
Of Christian night rolled back upon the West
When the orient moon of Islam rode in triumph
From Tmolus to the Acroceraunian snow.

* * * * *

Wake, thou Word
Of God, and from the throne of Destiny
Even to the utmost limit of thy way
May Triumph

* * * * *

Be thou a curse on them whose creed
Divides and multiplies the most high God.

FRAGMENTS CONNECTED WITH THE PROLOGUE TO HELLAS.[1]

I.

FAIREST of the Destinies,
Disarray thy dazzling eyes:
Keener far their lightnings are
  Than the wingèd [bolts] thou bearest,
  And the smile thou wearest
Wraps thee as a star
  Is wrapt in light.

[1] Under the general heading *Prologue to Hellas*, in the *Relics of Shelley*, Mr. Garnett gives these three fragments, with the remark that they "appear to have been originally written for *Hellas*."

II.

Could Arethuse to her forsaken urn
From Alpheus and the bitter Doris run,
Or could the morning shafts of purest light
Again into the quivers of the Sun
Be gathered—could one thought from its wild flight
Return into the temple of the brain
Without a change, without a stain,—
Could aught that is, ever again
Be what it once has ceased to be,
Greece might again be free!

III.

A star has fallen upon the earth
'Mid the benighted nations,
A quenchless atom of immortal light,
A living spark of Night,
A cresset shaken from the constellations.
Swifter than the thunder fell
To the heart of Earth, the well
Where its pulses flow and beat,
And unextinct in that cold source
Burns, and on course
Guides the sphere which is its prison,
Like an angelic spirit pent
In a form of mortal birth,
Till, as a spirit half arisen
Shatters its charnel, it has rent,
In the rapture of its mirth,
The thin and painted garment of the Earth,
Ruining its chaos—a fierce breath
Consuming all its forms of living death.

FRAGMENT: "I WOULD NOT BE A KING."[1]

I WOULD not be a king—enough
  Of woe it is to love;
The path to power is steep and rough,
  And tempests reign above.
I would not climb the imperial throne;
'Tis built on ice which fortune's sun
  Thaws in the height of noon.
Then farewell, king, yet were I one,
  Care would not come so soon.
Would he and I were far away
Keeping flocks on Himalay!

FRAGMENT: PEACE FIRST AND LAST.

THE babe is at peace within the womb,
The corpse is at rest within the tomb,
  We begin in what we end.

FRAGMENT: WANDERING.[2]

HE wanders, like a day-appearing dream,
  Through the dim wildernesses of the mind;
Through desert woods and tracts, which seem
  Like ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined.

[1] This and the next fragment were first given by Mrs. Shelley in the second edition of 1839.

[2] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the first edition of 1839. I have not changed the punctuation; but I suspect we should read the sense thus:

He wanders (like a day-appearing dream
  Through the dim wildernesses of the mind)
Through desert woods &c.

GINEVRA.[1]

WILD, pale, and wonder-stricken, even as one
Who staggers forth into the air and sun
From the dark chamber of a mortal fever,
Bewildered, and incapable, and ever
Fancying strange comments in her dizzy brain
Of usual shapes, till the familiar train
Of objects and of persons past like things
Strange as a dreamer's mad imaginings,
Ginevra from the nuptial altar went;
The vows to which her lips had sworn assent
Rung in her brain still with a jarring din,
Deafening the lost intelligence within.

And so she moved under the bridal veil,
Which made the paleness of her cheek more pale,
And deepened the faint crimson of her mouth,
And darkened her dark locks, as moonlight doth,—
And of the gold and jewels glittering there
She scarce felt conscious,—but the weary glare
Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light,
Vexing the sense with gorgeous undelight.
A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud
Was[2] less heavenly fair—her face was bowed,
And as she past, the diamonds in her hair
Were mirrored in the polished marble stair
Which led from the cathedral to the street;

[1] Mrs. Shelley tells us that this fragment, first given in the *Posthumous Poems*, dated Pisa, 1821, is part of a poem which Shelley intended to write, founded on a story to be found in the first volume of a book entitled *L'Osservatore Fiorentino*.

[2] Mr. Rossetti substitutes *Were*. I do not think the change secure, because it may well be that Shelley meant to express by this inversion that Ginevra *was more heavenly fair* &c.

And ever[1] as she went her light fair feet
Erased these images.

The bride-maidens who round her thronging came,
Some with a sense of self-rebuke and shame,
Envying the unenviable; and others
Making the joy which should have been another's
Their own by gentle sympathy; and some
Sighing to think of an unhappy home:
Some few admiring what can ever lure
Maidens to leave the heaven serene and pure
Of parents' smiles for life's great cheat; a thing
Bitter to taste, sweet in imagining.[2]

But they are all dispersed—and, lo! she stands
Looking in idle grief on her white hands,
Alone within the garden now her own;
And through the sunny air, with jangling tone,
The music of the merry marriage bells,
Killing the azure silence, sinks and swells;—
Absorbed like one within a dream who dreams
That he is dreaming, until slumber seems
A mockery of itself—when suddenly
Antonio stood before her, pale as she.
With agony, with sorrow, and with pride,
He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,
And said—"Is this thy faith?" and then as one
Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun
With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise
And look upon his day of life with eyes
Which weep in vain that they can dream no more,
Ginevra saw her lover, and forbore
To shriek or faint, and checked the stifling blood

[1] So in the *Posthumous Poems*, but *even* in the collected editions.

[2] So in the collected editions; but in the *Posthumous Poems* the line stands thus:

Better to taste sweet in imagining.

Rushing upon her heart, and unsubdued
Said—"Friend, if earthly violence or ill,
Suspicion, doubt, or the tyrannic will
Of parents, chance, or custom, time or change,
Or circumstance, or terror, or revenge,
Or wildered looks, or words, or evil speech,
With all their stings and venom can impeach
Our love,—we love not:—if the grave which hides
The victim from the tyrant, and divides
The cheek that whitens from the eyes that dart
Imperious inquisition to the heart
That is another's, could dissever ours,
We love not."—"What! do not the silent hours
Beckon thee to Gherardi's bridal bed?
Is not that ring"——a pledge, he would have said,
Of broken vows, but she with patient look
The goldern circle from her finger took,
And said—"Accept this token of my faith,
The pledge of vows to be absolved by death;
And I am dead or shall be soon—my knell
Will mix it's music with that merry bell,
Does it not sound as if they sweetly said
'We toll a corpse out of the marriage bed?'
The flowers upon my bridal chamber strewn
Will serve unfaded for my bier—so soon
That even the dying violet will not die
Before Ginevra." The strong fantasy
Had made her accents weaker and more weak,
And quenched the crimson life upon her cheek,
And glazed her eyes, and spread an atmosphere
Round her, which chilled the burning noon with fear,
Making her but an image of the thought,
Which, like a prophet or a shadow, brought
News of the terrors of the coming time.
Like an accuser branded with the crime

He would have cast on a beloved friend,
Whose dying eyes reproach not to the end
The pale betrayer—he then with vain repentance
Would share, he cannot now avert, the sentence—
Antonio stood and would have spoken, when
The compound voice of women and of men
Was heard approaching; he retired, while she
Was led amid the admiring company
Back to the palace,—and her maidens soon
Changed her attire for the afternoon,
And left her at her own request to keep
An hour of quiet and rest:—like one asleep
With open eyes and folded hands she lay,
Pale in the light of the declining day.

Meanwhile the day sinks fast, the sun is set,
And in the lighted hall the guests are met;
The beautiful looked lovelier in the light
Of love, and admiration, and delight
Reflected from a thousand hearts and eyes
Kindling a momentary Paradise.
This crowd is safer than the silent wood,
Where love's own doubts disturb the solitude;
On frozen hearts the fiery rain of wine
Falls, and the dew of music more divine
Tempers the deep emotions of the time
To spirits cradled in a sunny clime:—
How many meet, who never yet have met,
To part too soon, but never to forget.
How many saw the beauty, power and wit
Of looks and words which ne'er inchanted yet;
But life's familiar veil was now withdrawn,
As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,
And unprophetic of the coming hours,
The matin winds from the expanded flowers,

Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken
The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken
From every living heart which it possesses,
Through seas and winds,[1] cities and wildernesses,
As if the future and the past were all
Treasured i' the instant;—so Gherardi's hall
Laughed in the mirth of its lord's festival,
Till some one asked—"Where is the Bride?" And then
A bride's-maid went,—and ere she came again
A silence fell upon the guests—a pause
Of expectation, as when beauty awes
All hearts with its approach, though unbeheld;
Then wonder, and then fear that wonder quelled;—
For whispers past from mouth to ear which drew
The colour from the hearer's cheeks, and flew
Louder and swifter round the company;
And then Gherardi entered with an eye
Of ostentatious trouble, and a crowd
Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

They found Ginevra dead! if it be death,
To lie without motion, or pulse, or breath,
With waxen cheeks, and limbs cold, stiff, and white,
And open eyes, whose fixed and glassy light
Mocked at the speculation they had owned.
If it be death, when there is felt around
A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare,
And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair
From the scalp to the ancles, as it were
Corruption from the spirit passing forth,
And giving all it shrouded to the earth,

[1] So in all editions,—wrongly, I think. Mr. Rossetti suggests *waves* or *strands* as a substitute for *winds*. I am almost certain the right word would be *lands*: *lands* and *winds* written roughly by Shelley are very much alike; and the antithesis between *seas* and *lands* is in perfect balance with that between *cities* and *wildernesses*.

And leaving as swift lightning in its flight
Ashes, and smoke, and darkness: in our night
Of thought we know thus much of death,—no more
Than the unborn dream of our life before
Their barks are wrecked on its inhospitable shore.
The marriage feast and its solemnity
Was turned to funeral pomp—the company
With heavy hearts and looks, broke up; nor they
Who loved the dead went weeping on their way
Alone, but sorrow mixed with sad surprise
Loosened the springs of pity in all eyes,
On[1] which that form, whose fate they weep in vain,
Will never, thought they, kindle smiles again.
The lamps which half extinguished in their haste
Gleamed few and faint o'er the abandoned feast,
Shewed as it were within the vaulted room
A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom
Had past out of men's minds into the air.
Some few yet stood around Gherardi there,
Friends and relations of the dead,—and he,
A loveless man, accepted torpidly
The consolation that he wanted not,
Awe in the place of grief within him wrought.
Their whispers made the solemn silence seem
More still—some wept, . . .
Some melted into tears without a sob,
And some with hearts that might be heard to throb
Leant on the table, and at intervals
Shuddered to hear through the deserted halls
And corridors the thrilling shrieks which came
Upon the breeze of night, that shook the flame
Of every torch and taper as it swept
From out the chamber where the women kept;—

[1] Mr. Rossetti substitutes *In* for *On*.

Their tears fell on the dear companion cold
Of pleasures now departed; then was knolled
The bell of death, and soon the priests arrived,
And finding death their penitent had shrived,
Returned like ravens from a corpse whereon
A vulture has just feasted to the bone.
And then the mourning women came.—

* * * * *

THE DIRGE.

Old winter was gone
In his weakness back to the mountains hoar,
And the spring came down
From the planet that hovers upon the shore
Where the sea of sunlight encroaches
On the limits of wintry night;—
If the land, and the air, and the sea
Rejoice not when spring approaches,
We did not rejoice in thee,
Ginevra!

She is still, she is cold
On the bridal couch,
One step to the white death-bed,
And one to the bier,
And one to the charnel—and one, O where?
The dark arrow fled
In the noon.

Ere the sun through heaven once more has rolled,
The rats in her heart
Will have made their nest,
And the worms be alive in her golden hair,[1]

[1] I trust the proposal set forth in Mr. Rossetti's edition, to read *breast* for *heart*, may never be carried out,—or that of reading *rest* for *sleep* as the

While the spirit that guides the sun,
Sits throned in his flaming chair,
She shall sleep.

EVENING.

PONTE A MARE, PISA.[1]

I.

THE sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the grey air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer[2] dream.

II.

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

III.

Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, and for ever

final word; but probably if these changes be made upon conjecture, the emendator will find it necessary to accommodate the colour of the dead Ginevra's hair to that she wore when living. by a hateful innovation that would do almost as much to spoil the poem as the other emendation proposed. See p. 104, line 16,—"her *dark* locks."

[1] First published by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*.

[2] In the *Posthumous Poems* and first edition of 1839, the word here is *silent*; in the second edition *summer* is substituted.

It trembles, but it never fades away;
Go to the . . .
You, being changed, will find it then as now.

IV.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
By darkest barriers of cinereous[1] cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled—but
Growing and moving upwards in a crowd,
And over it a space of watery blue,
Which the keen evening star is shining through.

THE BOAT ON THE SERCHIO.[2]

OUR boat is asleep on[3] Serchio's stream,
Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream,
The helm sways idly, hither and thither;
Dominic, the boat-man, has brought the mast,
And the oars and the sails; but 'tis sleeping fast,
Like a beast, unconscious of its tether.

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
And the thin white moon lay withering there,
To tower, and cavern, and rift and tree,
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
Day had kindled the dewy woods,
And the rocks above and the stream below,
And the vapours in their multitudes,

[1] So in the MS. at Boscombe, but *enormous* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

[2] The greater part of this poem was first given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*, with the date "July, 1821," affixed. Mr. Rossetti obtained considerable additions to it from the note-book containing *Charles the First;* and these were first given to the world in his edition in 1870.

[3] In the *Posthumous Poems*, *in;* but *on* in the collected editions.

And the Apennine's[1] shroud of summer snow,
And clothed with light of aëry gold
The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe,
And the matin-bell and the mountain bee:
Fire-flies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are their prey
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

All rose to do the task He set to each,
Who shaped us to his ends and not our own;
The million rose to learn, and one to teach
What none yet ever knew or[2] can be known.
And many rose
Whose woe was such that fear became desire;—
Melchior and Lionel[3] were not among those;
They from the throng of men had stepped aside,
And made their home under the green hill side.
It was that hill, whose intervening brow
Screens Lucca from the Pisan's envious eye,[4]

[1] *Apennine* is singular in the *Posthumous Poems* and first edition of 1839, but plural in the second, and in Mr. Rossetti's. I think the earlier reading is right.

[2] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions. Mr. Rossetti substitutes *nor*.

[3] No doubt, as Mr. Rossetti suggests, "these names symbolize Williams and Shelley."

[4] In retouching Medwin's version of the Ugolino episode in the *Inferno* (canto XXXIII), Shelley used almost the same words,—"the steep ascent that from *the Pisan is the screen* of *Lucca*": only the italicized words are

Which the circumfluous plain waving below,
  Like a wide lake of green fertility,
With streams and fields and marshes bare,
  Divides from the far Apennines—which lie
Islanded in the immeasurable air.

"What think you, as she lies in her green cove,
Our little sleeping boat is dreaming of?"
"If morning dreams are true, why I should guess
That she was dreaming of our idleness,
And of the miles of watery way
We should have led her by this time of day."—[1]

"Never mind," said Lionel,
"Give care to the winds, they can bear it well
About yon poplar tops; and see
The white clouds are driving merrily,
And the stars we miss this morn will light
More willingly our return to-night.—
How it whistles, Dominic's long black hair![2]
List my dear fellow; the breeze blows fair:
Hear how it sings into the air."

"Of us and of our lazy motions,"
  Impatiently said Melchior,
"If I can guess a boat's emotions;
  And how we ought, two hours before,
To have been the devil knows where."
And then, in such transalpine Tuscan
As would have killed a Della-Cruscan,

* * * * *

Shelley's. See Translations, in this volume.

[1] I have followed Mr. Rossetti in printing these six lines as two speeches, question and answer. In Mrs. Shelley's editions they are but one speech.

[2] This portion of the poem, from *How it whistles* to *fasten this sheet—all ready!* is what Mr. Rossetti gave from the MS. I follow his edition impli-

So, Lionel according to his art
Weaving his idle words, Melchior said:
"She dreams that we are not yet out of bed;
We'll put a soul into her, and a heart
Which like a dove chased by a dove shall beat."

* * * * *

"Ay, heave the ballast overboard,
And stow the eatables in the aft locker."
"Would not this keg be best a little lowered?"
"No, now all's right." "Those bottles of warm tea—
(Give me some straw)—must be stowed tenderly;
Such as we used, in summer after six,
To cram in great-coat pockets, and to mix
Hard eggs and radishes and rolls at Eton,
And, couched on stolen hay in those green harbours
Farmers called gaps, and we schoolboys called arbours,
Would feast till eight."

* * * * *

With a bottle in one hand,
As if his very soul were at a stand,
Lionel stood—when Melchior brought him steady:—
"Sit at the helm—fasten this sheet—all ready!"

The chain is loosed, the sails are spread,
The living breath is fresh behind,
As with dews and sunrise fed,
Comes the laughing morning wind;—
The sails are full, the boat makes head
Against the Serchio's torrent fierce,
Then flags with intermitting course,

citly to that point, merely noting that in Mrs. Shelley's editions we find the following variation:

List, my dear fellow, the breeze blows fair;
How it scatters Dominic's long black hair,
Singing of us, and our lazy motions,
If I can guess a boat's emotions.

And hangs upon the wave,[1] and stems
The tempest of the . . . .
Which fervid from its mountain source
Shallow, smooth and strong doth come,—
Swift as fire, tempestuously
It sweeps into the affrighted sea;
In morning's smile its eddies coil,
Its billows sparkle, toss and boil,
Torturing all its quiet light
Into columns fierce and bright.

The Serchio, twisting forth
Between the marble barriers which it clove
At Ripafratta, leads through the dread chasm
The wave that died the death which lovers love,
Living in what it sought; as if this spasm
Had not yet past, the toppling mountains cling,
But the clear stream in full enthusiasm
Pours itself on the plain, then[2] wandering
Down one clear path of effluence crystalline,
Sends its superfluous[3] waves, that they may fling
At Arno's feet tribute of corn and wine,
Then, through the pestilential desarts wild
Of tangled marsh and woods of stunted pine,[4]
It rushes to the Ocean.

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems* a hiatus is indicated after *wave;* but the words *and stems the tempest of the* appear first in Mr. Rossetti's edition.

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *until*—but Mr. Rossetti found *then* in the MS.

[3] So in the MS., but *clear* instead of *superfluous* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

[4] I presume Mr. Rossetti's emendation, *pine* for *fir*, is one of those he found in the MS.

MUSIC.[1]

I.

I PANT for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like inchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
Like a herbless plain, for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

II.

Let me drink of the spirit of that[2] sweet sound,
More, O more,—I am thirsting yet,
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain.

III.

As the scent of a violet withered up,
Which grew by the brink of a silver lake;
When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,
And mist there was none its thirst to slake—
And the violet lay dead while the odour flew
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue—

IV.

As one who drinks from a charmèd cup
Of foaming, and sparkling and murmuring wine,
Whom, a mighty Enchantress filling up,
Invites to love with her kiss divine.....

[1] Mrs. Shelley gave this fragment in the *Posthumous Poems* and the first edition of 1839, in the form adopted in this edition; but in the second edition of 1839 she gave it in two forms, probably from different MSS. In the second version, which appears among Fragments (the first being among Poems of 1821), stanzas II and III are transposed, and the final quatrain is omitted. The variations are very slight; and it was evidently only by accident that both versions were given, —the second having been cancelled as early as 1847.

[2] So in the version given by Mrs.

SONNET TO BYRON.[1]

[I AM afraid these verses will not please you, but]

If I esteemed you less, Envy would kill
Pleasure, and leave to Wonder and Despair
The ministration of the thoughts that fill
The mind which, like a worm whose life may share
A portion of the unapproachable,
Marks your creations rise as fast and fair
As perfect worlds at the Creator's will.
But such is my regard that nor your power
To soar above the heights where others [climb],
Nor fame, that shadow of the unborn hour
Cast from the envious future on the time,
Move one regret for his unhonoured name
Who dares these words:—the worm beneath the sod
May lift itself in homage of the God.

Shelley among complete poems; but *the* in the version among fragments, where, also, we find *had* for *has* in the next line but one,—*tank* for *mist* in the fourth line of the next stanza, and *whilst* for *while* in the fifth line.

[1] This sonnet has grown gradually under considerable disadvantages. The first intimation of it occurs in *The Shelley Papers*, first published in *The Athenæum*. At page 37 of the book reprinted from that paper we read as follows:

"What his real opinion of Byron's genius was, may be collected from a sonnet he once showed me, and which the subject of it never saw. The sentiments accord well with that diffidence of his own powers—that innate modesty which always distinguished him. It began thus—

If I esteemed him less, envy would kill
Pleasure, and leave to wonder and despair
The ministration of the thoughts that fill
My soul, which, as a worm may haply share
A portion of the unapproachable,
Marks his creations rise as fast and fair
As perfect worlds at the Creator's will."

In Medwin's *Life of Shelley* (Vol. II, p. 35) we get a slightly different recollection of the same sonnet; for there we read "... that he thought Byron a great poet, is proved by a sonnet, of which I forget two of the lines, but which Byron never saw:—

If I esteemed thee less, Envy would kill
Pleasure, and leave to Wonder and Despair
The ministration of the thoughts that fill
My soul, which even as a worm may share
A portion of the Unapproachable,
Marks thy creations rise as fast and fair
As perfect worlds at the Creator's will;
But not the blessings of thy happier lot,
* * * * * *
Nor thy well-won prosperity and fame,
* * * * * *
Move one regret for his unhonoured name,
Who dares these words—the worm beneath the sod
May lift itself in homage of the God."

Finally in Mr. Rossetti's edition we learn that, when that gentleman had the note-book containing *Charles the First* in his hands, he found "a modified version of it, also fragmentary, ... with the introductory words in prose." From these sources Mr. Rossetti "put

TWO FRAGMENTS ON LOVE.[1]

I.

I FAINT, I perish with my love! I grow
Frail as a cloud whose [splendours] pale
Under the evening's ever-changing glow:
I die like mist upon the gale,
And like a wave under the calm I fail.

II.

Faint with love, the Lady of the South
Lay in the paradise of Lebanon
Under a heaven of cedar boughs; the drought[2]
Of love was on her lips; the light was gone
Out of her eyes.

FRAGMENT.

COME, thou awakener of the spirit's ocean,
Zephyr, whom to thy cloud or cave
No thought can trace! speed with thy gentle motion!

FRAGMENT.

THE gentleness of rain was in the wind

together the fourteen lines needed for the sonnet form." The fourteen lines thus put together are those given in the text.

[1] These and the three fragments which follow them were given by Mr. Rossetti from copies of MSS. at Boscombe, furnished by Mr. Garnett.

[2] I strongly suspect we should read *drouth*.

FRAGMENT OF A DREAM.

METHOUGHT I was a billow in the crowd
Of common men, that stream without a shore,
That ocean which at once is deaf and loud;
That I, a man, stood amid many more
By a wayside . . . , which the aspect bore
Of some imperial metropolis,
Where mighty shapes—pyramid, dome, and tower—
Gleamed like a pile of crags.

FRAGMENT ON KEATS,

WHO DESIRED THAT ON HIS TOMB SHOULD BE INSCRIBED—[1]

"HERE lieth One whose name was writ on water."
But, ere the breath that could erase it blew,
Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,
Death, the immortalizing winter, flew
Athwart the stream,—and time's printless[2] torrent grew
A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name
Of Adonais.——

FRAGMENT: INSECURITY.

WHEN soft winds and sunny skies
With the green earth harmonize,
And the young and dewy dawn,
Bold as an unhunted fawn,
Up the windless heaven is gone,—
Laugh—for ambushed in the day,
Clouds and whirlwinds watch their prey.

[1] This and the next four fragments were first given by Mrs. Shelley in the first edition of 1839.

[2] So in the MS., at Boscombe, but *monthless* in Mrs. Shelley's editions. I suspect Shelley would have cancelled the word *and* in this line.

COUPLETS.[1]

AND that I walk thus proudly crowned withal
Is that 't is my distinction; if I fall,
I shall not weep out of the vital day,
To-morrow dust, nor wear a dull decay.

FRAGMENT.

THE rude wind is singing
The dirge of the music dead,
The cold worms are clinging
Where kisses were lately fed.

FRAGMENT: FALSE LAURELS AND TRUE.

"WHAT art thou, Presumptuous, who profanest
The wreath to mighty poets only due,
Even whilst like a forgotten moon thou wanest?
Touch not those leaves which for the eternal few
Who wander o'er the paradise of fame,
In sacred dedication ever grew:
One of the crowd thou art without a name."
"Ah, friend, 'tis the false laurel that I wear;
Bright though it seem, it is not the same
As that which bound Milton's immortal hair;

[1] These two couplets were given in the first edition of 1839 as consecutive with the last fragment. This was clearly a mistake; and in the second edition the fragment appeared without the two couplets.

Its dew is poison and the hopes that quicken
Under its chilling shade, though seeming fair,
Are flowers which die almost before they sicken."[1]

TWO FRAGMENTS OF INVOCATION.[2]

I.

GREAT Spirit whom the sea of boundless thought
Nurtures within its unimagined caves,
In which thou sittest sole, as in my mind,
Giving a voice to its mysterious waves.

II.

O thou immortal deity
Whose throne is in the depth of human thought,
I do adjure thy power and thee
By all that man may be, by all that he is not,
By all that he has been and yet must be!

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions the divison into two speeches is not indicated by inverted commas.

[2] Probably to Liberty. Fragment I was given by Mr. Rossetti from a transcript taken by Mr. Garnett from one of the Boscombe MSS.; and Fragment II was given by Mrs. Shelley in the second edition of 1839.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1822.

[This final group of Shelley's mature original poetry seems almost to arrange itself,—the leading pieces being pretty fully dated. To this last half-year of his life belong, it should be remembered, beside the following poems, the *Fragments of an Unfinished Drama*, *The Triumph of Life*, and, to some extent, *Charles the First*,—though to what extent it is difficult to conjecture, the historical drama having been a good time in hand.—H. B. F.]

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1822.

THE ZUCCA.[1]

I.

SUMMER was dead and Autumn was expiring,
And infant Winter laughed upon the land
All cloudlessly and cold;—when I, desiring
More in this world than any understand,
Wept o'er the beauty, which like sea retiring,
Had left the earth bare as the wave-worn sand
Of my lorn[2] heart, and o'er the grass and flowers
Pale for the falsehood of the flattering Hours.

II.

Summer was dead, but I yet lived to weep
The instability of all but weeping;
And on the Earth lulled in her winter sleep
I woke, and envied her as she was sleeping.
Too happy Earth! over thy face shall creep
The wakening vernal airs, until thou, leaping
From unremembered dreams, shalt see
No death divide thy immortality.

[1] This poem, of which the draft in Shelley's writing is in the note-book, at Boscombe, containing *Charles the First*, was first given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*, with the date January, 1822, and a note explaining that *Zucca* means *Pumpkin*. Mr. Rossetti made some verbal changes after collating the printed text with the MS.

[2] So in the MS.; but *poor* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

III.

I loved—O no, I mean not one of ye,
Or any earthly one, though ye are dear
As human heart to human heart may be;—
I loved, I know not what—but this low sphere
And all that it contains, contains not thee,
Thou, whom seen nowhere, I feel everywhere.
From heaven and earth, and all that in them are,
Veiled art thou, like a star.[1]

IV.

By Heaven and Earth, from all whose shapes thou flowest,
Neither to be contained, delayed, nor[2] hidden,
Making divine the loftiest and the lowest,
When for a moment thou art not forbidden
To live within the life which thou bestowest;
And leaving noblest things vacant and chidden,
Cold as a corpse after the spirit's flight,
Blank as the sun[3] after the birth of night.

V.

In winds, and trees, and streams, and all things common,
In music and the sweet unconscious tone
Of animals, and voices which are human,
Meant to express some feelings of their own;
In the soft motions and rare smile of woman,
In flowers and leaves, and in the grass fresh-shewn,[4]
Or dying in the autumn, I the most
Adore thee present or lament thee lost.

[1] This broken couplet is supplied by Mr. Rossetti from the MS.; and the chasm is filled with the suggestion "[storm-benighted ?]" which I should be very slow to accept. In the *Posthumous Poems* we read in this place the still more broken lines,

Dim object of my soul's idolatry.
Veiled art thou like—

and these last four words are omitted from the editions of 1839.

[2] So in Mr. Rossetti's edition, but *or* in Mrs. Shelley's.

[3] So in all editions; but Mr. Rossetti notes that the word in the MS. might be either *sun* or *sea*.

[4] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *fresh grass shewn:* the correction was made by Mr. Garnett (*Relics of Shelley*, p. 95) from the MS.

VI.

And thus I went lamenting, when I saw
A plant upon the river's margin lie,
Like one who loved beyond his Nature's law,
And in despair had cast him down to die;
Its leaves which had outlived the frost, the thaw
Had blighted; like[1] a heart which hatred's eye
Can blast not, but which pity kills; the dew
Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true.

VII.

The Heavens had wept upon it, but the Earth
Had crushed it on her unmaternal breast.

* * * * *

VIII.

I bore it to my chamber, and I planted
It in a vase full of the lightest mould;
The winter beams which out of Heaven slanted
Fell through the window panes, disrobed of cold,
Upon its leaves and flowers; the star which panted
In evening for the Day, whose car has rolled
Over the horizon's wave, with looks of light
Smiled on it from the threshold of the night.

IX.

The mitigated influences of air
And light revived the plant, and from it grew
Strong leaves and tendrils, and its flowers fair,
Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,
O'erflowed with golden colours; an atmosphere
Of vital warmth infolded it anew,
And every impulse sent to every part
The unbeheld pulsations of its heart.

[1] So in the MS., but *as* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

X.

Well might the plant grow beautiful and strong,
  Even if the air and sun[1] had smiled not on it;
For one wept o'er it all the winter long
  Tears pure as Heaven's rain, which fell upon it
Hour after hour; for sounds of softest song
  Mixed with the stringèd melodies that won it
To leave the gentle lips on which it slept,
Had loosed the heart of him who sat and wept.

XI.

Had loosed his heart, and shook the leaves and flowers
  On which he wept, the while the savage storm
Waked by the darkest of December's hours
  Was raving round the chamber hushed and warm;
The birds were shivering in their leafless bowers,
  The fish were frozen in the pools, the form
Of every summer plant was dead . . .
Whilst this . . .

* * * * *

[1] So in the MS., but *sun and air* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

THE MAGNETIC LADY TO HER PATIENT.[1]

I.

"SLEEP, sleep on![2] forget thy pain;
My hand is on thy brow,
My spirit on thy brain;
My pity on thy heart, poor friend;
And from my fingers flow
The powers of life, and like a sign,
Seal thee from thine hour of woe;
And brood on thee, but may not blend
With thine.

[1] This poem was first published in *The Shelley Papers;* and Mrs. Shelley, in including it among her husband's collected works, assigned it to the year 1822. A copy of it in the autograph of Shelley, headed "For Jane and Williams only to see," is in the hands of Mr. Trelawny. Mr. Rossetti collated the printed text with that MS. In the ensuing notes the very few variations between Mr. Rossetti's text and that of Mrs. Shelley's second edition of 1839 are specified. Medwin, in the memoir prefixed to *The Shelley Papers* (pp. 63 *et seq.*), gives the following account of the circumstances dealt with in the poem:—

"Shelley was a martyr to a most painful complaint, which constantly menaced to terminate fatally, and was subject to violent paroxysms, which, to his irritable nerves, were each a separate death. I had seen magnetism practised in India and at Paris, and at his earnest request consented to try its efficacy. Mesmer himself could not have hoped for more complete success. The imposition of my hand on his forehead instantaneously put a stop to the spasm, and threw him into a magnetic sleep, which, for want of a better word, is called somnambulism. Mrs. Shelley and another lady were present. The experiment was repeated more than once. During his trances I put some questions to him. He always pitched his voice in the same tone as mine. I inquired about his complaint, and its cure—the usual magnetic inquiries. His reply was—'What would cure me, would kill me,' (alluding probably to lithotomy). I am sorry I did not note down some of his other answers... Shelley afterwards used to walk in his sleep; and Mrs. Shelley once found him getting up at night, and going to a window. It is remarkable, that in the case of the boy Matthew Schwir, recorded by Dr. Tritchler, the patient spoke in French, as Shelley in Italian. He improvised also verses in Italian, in which language he was never known to write poetry.... Shelley was afterwards magnetized by a lady, to whom he addressed some lines, of which I remember some of the stanzas."

The statement that Shelley never wrote poetry in Italian may be profitably compared with the account of *Buona Notte*, in Medwin's *Life*, Vol. II, pp. 178-9.

[2] In *The Shelley Papers* and in the first edition of 1839 we read *Sleep on! Sleep on!* here and in the first line of stanza II; but in the second edition of 1839 *Sleep, sleep on!*—as in the MS.

II.

"Sleep, sleep on! I love thee not;
But when I think that he
Who made and makes my lot
As full of flowers as thine of weeds,
Might have been lost like thee;
And that a hand which was not mine,
Might then have charmed[1] his agony
As I another's—my heart bleeds
For thine.

III.

"Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of
The dead and the unborn
Forget thy life and love;[2]
Forget that thou must wake for ever;
Forget the world's dull scorn;
Forget lost health, and the divine
Feelings which[3] died in youth's brief morn;
And forget me, for I can never
Be thine.

IV.

"Like a cloud big with a May shower,
My soul weeps healing rain,
On thee, thou withered flower;
It breathes mute music on thy sleep;
Its odour calms thy brain;
Its light within thy gloomy breast

[1] In Medwin's and Mrs. Shelley's versions, *chased*; but *charmed* in the MS.

[2] Medwin reads *woes*: so does Mrs. Shelley in the first edition of 1839; but in the second, she substitutes *love*.

[3] So in the second edition of 1839; but *that* in the first and in *The Shelley Papers*.

Spreads[1] like a second youth again.
By mine thy being is to its deep
Possest.

V.

"The spell is done. How feel you now?"
"Better—Quite well," replied
The sleeper.—"What would do
You good when suffering and awake?
What cure your head and side?—"
"What would cure, that would kill me, Jane:[2]
And as I must on earth abide
Awhile, yet tempt me not to break
My chain."

LINES.[3]

I.

WHEN the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

[1] Misprinted *Speaks* in the first edition of 1839.

[2] In Medwin's and Mrs. Shelley's versions

'Twould kill me what would cure my pain;

The reading of the text is from the MS.; but I think it quite likely that both readings are Shelley's.

[3] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*. Mr. Rossetti mentions an autograph copy of this also as in the hands of Mr. Trelawny; but I presume Mrs. Shelley had a better copy to work from, as this lacks the last stanza, and the three so-called emendations from it are to my mind decidedly the reverse of improvements. They are (1) *notes* for *tones* in line 6 of stanza I, (2) *in* for *through* in line 6 of stanza II, and (3) *chose* for *choose* in line 7 of stanza III.

II.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

III.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O, Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home and your bier?

IV.

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high:
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee[1] naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

[1] So in the second edition of 1839; but in the first, and in the *Posthumous Poems*, we read *the* for *thee*.

TO JANE—THE INVITATION.[1]

BEST and brightest, come away!
Fairer far than this fair Day,
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough Year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring,
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn
To hoar February born;
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kissed the forehead of the Earth,

[1] A part of this and a part of the next poem were published by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems* (1824), as one composition, under the single title of *The Pine Forest of the Cascine near Pisa;* and this arrangement was followed in the first edition of 1839; but in the second edition of that year the poem was divided into two, as in the text, and given in substantial accordance with the autograph copy in Mr. Trelawny's hands, consulted by Mr. Rossetti for his edition. Mrs. Shelley, however, only called these two poems *The Invitation* and *The Recollection.* To both versions of the composition she affixed the date "February, 1822." I am disposed to think that Shelley must have left at least two MSS. of this later form, beside that of the earlier form from which Mrs. Shelley gave her first version. The slight variations between her second version and Mr. Trelawny's MS. are recorded in the ensuing notes. Mr. Rossetti observes that the original title is "worth bearing in mind as determining the locality"; but there is much more than that worthy, in my opinion, of careful preservation; and, as the variations of the early from the late version are very considerable, I extract some passages of the former in full in lieu of recording a number of additional *variorum* readings. Thus, the opening of *The Pine Forest of the Cascine near Pisa* is as follows:—

Dearest, best and brightest,
Come away,
To the woods and to the fields!
Dearer than this fairest day,
Which like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough year just awake
In its cradle in the brake.

The eldest of the hours of spring,
Into the winter wandering
Looks upon the leafless wood;
And the banks all bare and rude
Found it seems this halcyon morn,
In February's bosom born,
Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,
Kissed the cold forehead of the earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free;
And waked to music all the fountains,
And breathed upon the rigid mountains,
And made the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,[1]
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.
I leave this notice on my door
For each accustomed visitor:—
"I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields;—
Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
Sit by the fireside with[2] Sorrow.—
You with the unpaid bill, Despair,—
You tiresome verse-reciter, Care,—
I will pay you in the grave,—
Death will listen to your stave.
Expectation too, be off!
To-day is for itself enough;
Hope in pity mock not Woe
With smiles, nor follow where I go;

[1] Lines 21 to 46 do not occur in the earlier version.

[2] In Mr. Trelawny's MS. the preposition here is *with*: in the collected editions it is *of*.

Long having lived on thy[1] sweet food,
At length I find one moment's[2] good
After long pain—with all your love,
This you never told me of."

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains[3],
And[4] the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green and ivy dun
Round stems that never kiss the sun;
Where the lawns and pastures be,
And the sandhills of the sea;—
Where the melting hoar-frost wets[5]
The daisy-star that never sets,[6]
And wind-flowers, and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dun[7] and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,

[1] So in Mr. Trelawny's MS. and the collected editions. Mr. Rossetti substitutes *your* on his own authority.

[2] In the collected editions *moment:* in the MS. *moment's.*

[3] In the earlier version we read from this point as follows

To the pools where winter rains
Image all the roof of leaves,
Where the Pine its garland weaves,
Sapless, grey, and ivy dun
Round stones that never kiss the sun,
To the sandhills of the sea,
Where the earliest violets be.

[4] In the second edition of 1839, and onwards, Mrs. Shelley reads *To* here; but the word in the MS. is *And.*

[5] Lines 57 to 69 do not occur in the earlier version. Mr. Rossetti gives *When,* instead of the *Where* of the collected editions, as the first word of line 57, but does not say it is from the MS.

[6] *Cf. The Question,*

The constellated flower that never sets.

[7] So in the MS.; but *dim* in the collected editions.

And all things seem only one
In the universal sun.

TO JANE—THE RECOLLECTION.[1]

I.

Now the last day of many days,[2]
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last, is dead,
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
Up to thy wonted work! come, trace[3]
The epitaph of glory fled,[4]—
For now[5] the Earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.[6]

II.

We wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's[7] foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,

[1] Mr. Rossetti says this poem was inscribed on the outside cover "To Jane: not to be opened unless you are alone, or with Williams."

[2] This first stanza follows, in the earlier version, the line

Where the earliest violets be.

See note 3, p. 135.

[3] In the earlier version this line stands thus,—

And do thy wonted work and trace . . .

but the second edition of 1839 gives the reading of the text, which is also that of the MS. Mr. Rossetti gives the word *to* as an emendation from the MS.; but the word *do* which it replaces is certainly not in the second edition of 1839, being a corruption of later copies.

[4] So in the earlier version, and in the later collected editions; but in the second edition of 1839, and in Mr. Trelawny's MS., we read *dead* for *fled*. This I should take to be a clerical error of that particular MS.

[5] This word *now* is not in the earlier version.

[6] From this point, in the earlier version, the poem is divided into stanzas of four lines. In the later version, Mrs. Shelley adopted the longer divisions given in the text.

[7] So in the *Posthumous Poems* and first edition of 1839; but *Ocean* in the second.

And on the bosom of the deep,[1]
The smile of Heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour[2] were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun[3]
A light of Paradise.

III.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,[4]
And soothed by every azure breath,
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

IV.

How calm it was!—the silence there
By such a chain was bound
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by[5] her sound
The inviolable quietness;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.

[1] So in the later version: in the earlier we read
And on the woods, and on the deep, . . .

[2] In the earlier version, *day*.

[3] In the earlier version,
Which shed to earth above the sun.

[4] In the earlier version,
With stems like serpents interlaced.

[5] The preposition given by Mrs. Shelley here is *by*, in all editions known to me. Mr. Rossetti substitutes *with*; but does not adduce the authority of the MS.

There seemed from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain waste,
To the soft flower[1] beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced,—
A spirit interfused around,
A thrilling[2] silent life,
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife;—
And still I felt the centre of
The magic circle there,
Was one fair form that filled with love
The lifeless atmosphere.[3]

V.

We paused[4] beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough,
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
Gulphed in a world below;
A firmament of purple light,[5]
Which in the dark earth lay,

[1] In the earlier version we read

It seemed that from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain's waste,
To the bright flower . . .

In the second edition of 1839, we find the reading of the text, except that *wide* stands instead of *white*, which latter word is in the MS.

[2] In the earlier version *thinking*.

[3] In the earlier version these four lines stand thus :—

For still it seemed the centre of
The magic circle there,
Was one whose being filled with love
The breathless atmosphere.

And these precede the following exquisite stanza, omitted from the later version :

Were not the crocuses that grew
Under that ilex tree,
As beautiful in scent and hue
As ever fed the bee?

Shelley's reason for omitting so beautiful a passage from the later version is obvious,—its strong resemblance to the lines (63 and 64, p. 139)

More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.

The cancelled passage was found by Mr. Garnett among the Boscombe MSS. and transcribed by him for Mr. Rossetti, who published it as something new, with a note to the effect that "the original MS. of this poem" (meaning, I presume, Mr. Trelawny's) gives the usual stanzas "followed by a figure for a further stanza, which is represented by asterisks only." If there ever was any further stanza, it was not of course this cancelled one from the earlier version,—the place of which is well known.

[4] In the earlier version we read *stood* for *paused*, and the line corresponding with line 55 is

And each seemed like a sky . . .

[5] In the earlier version

A purple firmament of light . . .

More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer[1] than the day—
In which the lovely[2] forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading[3] there.
There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,
And through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.[4]
Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by[5] the water's love
Of that fair forest green.
And all was interfused beneath
With an elysian glow,[6]
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.
Like one beloved the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast,
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth[7] exprest;
Until an envious[8] wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought,
Which from the mind's too faithful eye

[1] So in the later version, but *clearer* in the earlier.

[2] In the earlier version, *massy*.

[3] The word here is *waving*, in the earlier version, wherein, after this line, comes the passage beginning *Like one beloved*.

[4] In the earlier version we read

There lay far glades and neighbouring lawn,
And through the dark green crowd
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Under a speckled cloud.

The reading of the text is that of the collected editions. Mr. Rossetti reads

There lay the glade, the neighbouring lawn,

but does not quote the MS. as authority.

[5] In both versions as given by Mrs. Shelley we read *by* here: Mr. Rossetti, again not adducing the authority of the MS., substitutes *in*, which seems to me anything but an improvement.

[6] *Within an Elysium air* in the earlier version,—the corresponding line being *A silence sleeping there*.

[7] In the earlier version, *that clear truth*.

[8] In the earlier version *a wandering*; and, in the next line but two, *thy bright* instead of *one dear*.

Blots one dear image out.
Though thou art ever fair and kind,
The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,
Than calm in waters seen.[1]

WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE.[2]

ARIEL to Miranda.—Take
This slave of Music, for the sake

[1] In the earlier version, the final lines are

For thou art good and dear and kind,
The forest ever green,
But less of peace in S———'s mind,
Than calm in waters seen.

Mrs. Shelley never filled in the blank with Shelley's name; and Mr. Trelawny's MS. shews simply a blank; but Mr. Rossetti was certainly right in deeming that it was time "to supply the right and only possible name." In the last line but two Mr. Rossetti substitutes *And* for *The*, and in the last line *water* for *waters*, quoting the MS. as authority for the second change only. I leave the passage as in the collected editions.

[2] This poem was subjected to a curious inversion. The second part of it (lines 43 to 90) first appeared in *The Athenæum*, in 1832, in Medwin's series of *Shelley Papers*; but the first part (lines 1 to 42) was not published till the next year,—and then not in the collected volume called *The Shelley Papers*, wherein it has no place, but in *Fraser's Magazine* for January. The second part, Medwin gave with the simple heading *With a Guitar*: the first part appeared in *Fraser* under the title *To A. B., with a Guitar*: Mrs. Shelley connected the two portions in 1839, under the name *To a Lady with a Guitar*; and Mr. Rossetti, with Mr. Trelawny's autograph MS. of the poem before him, renamed it *With a Guitar, to Jane*. In an editorial note adverting to the interruption of *The Shelley Papers*, "by the death of Scott, and the honours due to his memory," *The Athenæum* gave utterance to the following expressions: "It is not, perhaps, for us to speak of their value; but we cannot in the pride of our hearts, but claim for the following Lines, and the *Invocation to Misery*, which appeared in a preceding number, the honour of a place—the one among the most sublime, and the other, the most beautiful of his poems." The editorial note to the first part, in *Fraser's Magazine*, was "A. B., the lady to whom these agreeable and melodious verses are addressed, is still alive. We therefore withhold her name." More than forty-four years have passed; and "A. B." is still alive; and now everyone knows her as the immortalized widow of Edward Williams,—the "Magnetic lady," and the "Jane" so often referred to in verse and in prose. As to the means by which this part of the poem got into *Fraser*, we have not far to seek for a clue, as Medwin was a contributor to the Magazine at the time, a translation of *The Seven before Thebes*, by him, being in the April number of the same year. I do not think it likely that Mrs. Shelley contributed it, because, in making her

Of him who is the slave of thee,
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain;
For by permisson and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever[1] can be spoken;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,
From life to life, must still pursue
Your happiness;—for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's inchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples, he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon,
In her interlunar swoon,[2]
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel.

first collection (1839) of Shelley's poems she seems to have had no knowledge of it, giving only the second part. In the second edition she gave the whole, having, I presume, had her attention called to this outlying half poem.

[1] So in all editions known to me; but in the Magazine we read the line thus—

Of love, that never can be spoken.

This seems to me quite likely to be a reading of Shelley's own, though Mr. Rossetti gives no account of such a variation as shewn by Mr. Trelawny's MS. For an extended account of the circumstances under which the poem was composed, and of the style of the first draft, see Mr. Trelawny's *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron* (London, 1858), pp. 67 to 75.

[2] In the Magazine, there is quoted, as a note to this passage, a parallel passage from Milton's *Samson Agonistes*:

And silent as the moon,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Whether this is Shelley's confession of indebtedness, or a note by the Magazine editor, I have no certain knowledge; but I presume the latter, especially as Mrs. Shelley gives no such note.

When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth,
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run,
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps, and served your will;
Now, in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned, for some fault of his,
In a body like a grave;—
From you he only dares to crave,
For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods[1] were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so this tree,—
O that such our death may be!—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again:
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,

[1] In *The Shelley Papers* and in the first edition of 1839 we read *winds;* but *woods* in the second edition.

The artist wrought this[1] loved Guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own;[2]
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
Which, driven on[3] its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way—
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day:
But sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,

[1] In *The Shelley Papers* and first edition of 1839, *that;* but *this* in the second edition.

[2] So in the second edition of 1839, and onwards; but *its own* in the first, and in *The Shelley Papers*.

[3] In *The Shelley Papers* and the first edition of 1839, *in;* but *on* in the second edition.

It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For our belovèd Jane alone.[1]

TO JANE.[2]

I.

THE keen stars were twinkling,
And the fair moon was rising among them,
Dear Jane!
The guitar was tinkling,
But the notes were not sweet till you sung them
Again.

II.

As the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So your voice most tender
To the strings without soul had then given
Its own.[3]

[1] In *The Shelley Papers* and the collected editions from 1839 onwards the final line is

For our beloved friend alone.

Mr. Palgrave, in *The Golden Treasury*, altered *our* to *one*, an ingenious but wholly fallacious change, as the MS. shews the line given in the text.

[2] This poem, wanting the first stanza, first appeared in *The Athenæum* among *The Shelley Papers*, under the title *An Ariette for Music. To a Lady Singing to her Accompaniment on the Guitar.* In reprinting the *Papers* in book form, Medwin added a note to the effect that this Ariette had been "very beautifully set to Music by Mr. Henry Lincoln." In the first edition of 1839 Mrs. Shelley reproduced Medwin's imperfect version, under his title. In the second she added the first stanza and gave the simple title *To* ———, omitting the name in the third line. The name Jane, however, occurs both in title and in text, in the MS. in Shelley's writing which Mr. Trelawny placed at the disposal of Mr. Rossetti for the purposes of that gentleman's edition.

[3] In Medwin's version and the first edition of 1839 we read

So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.

Similarly in the next stanza we read *thy* for *your* in the 5th line; and in stanza IV *thy sweet voice* instead of *your dear voice.*

III.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later,
To-night;
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter
Delight.

IV.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

A DIRGE.[1]

Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches stain,[2]
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail, for the world's wrong!

[1] Given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*, omitted from the editions of 1839, and restored not later than 1847 to a place among the poems of 1822.

[2] I agree with Mr. Rossetti that this word should probably be *strain*; but in the absence of authority I refrain from altering it, as my predecessor refrained, on the ground that *stain* is not meaningless, and *may* be the word used by Shelley.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF LERICI.[1]

She left me at the silent time
When the moon had ceased to climb
The azure path of Heaven's steep,
And like an albatross asleep,
Balanced on her wings of light,
Hovered in the purple night,
Ere she sought her ocean nest
In the chambers of the West.
She left me, and I staid alone
Thinking over every tone
Which, though[2] silent to the ear,
The inchanted heart could hear,
Like notes which die when born, but still
Haunt the echoes of the hill;
And feeling ever—O too much!—
The soft vibration of her touch,
As if her gentle hand, even now,
Lightly trembled on my brow;
And thus, although she absent were,

[1] This is one of the many treasures unearthed by Mr. Garnett and published in the *Relics of Shelley;* but before these lines appeared in that volume, they were published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for June, 1862, with a preliminary note by Mr. Garnett, stating that they "were written at Lerici during the last few weeks of the author's life, as appears from the character of the scenery described as well as from the correspondence of the paper with that on which *The Triumph of Life* is written." Mr. Garnett adds "The exact date of composition may, perhaps, be inferred from the description of the moon, as—

Balanced on her wings of light,
Hovering in the purple night,

which seems to imply that she was then near the full, with little or no declination. These circumstances concurred on the 1st and 2nd of May, 1822, but at no other period during Shelley's residence at Lerici." There are two verbal variations between the Magazine and the *Relics*. I have given the readings of the *Relics* in the text, and recorded the variations, assuming that Mr. Garnett had authority for everything, but had, as every editor of a draft of Shelley's is pretty sure to have, to decide in many instances between two words both remaining uncancelled.

[2] In the Magazine the word *now* occurs between *though* and *silent*.

Memory gave me all of her
That even Fancy dares to claim:—
Her presence had made weak and tame
All passions, and I lived alone
In the time which is our own;
The past and future were forgot,
As they had been, and would be, not.
But soon, the guardian angel gone,
The dæmon reassumed his throne
In my faint heart. I dare not speak
My thoughts, but thus disturbed and weak
I sat and saw[1] the vessels glide
Over the ocean bright and wide,
Like spirit-wingèd chariots sent
O'er some serenest element
For ministrations strange and far;
As if to some Elysian star
Sailed[2] for drink to medicine
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine.
And the wind that winged their flight
From the land came fresh and light,
And the scent of wingèd flowers,
And the coolness of the hours
Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day,
Were scattered o'er the twinkling bay.
And the fisher with his lamp
And spear about the low rocks damp
Crept, and struck the fish which came
To worship the delusive flame.
Too happy they, whose pleasure sought
Extinguishes all sense and thought
Of the regret that pleasure leaves,
Destroying life alone, not peace!

[1] In the Magazine we read *watched* for *saw*.

[2] Mr. Rossetti reads *They sailed;* but without authority.

THE ISLE.[1]

THERE was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven:
And its roof was flowers and leaves
Which the summer's breath enweaves,
Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraven.
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm.

LINES.[2]

I.

WE meet not as we parted,
We feel more than all may see,
My bosom is heavy-hearted,
And thine full of doubt for me.
One moment has bound the free.

II.

That moment is gone for ever,
Like lightning that flashed and died,
Like a snowflake upon the river,
Like a sunbeam upon the tide,
Which the dark shadows hide.

[1] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*.

[2] From *Relics of Shelley*, as is also the next fragment.

III.

That moment from time was singled
As the first of a life of pain,
The cup of its joy was mingled
—Delusion too sweet though vain!
Too sweet to be mine again.

IV.

Sweet lips, could my heart have hidden
That its life was crushed by you,
Ye would not have then forbidden
The death which a heart so true
Sought in your briny dew.

V.

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

Methinks too little cost
For a moment so found, so lost!

FRAGMENT: TO THE MOON.

BRIGHT wanderer, fair coquette of heaven,
To whom alone it has been given
To change and be adored for ever,
Envy not this dim world, for never
But once within its shadow grew
One fair as——

EPITAPH.[1]

THESE are two friends whose lives were undivided;
So let their memory be, now they have glided
Under the[2] grave; let not their bones be parted,
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

[1] Published in the *Posthumous Poems*, among "Fragments," and retained in that division in the collected editions, wherein the Fragments are placed after the Poems of 1822, with a general caution that they "do not properly belong" to that year, by which I presume we are to understand that they do not *all* belong to 1822, not that *none* of them were then written. In the absence of certain knowledge as to its date, it seems to me that this epitaph should be left where it is, at the end of the mature original work, and preceding the translations,—as in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

[2] So in the *Posthumous Poems* and first edition of 1839; but *their* in all later editions known to me,—a misprint I should say, brought about by the presence of *their* later in the same line.

TRANSLATIONS.

[The separation of these translations from the original poetry seems desirable on all grounds; and the only poetic translations by Shelley not included in this division are the two which he issued with *Alastor*,—one from a sonnet of Dante to Guido Cavalcanti, and the other from Moschus: these will be found in Vol. I, at pp. 57 and 58. Gathered together in one section, his translations exhibit to great advantage his wide range of scholarship and his catholicity of admiration. In lieu of a chronology of production I have adopted here the same chronology used by Mrs. Shelley and Mr. Rossetti,—that shewing the historic succession of the authors from whose works the translations were made. Two names, one ancient and one modern, Horace and Bronzino, I have added with some diffidence to the list of authors whose works have been rendered by Shelley, under circumstances explained in the notes to the poems from those authors.—H. B. F.]

TRANSLATIONS.

HYMN TO MERCURY.[1]

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.

I.

SING, Muse, the son of Maia and of Jove,
The Herald-child, king of Arcadia
And all its pastoral hills, whom in sweet love
Having been interwoven, modest May
Bore Heaven's dread Supreme—an antique grove
Shadowed the cavern where the lovers lay
In the deep night, unseen by Gods or Men,
And white-armed Juno slumbered sweetly then.

II.

Now, when the joy of Jove had its fulfilling,
And Heaven's tenth moon chronicled her relief,
She gave to light a babe all babes excelling,

[1] This translation, first given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*, appears to have been written in July, 1820, immediately before *The Witch of Atlas*,—a circumstance which sufficiently accounts for identity of metre and strong resemblance of style. The playful forms of speech adopted in these two poems are quite exceptional in Shelley's work. In a letter to Peacock, dated July 12th, 1820, written while the Shelleys were occupying the house of the Gisbornes at Leghorn, and published in *Fraser's Magazine* for March, 1860, Shelley says "I am translating in *ottava rima* the *Hymn to Mercury*, of Homer. Of course my stanza precludes a literal translation. My next effort will be that it should be legible—a quality much to be desired in translations." Fragments of the drafts of this and the other Hymns of Homer exist among the Boscombe MSS.

A schemer subtle beyond all belief;
A shepherd of thin dreams,[1] a cow-stealing,
A night-watching, and door-waylaying thief,
Who 'mongst the Gods was soon about to thieve,
And other glorious actions to achieve.

III.

The babe was born at the first peep of day;
He began playing on the lyre at noon,
And the same evening did he steal away
Apollo's herds;—the fourth day of the moon
On which him bore the venerable May,
From her immortal limbs he leaped full soon,
Nor long could in the sacred cradle keep,
But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep.

IV.

Out of the lofty cavern wandering
He found a tortoise, and cried out—"A treasure!"
(For Mercury first made the tortoise sing)
The beast before the portal at his leisure
The flowery herbage was depasturing,
Moving his feet in a deliberate measure
Over the turf. Jove's profitable son
Eyeing him laughed, and laughing thus begun:—

V.

"A useful god-send are you to me now,
King of the dance, companion of the feast,
Lovely in all your nature! Welcome, you
Excellent plaything! Where, sweet mountain beast,
Got you that speckled shell? Thus much I know,

[1] Mr. Rossetti suggests the insertion of *and* after *dreams;* and the emendation is certainly tempting. I should, however, scarcely venture on it without MS. authority.

You must come home with me and be my guest;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honour you.

VI.

"Better to be at home than out of door;—
So come with me, and though it has been said
That you alive defend from magic power,
I know you will sing sweetly when you're dead."
Thus having spoken, the quaint infant bore,
Lifting it from the grass on which it fed,
And grasping it in his delighted hold,
His treasured prize into the cavern old.

VII.

Then scooping with a chisel of grey steel,
He bored the life and soul out of the beast—
Not swifter a swift thought of woe or weal
Darts through the tumult of a human breast
Which thronging cares annoy—not swifter wheel
The flashes of its torture and unrest
Out of the dizzy eyes—than Maia's son
All that he did devise hath featly done.

VIII.

And through the tortoise's hard stony[1] skin
At proper distances small holes he made,
And fastened the cut stems of reeds within,
And with a piece of leather overlaid
The open space and fixed the cubits in,
Fitting the bridge to both, and stretched o'er all
Symphonious cords of sheep-gut rhythmical.

[1] So in the MS., but *strong* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

IX.

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
He tried the chords, and made division meet
Preluding with the plectrum, and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
A strain of unpremeditated wit
Joyous and wild and wanton—such you may
Hear among revellers on a holiday.

X.

He sung how Jove and May of the bright sandal
Dallied in love not quite legitimate;
And his own birth, still scoffing at the scandal,
And naming his own name, did celebrate;
His mother's cave and servant maids he planned all
In plastic verse, her household stuff and state,
Perennial pot, trippet, and brazen pan,—
But singing, he conceived another plan.

XI.

Seized with a sudden fancy for fresh meat,
He in his sacred crib deposited
The hollow lyre, and from the cavern sweet
Rushed with great leaps up to the mountain's head,
Revolving in his mind some subtle feat
Of thievish craft, such as a swindler might
Devise in the lone season of dun night.

XII.

Lo! the great Sun under the ocean's bed has
Driven steeds and chariot—the child meanwhile strode
O'er the Pierian mountains clothed in shadows,
Where the immortal oxen of the God

Are pastured in the flowering unmown meadows,
And safely stalled in a remote abode—
The archer Argicide, elate and proud,
Drove fifty from the herd, lowing aloud.

XIII.

He drove them wandering o'er the sandy way,
But, being ever mindful of his craft,
Backward and forward drove he them astray,
So that the tracks which seemed before, were aft;
His sandals then he threw to the ocean spray,
And for each foot he wrought a kind of raft
Of tamarisk, and tamarisk-like sprigs,
And bound them in a lump with withy twigs.

XIV.

And on his feet he tied these sandals light,
The trail of whose wide leaves might not betray
His track; and then, a self-sufficing wight,
Like a man hastening on some distant way,
He from Pieria's[1] mountain bent his flight;
But an old man perceived the infant pass
Down green Onchestus heaped like beds with grass.

XV.

The old man stood dressing his sunny vine:
"Halloo! old fellow with the crookèd shoulder!
You grub those stumps? before they will bear wine
Methinks even you must grow a little older:
Attend, I pray, to this advice of mine,
As you would 'scape what might appal a bolder—
Seeing, see not—and hearing, hear not—and—
If you have understanding—understand."

[1] *Piera's* in the *Posthumous Poems* in this case.

XVI.

So saying, Hermes roused the oxen vast;
O'er shadowy mountain and resounding dell,
And flower-paven plains, great Hermes past;
Till the black night divine, which favouring fell
Around his steps, grew grey, and morning fast
Wakened the world to work, and from her cell
Sea-strewn, the Pallantean Moon sublime
Into her watch-tower just began to climb.

XVII.

Now to Alpheus he had driven all
The broad-foreheaded oxen of the Sun;
They came unwearied to the lofty stall
And to the water troughs which ever run
Through the fresh fields—and when with rushgrass tall,
Lotus and all sweet herbage, every one
Had pastured been, the great God made them move
Towards the stall in a collected drove.

XVIII.

A mighty pile of wood the God then heaped,
And having soon conceived the mystery
Of fire, from two smooth laurel branches stript
The bark, and rubbed them in his palms,—on high
Suddenly forth the burning vapour leapt,
And the divine child saw delightedly—
Mercury first found out for human weal
Tinder-box, matches, fire-irons, flint and steel.

XIX.

And fine dry logs and roots innumerous
He gathered in a delve upon the ground—
And kindled them—and instantaneous
The strength of the fierce flame was breathed around:

And whilst the might of glorious Vulcan thus
Wrapt the great pile with glare and roaring sound,
Hermes dragged forth two heifers, lowing loud,
Close to the fire—such might was in the God.

XX.

And on the earth upon their backs he threw
The panting beasts, and rolled them o'er and o'er,
And bored their lives out. Without more ado
He cut up fat and flesh, and down before
The fire, on spits of wood he placed the two,
Toasting their flesh and ribs, and all the gore
Pursed in the bowels; and while this was done
He stretched their hides over a craggy stone.

XXI.

We mortals let an ox grow old, and then
Cut it up after long consideration,—
But joyous-minded Hermes from the glen
Drew the fat spoils to the more open station
Of a flat smooth space, and portioned them; and when
He had by lot assigned to each a ration
Of the twelve Gods, his mind became aware
Of all the joys which in religion are.

XXII.

For the sweet savour of the roasted meat
Tempted him though immortal. Nathelesse
He checked his haughty will and did not eat,
Though what it cost him words can scarce express,
And every wish to put such morsels sweet
Down his most sacred throat, he did repress;
But soon within the lofty portalled stall
He placed the fat and flesh and bones and all.

XXIII.

And every trace of the fresh butchery
And cooking, the God soon made disappear,
As if it all had vanished through the sky;
He burned the hoofs and horns and head and hair,
The insatiate fire devoured them hungrily;—
And when he saw that everything was clear,
He quenched the coals and trampled the black dust,
And in the stream his bloody sandals tossed.

XXIV.

All night he worked in the serene moonshine—
But when the light of day was spread abroad
He sought his natal mountain-peaks divine.
On his long wandering, neither man nor god
Had met him, since he killed Apollo's kine,
Nor house-dog had barked at him on his road;
Now he obliquely through the key-hole past,
Like a thin mist, or an autumnal blast.

XXV.

Right through the temple of the spacious cave
He went with soft light feet—as if his tread
Fell not on earth; no sound their falling gave;
Then to his cradle he crept quick, and spread
The swaddling-clothes about him; and the knave
Lay playing with the covering of the bed
With his left hand about his knees—the right
Held his belovèd tortoise-lyre tight.

XXVI.

There he lay innocent as a new-born child,
As gossips say; but though he was a god,
The goddess, his fair mother, unbeguiled
Knew all that he had done being abroad:

"Whence come you, and from what adventure wild,
You cunning rogue, and where have you abode
All the long night, clothed in your impudence?
What have you done since you departed hence?

XXVII.

"Apollo soon will pass within this gate
And bind your tender body in a chain
Inextricably tight, and fast as fate,
Unless you can delude the God again,
Even when within his arms—ah, runagate!
A pretty torment both for gods and men
Your father made when he made you!"—"Dear mother,"
Replied sly Hermes, "Wherefore scold and bother?

XXVIII.

"As if I were like other babes as old,
And understood nothing of what is what;
And cared at all to hear my mother scold.
I in my subtle brain a scheme have got,
Which whilst the sacred stars round Heaven are rolled
Will profit you and me—nor shall our lot
Be as you counsel, without gifts or food,
To spend our lives in this obscure abode.

XXIX.

"But we will leave this shadow-peopled cave
And live among the Gods, and pass each day
In high communion, sharing what they have
Of profuse wealth and unexhausted prey;
And from the portion which my father gave
To Phœbus, I will snatch my share away,
Which if my father will not—nathelesse I,
Who am the king of robbers, can but try.

XXX.

"And, if Latona's son should find me out,
I'll countermine him by a deeper plan;
I'll pierce the Pythian temple-walls, though stout,
And sack the fane of every thing I can—
Cauldrons and tripods of great worth no doubt,
Each golden cup and polished brazen pan,
All the wrought tapestries and garments gay."—
So they together talked;—meanwhile the Day

XXXI.

Ætherial born arose out of the flood
Of flowing Ocean, bearing light to men.
Apollo past toward the sacred wood,
Which from the inmost depths of its green glen
Echoes the voice of Neptune,—and there stood
On the same spot in green Onchestus then
That same old animal, the vine-dresser,
Who was employed hedging his vineyard there.

XXXII.

Latona's glorious Son began:—"I pray
Tell, ancient hedger of Onchestus green,
Whether a drove of kine has past this way,
All heifers with crooked horns? for they have been
Stolen from the herd in high Pieria,
Where a black bull was fed apart, between
Two woody mountains in a neighbouring glen,
And four fierce dogs watched there, unanimous as men.

XXXIII.

"And what is strange, the author of this theft
Has stolen the fatted heifers every one,
But the four dogs and the black bull are left:—
Stolen they were last night at set of sun,

Of their soft beds and their sweet food bereft—
Now tell me, man born ere the world begun,
Have you seen any one pass with the cows?"—
To whom the man of overhanging brows:

XXXIV.

"My friend, it would require no common skill
Justly to speak of everything I see:
On various purposes of good or ill
Many pass by my vineyard,—and to me
'Tis difficult to know the invisible
Thoughts, which in all those many minds may be:—
Thus much alone I certainly can say,
I tilled these vines till the decline of day,

XXXV.

"And then I thought I saw, but dare not speak
With certainty of such a wondrous thing,
A child, who could not have been born a week,
Those fair-horned cattle closely following,
And in his hand he held a polished stick:
And, as on purpose, he walked wavering
From one side to the other of the road,
And with his face opposed the steps he trod."

XXXVI.

Apollo hearing this, past quickly on—
No wingèd omen could have shown more clear
That the deceiver was his father's son.
So the God wraps a purple atmosphere
Around his shoulders, and like fire is gone
To famous Pylos, seeking his kine there,
And found their track and his, yet hardly cold,
And cried—"What wonder do mine eyes behold!

XXXVII.

"Here are the footsteps of the hornèd herd
Turned back towards their fields of asphodel;—
But these! are not the tracks of beast or bird,
Grey wolf, or bear, or lion of the dell,
Or manèd Centaur—sand was never stirred
By man or woman thus! Inexplicable!
Who with unwearied feet could e'er impress
The sand with such enormous vestiges?

XXXVIII.

"That was most strange—but this is stranger still!"
Thus having said, Phœbus impetuously
Sought high Cyllene's forest-cinctured hill,
And the deep cavern where dark shadows lie,
And where the ambrosial nymph with happy will
Bore the Saturnian's love-child, Mercury—
And a delightful odour from the dew
Of the hill pastures, at his coming, flew.

XXXIX.

And Phœbus stooped under the craggy roof
Arched over the dark cavern:—Maia's child
Perceived that he came angry, far aloof,
About the cows of which he had been beguiled,
And over him the fine and fragrant woof
Of his ambrosial swaddling clothes he piled—
As among fire-brands lies a burning spark
Covered, beneath the ashes cold and dark.

XL.

There, like an infant who had sucked his fill
And now was newly washed and put to bed,
Awake, but courting sleep with weary will,
And gathered in a lump, hands, feet, and head,

He lay, and his belovèd tortoise still
He grasped and held under his shoulder-blade.
Phœbus the lovely mountain-goddess knew,
Not less her subtle, swindling baby, who

XLI.

Lay swathed in his sly wiles. Round every crook
Of the ample cavern, for his kine, Apollo
Looked sharp; and when he saw them not, he took
The glittering key, and opened three great hollow
Recesses in the rock—where many a nook
Was filled with the sweet food immortals swallow,
And mighty heaps of silver and of gold
Were piled within—a wonder to behold!

XLII.

And white and silver robes, all overwrought
With cunning workmanship of tracery sweet—
Except among the Gods there can be nought
In the wide world to be compared with it.
Latona's offspring, after having sought
His herds in every corner, thus did greet
Great Hermes:—"Little cradled rogue, declare
Of my illustrious heifers, where they are!

XLIII.

"Speak quickly! or a quarrel between us
Must rise, and the event will be, that I
Shall haul you into dismal Tartarus,
In fiery gloom to dwell eternally;
Nor shall your father nor your mother loose
The bars of that black dungeon—utterly
You shall be cast out from the light of day,
To rule the ghosts of men, unblest as they."

XLIV.

To whom thus Hermes slily answered:—"Son
Of great Latona, what a speech is this!
Why come you here to ask me what is done
With the wild oxen which it seems you miss?
I have not seen them, nor from any one
Have heard a word of the whole business;
If you should promise an immense reward,
I could not tell more than you now have heard.

XLV.

"An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,
And I am but a little new-born thing,
Who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong:—
My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling
The cradle-clothes about me all day long,—
Or half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,
And to be washed in water clean and warm,
And hushed and kissed and kept secure from harm.

XLVI.

"O, let not e'er this quarrel be averred!
The astounded Gods would laugh at you, if e'er
You should allege a story so absurd,
As that a new-born infant forth could fare
Out of his home after a savage herd.
I was born yesterday—my small feet are
Too tender for the roads so hard and rough:—
And if you think that this is not enough,

XLVII.

"I swear a great oath, by my father's head,
That I stole not your cows, and that I know
Of no one else, who might, or could, or did.—
Whatever things cows are, I do not know,

For I have only heard the name."—This said,
He winked as fast as could be, and his brow
Was wrinkled, and a whistle loud gave he,
Like one who hears some strange absurdity.

XLVIII.

Apollo gently smiled and said:—"Aye, aye,—
You cunning little rascal, you will bore
Many a rich man's house, and your array
Of thieves will lay their siege before his door,
Silent as night, in night; and many a day
In the wild glens rough shepherds will deplore
That you or yours, having an appetite,
Met with their cattle, comrade of the night!

XLIX.

"And this among the Gods shall be your gift,
To be considered as the lord of those
Who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal, and shop-lift;—
But now if you would not your last sleep doze;
Crawl out!"—Thus saying, Phœbus did uplift
The subtle infant in his swaddling clothes,
And in his arms, according to his wont,
A scheme devised the illustrious Argiphont.

L.

* * * * *
* * * *

And sneezed and shuddered—Phœbus on the grass
Him threw, and whilst all that he had designed
He did perform—eager although to pass,
Apollo darted from his mighty mind
Towards the subtle babe the following scoff:—
"Do not imagine this will get you off,

LI.

"You little swaddled child of Jove and May!"
And seized him:—"By this omen I shall trace
My noble herds, and you shall lead the way."—
Cyllenian Hermes from the grassy place,
Like one in earnest haste to get away,
Rose, and with hands lifted towards his face
Round[1] both his ears—up from his shoulders drew
His swaddling clothes, and—"What mean you to do

LII.

"With me, you unkind God?"—said Mercury:
"Is it about these cows you tease me so?
I wish the race of cows were perished!—I
Stole not your cows—I do not even know
What things cows are. Alas! I well may sigh,
That since I came into this world of woe,
I should have ever heard the name of one—
But I appeal to the Saturnian's throne."

LIII.

Thus Phœbus and the vagrant Mercury
Talked without coming to an explanation,
With adverse purpose. As for Phœbus, he
Sought not revenge, but only information,
And Hermes tried with lies and roguery
To cheat Apollo.—But when no evasion
Served—for the cunning one his match had found—
He paced on first over the sandy ground.

LIV.

He of the Silver Bow the child of Jove
Followed behind, till to their heavenly Sire

[1] *Roused* in the *Posthumous Poems;* but *Round* in the editions of 1839.

Came both his children—beautiful as Love,
And from his equal balance did require
A judgment in the cause wherein they strove.
O'er odorous Olympus and its snows
A murmuring tumult as they came arose,—

LV.

And from the folded depths of the great Hill,
While Hermes and Apollo reverent stood
Before Jove's throne, the indestructible
Immortals rushed in mighty multitude;
And whilst their seats in order due they fill,
The lofty Thunderer in a careless mood
To Phœbus said:—"Whence drive you this sweet prey,
This herald-baby, born but yesterday?—

LVI.

"A most important subject, trifler, this
To lay before the Gods!"—"Nay, father, nay,
When you have understood the business,
Say not that I alone am fond of prey.
I found this little boy in a recess
Under Cyllene's mountains far away—
A manifest and most apparent thief,
A scandal-monger beyond all belief.

LVII.

"I never saw his like either in heaven
Or upon earth for knavery or craft:—
Out of the field my cattle yester-even,
By the low shore on which the loud sea laughed,
He right down to the river-ford had driven;
And mere astonishment would make you daft
To see the double kind of footsteps strange
He has impressed wherever he did range.

LVIII.

"The cattle's track on the black dust, full well
Is evident, as if they went towards
The place from which they came—that asphodel
Meadow, in which I feed my many herds,—
His steps were most incomprehensible—
I know not how I can describe in words
Those tracks—he could have gone along the sands
Neither upon his feet nor on his hands;—

LIX.

"He must have had some other stranger mode
Of moving on: those vestiges immense,
Far as I traced them on the sandy road,
Seemed like the trail of oak-toppings:—but thence
No mark or[1] track denoting where they trod
The hard ground gave:—but, working at his fence,
A mortal hedger saw him as he past
To Pylos, with the cows, in fiery haste.

LX.

"I found that in the dark he quietly
Had sacrificed some cows, and before light
Had thrown the ashes all dispersedly
About the road—then, still as gloomy night,
Had crept into his cradle, either eye
Rubbing, and cogitating some new sleight.
No eagle could have seen him as he lay
Hid in his cavern from the peering day.

LXI.

"I taxed him with the fact, when he averred
Most solemnly that he did neither see

[1] So in the *Posthumous Poems*; but *nor* in the editions of 1889.

Nor[1] even had in any manner heard
Of my lost cows, whatever things cows be;
Nor could he tell, though offered a reward,
Not even who could tell of them to me."
So speaking, Phœbus sate; and Hermes then
Addressed the Supreme Lord of Gods and Men:—

LXII.

"Great Father, you know clearly beforehand
That all which I shall say to you is sooth;
I am a most veracious person, and
Totally unacquainted with untruth.
At sunrise, Phœbus came, but with no band
Of Gods to bear him witness, in great wrath,
To my abode, seeking his heifers there,
And saying that I must show him where they are,

LXIII.

"Or he would hurl me down the dark abyss.
I know that every Apollonian limb
Is clothed with speed and might and manliness,
As a green bank with flowers—but unlike him
I was born yesterday, and you may guess
He well knew this when he indulged the whim
Of bullying a poor little new-born thing
That slept, and never thought of cow-driving.

LXIV.

"Am I like a strong fellow who steals kine?
Believe me, dearest Father, such you are,
This driving of the herds is none of mine;
Across my threshold did I wander ne'er,
So may I thrive! I reverence the divine
Sun and the Gods, and I love you, and care

[1] So in the editions of 1839, but *Or* in the *Posthumous Poems*.

Even for this hard accuser—who must know
I am as innocent as they or you.

LXV.

"I swear by these most gloriously-wrought portals—
(It is, you will allow, an oath of might)
Through which the multitude of the Immortals
Pass and repass for ever, day and night,
Devising schemes for the affairs of mortals—
That I am guiltless; and I will requite,
Although mine enemy be great and strong,
His cruel threat—do thou defend the young!"

LXVI.

So speaking, the Cyllenian Argiphont
Winked, as if now his adversary was fitted:—
And Jupiter according to his wont,
Laughed heartily to hear the subtle-witted
Infant give such a plausible account,
And every word a lie. But he remitted
Judgment at present—and his exhortation
Was, to compose the affair by arbitration.

LXVII.

And they by mighty Jupiter were bidden
To go forth with a single purpose both,
Neither the other chiding nor yet chidden:
And Mercury with innocence and truth
To lead the way, and show where he had hidden
The mighty heifers.—Hermes, nothing loth,
Obeyed the Ægis-bearer's will—for he
Is able to persuade all easily.

LXVIII.

These lovely children of Heaven's highest Lord
Hastened to Pylos and the pastures wide

And lofty stalls by the Alphean ford,
Where wealth in the mute night is multiplied
With silent growth. Whilst Hermes drove the herd
Out of the stony cavern, Phœbus spied
The hides of those the little babe had slain,
Stretched on the precipice above the plain.

LXIX.

"How was it possible," then Phœbus said,
"That you, a little child, born yesterday,
A thing on mother's milk and kisses fed,
Could two prodigious heifers ever flay?
Even[1] I myself may well hereafter dread
Your prowess, offspring of Cyllenian May,
When you grow strong and tall."—He spoke, and bound
Stiff withy bands the infant's wrists around.

LXX.

He might as well have bound the oxen wild;
The withy bands, though starkly interknit,
Fell at the feet of the immortal child,
Loosened by some device of his quick wit.
Phœbus perceived himself again beguiled,
And stared—while Hermes sought some hole or pit,
Looking askance and winking fast as thought,
Where he might hide himself and not be caught.

LXXI.

Sudden he changed his plan, and with strange skill
Subdued the strong Latonian, by the might
Of winning music, to his mightier will;
His left hand held the lyre, and in his right
The plectrum struck the chords—unconquerable
Up from beneath his hand in circling flight

[1] So in the *Posthumous Poems*, but *E'en* in the editions of 1839.

The gathering music rose—and sweet as Love
The penetrating notes did live and move

LXXII.

Within the heart of great Apollo—he
  Listened with all his soul, and laughed for pleasure.
Close to his side stood harping fearlessly
  The unabashèd boy; and to the measure
Of the sweet lyre, there followed loud and free
  His joyous voice; for he unlocked the treasure
Of his deep song, illustrating the birth
Of the bright Gods and the dark desert Earth:

LXXIII.

And how to the Immortals every one
  A portion was assigned of all that is;
But chief Mnemosyne did Maia's son
  Clothe in the light of his loud melodies;—
And as each God was born or had begun
  He in their order due and fit degrees
Sung of his birth and being—and did move
Apollo to unutterable love.

LXXIV.

These words were wingèd with his swift delight:
  "You heifer-stealing schemer, well do you
Deserve that fifty oxen should requite
  Such minstrelsies as I have heard even now.
Comrade of feasts, little contriving wight,
  One of your secrets I would gladly know,
Whether the glorious power you now show forth
Was folded up within you at your birth,

LXXV.

"Or whether mortal taught or God inspired
  The power of unpremeditated song?

Many divinest sounds have I admired,
The Olympian Gods and mortal men among;
But such a strain of wondrous, strange, untired,
And soul-awakening music, sweet and strong,
Yet did I never hear except from thee,
Offspring of May, impostor Mercury!

LXXVI.

"What Muse, what skill, what unimagined use,
What exercise of subtlest art, has given
Thy songs such power?—for those who hear may choose
From three, the choicest of the gifts of Heaven,
Delight, and love, and sleep,—sweet sleep, whose dews
Are sweeter than the balmy tears of even:—
And I, who speak this praise, am that Apollo
Whom the Olympian Muses ever follow:

LXXVII.

"And their delight is dance, and the blithe noise
Of song and overflowing poesy;
And sweet, even as desire, the liquid voice
Of pipes, that fills the clear air thrillingly;
But never did my inmost soul rejoice
In this dear work of youthful revelry,
As now I wonder at thee, son of Jove;
Thy harpings and thy song are soft as love.

LXXVIII.

"Now since thou hast, although so very small,
Science of arts so glorious, thus I swear,
And let this cornel javelin, keen and tall,
Witness between us what I promise here,—
That I will lead thee to the Olympian Hall,
Honoured and mighty, with thy mother dear,
And many glorious gifts in joy will give thee,
And even at the end will ne'er deceive thee."

LXXIX.

To whom thus Mercury with prudent speech :—
"Wisely hast thou enquired of my skill :
I envy thee no thing I know to teach
Even this day :—for both in word and will
I would be gentle with thee ; thou canst reach
All things in thy wise spirit, and thy sill
Is highest in heaven among the sons of Jove,
Who loves thee in the fulness of his love.

LXXX.

"The Counsellor Supreme has given to thee
Divinest gifts, out of the amplitude
Of his profuse exhaustless treasury ;
By thee, 'tis said, the depths are understood
Of his far voice ; by thee the mystery
Of all oracular fates,—and the dread mood
Of the diviner is breathed up, even I—
A child—perceive thy might and majesty—

LXXXI.

"Thou canst seek out and compass all that wit
Can find or teach ;—yet since thou wilt, come take
The lyre—be mine the glory giving it—
Strike the sweet chords, and sing aloud, and wake
Thy joyous pleasure out of many a fit
Of trancèd sound—and with fleet fingers make
Thy liquid-voicèd comrade talk with thee,—
It can talk measured music eloquently.

LXXXII.

"Then bear it boldly to the revel loud,
Love-wakening dance, or feast of solemn state,
A joy by night or day—for those endowed
With art and wisdom who interrogate

It teaches, babbling in delightful mood
All things which make the spirit most elate,
Soothing the mind with sweet familiar play,
Chasing the heavy shadows of dismay.

LXXXIII.

"To those who are unskilled in its sweet tongue,
Though they should question most impetuously
Its hidden soul, it gossips something wrong—
Some senseless and impertinent reply.
But thou who art as wise as thou art strong
Canst[1] compass all that thou desirest. I
Present thee with this music-flowing shell,
Knowing thou canst interrogate it well.

LXXXIV.

"And let us two henceforth together feed
On this green mountain slope and pastoral plain,
The herds in litigation—they will breed
Quickly enough to recompense our pain,
If to the bulls and cows we take good heed;—
And thou, though somewhat over fond of gain,
Grudge me not half the profit."—Having spoke,
The shell he proffered, and Apollo took.[2]

LXXXV.

And gave him in return the glittering lash,
Installing him as herdsman;—from the look
Of Mercury then laughed a joyous flash.
And then Apollo with the plectrum strook
The chords, and from beneath his hands a crash
Of mighty sounds rushed up, whose music shook

[1] So in some of the collected editions, but *Can* in those of 1839, and in the *Posthumous Poems*.

[2] I think Shelley would have put a comma here, in all probability; but I find no authority for anything but a full-stop.

The soul with sweetness, and like an adept[1]
His sweeter voice a just accordance kept.

LXXXVI.

The herd went wandering o'er the divine mead,
Whilst these most beautiful Sons of Jupiter
Won their swift way up to the snowy head
Of white Olympus, with the joyous lyre
Soothing their journey; and their father dread
Gathered them both into familiar
Affection sweet,—and then, and now, and ever,
Hermes must love Him of the Golden Quiver,

LXXXVII.

To whom he gave the lyre that sweetly sounded,
Which skilfully he held and played thereon.
He piped the while, and far and wide rebounded
The echo of his pipings; every one
Of the Olympians sat with joy astounded,
While he conceived another piece of fun,
One of his old tricks—which the God of Day
Perceiving, said:—" I fear thee, Son of May;—

LXXXVIII.

" I fear thee and thy sly camelion spirit,
Lest thou shouldst[2] steal my lyre and crookèd bow;
This glory and power thou dost from Jove inherit,
To teach all craft upon the earth below;
Thieves love and worship thee—it is thy merit
To make all mortal business ebb and flow
By roguery:—now, Hermes, if you dare,
By sacred Styx a mighty oath to swear

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems, as of an adept:* in the editions of 1839, *and like an adept.*

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's first three editions, *should;* but *shouldst* in some of the later collections.

LXXXIX.

"That you will never rob me, you will do
A thing extremely pleasing to my heart."
Then Mercury sware by the Stygian dew,
That he would never steal his bow or dart,
Or lay his hands on what to him was due,
Or ever would employ his powerful art
Against his Pythian fane. Then Phœbus swore
There was no God or man whom he loved more.

XC.

"And I will give thee as a good-will token,
The beautiful wand of wealth and happiness;
A perfect three-leaved rod of gold unbroken,
Whose magic will thy footsteps ever bless;
And whatsoever by Jove's voice is spoken
Of earthly or divine from its recess,
It, like a loving[1] soul to thee will speak,
And more than this, do thou forbear to seek.

XCI.

"For, dearest child, the divinations high
Which thou requirest, 'tis unlawful ever
That thou, or any other deity
Should understand—and vain were the endeavour;
For they are hidden in Jove's mind, and I
In trust of them, have sworn that I would never
Betray the counsels of Jove's inmost will
To any God—the oath was terrible.

XCII.

"Then, golden-wanded brother, ask me not
To speak the fates by Jupiter designed;

[1] Mr. Rossetti substitutes *living* for *loving*: it certainly seems the more likely epithet; but I hesitate to adopt the change without authority.

But be it mine to tell their various lot
To the unnumbered tribes of human kind.
Let good to these, and ill to those be wrought
As I dispense—but he who comes consigned
By voice and wings of perfect augury
To my great shrine, shall find avail in me.

XCIII.

"Him will I not deceive, but will assist;
But he who comes relying on such birds
As chatter vainly, who would strain and twist
The purpose of the Gods with idle words,
And deems their knowledge light, he shall have missed[1]
His road—whilst I among my other hoards
His gifts deposit. Yet, O son of May,
I have another wondrous thing to say.

XCIV.

"There are three Fates, three virgin Sisters, who
Rejoicing in their wind-outspeeding wings,
Their heads with flour snowed over white and new,
Sit in a vale round which Parnassus flings
Its circling skirts—from these I have learned true
Vaticinations of remotest things.
My father cared not. Whilst they search out dooms,
They sit apart and feed on honeycombs.

XCV.

"They, having eaten the fresh honey, grow
Drunk with divine enthusiasm, and utter
With earnest willingness the truth they know;
But if deprived of that sweet food, they mutter

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions we read *mist*,—an orthography which Shelley is very likely to have adopted; but as I do not recall any instance of it in MS., and do not find the word so printed elsewhere in his works, I follow the usual custom in this case.

All plausible delusions;—these to you
I give;—if you enquire, they will not stutter;
Delight your own soul with them:—any man
You would instruct may profit if he can.

XCVI.

"Take these and the fierce oxen, Maia's child—
O'er many a horse and toil-enduring mule,
O'er jaggèd-jawèd lions, and the wild
White-tuskèd boars, o'er all, by field or pool,
Of cattle which the mighty Mother mild
Nourishes in her bosom, thou shalt rule—
Thou dost alone the veil of death uplift—
Thou givest not—yet this is a great gift."

XCVII.

Thus King Apollo loved the child of May
In truth, and Jove covered[1] them with love and joy.
Hermes with Gods and men even from that day
Mingled, and wrought the latter much annoy,
And little profit, going far astray
Through the dun night. Farewell, delightful Boy,
Of Jove and Maia sprung,—never by me,
Nor thou, nor other songs, shall unremembered be.

[1] Mr. Swinburne (*Essays and Studies*, p. 204) says "for 'covered' we ought evidently to read 'clothed'"; but I think it more likely, looking at the probabilities of transcribers' and printers' errors, that the word used by Shelley was *crowned*. Indeed, being quite certain that Shelley did not write *covered*, and casting about for the likeliest word in substitution, I should scarcely have hesitated to place *crowned* in the text as a positive emendation, had not so high an authority spoken so positively in favour of another word. *Crowned*, written by Shelley, would be very easy to read for *covered*; and I may perhaps be allowed to say that *crowned* is nearer to the original ἐπέθηκε than either *clothed* or *covered*.

HOMER'S HYMN TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.[1]

YE wild-eyed Muses, sing the Twins of Jove,
Whom the fair-ancled Leda mixed in love
With mighty Saturn's heaven-obscuring Child,
On Taygetus, that lofty mountain wild,
Brought forth in joy, mild Pollux void of blame,
And steed-subduing[2] Castor, heirs of fame.
These are the Powers who earth-born mortals save
And ships, whose flight is swift along the wave.
When wintry tempests o'er the savage sea
Are raging, and the sailors tremblingly
Call on the Twins of Jove with prayer and vow,
Gathered in fear upon the lofty prow,
And sacrifice with snow-white lambs, the wind
And the huge billow bursting close behind,
Even then beneath the weltering waters bear
The staggering ship—they suddenly appear,
On yellow wings rushing athwart the sky,
And lull the blasts in mute tranquillity,
And strew the waves on the white ocean's bed,
Fair omen of the voyage; from toil and dread,
The sailors rest, rejoicing in the sight,
And plough the quiet sea in safe delight.

[1] This and the four hymns which follow it were first given by Mrs. Shelley in the second edition of 1839. Leigh Hunt (*Correspondence*, Vol. I, p. 124) writes to Mrs. Shelley under date the 4th of August, 1818, "I shall hail his Homer's *Hymns*, too, to begin the year with." And in the *Shelley Memorials* we read (p. 176), in reference to the winter of 1821—2, that, "about the same time," Shelley "made several translations from Goethe, Calderon, Homer, &c., with a view to their publication in the *Liberal*." I confess that I should hesitate to refer any of these five shorter *Hymns* to any period later than that to which Mr. Garnett, no doubt rightly, refers the fragment of the *Hymn to Venus*. It would thus seem as if some of Shelley's Homeric work might yet be discovered.

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *steel-subduing*. The correction is Mr. Rossetti's.

HOMER'S HYMN TO THE MOON.

DAUGHTERS of Jove, whose voice is melody,
Muses, who know and rule all minstrelsy!
Sing the wide-wingèd Moon. Around the earth,
From her immortal head in Heaven shot forth,
Far light is scattered—boundless glory springs,
Where'er she spreads her many-beaming wings
The lampless air glows round her golden crown.

But when the Moon divine from Heaven is gone
Under the sea, her beams within abide,
Till, bathing her bright limbs in Ocean's tide,
Clothing her form in garments glittering far,
And having yoked to her immortal car
The beam-invested steeds, whose necks on high
Curve back, she drives to a remoter sky
A western Crescent, borne impetuously.
Then is made full the circle of her light,
And as she grows, her beams more bright and bright,
Are poured from Heaven, where she is hovering then,
A wonder and a sign to mortal men.

The Son of Saturn with this glorious Power
Mingled in love and sleep—to whom she bore,
Pandeia, a bright maid of beauty rare
Among the Gods, whose lives eternal are.

Hail Queen, great Moon, white-armed Divinity,
Fair-haired and favourable, thus with thee,
My song beginning, by its music sweet
Shall make immortal many a glorious feat
Of demigods, with lovely lips, so well
Which minstrels, servants of the muses, tell.

HOMER'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

OFFSPRING of Jove, Calliope, once more
To the bright Sun, thy hymn of music pour;
Whom to the child of star-clad Heaven and Earth
Euryphaessa, large-eyed nymph, brought forth;
Euryphaessa, the famed sister fair,
Of great Hyperion, who to him did bear
A race of loveliest children; the young Morn,
Whose arms are like twin roses newly born,
The fair-haired Moon, and the immortal Sun,
Who, borne by heavenly steeds his race doth run
Unconquerably, illuming the abodes
Of mortal men and the eternal gods.

Fiercely look forth his awe-inspiring eyes,
Beneath his golden helmet, whence arise
And are shot forth afar, clear beams of light;
His countenance with radiant glory bright,
Beneath his graceful locks far shines around,
And the light vest with which his limbs are bound,
Of woof ætherial, delicately twined
Glows in the stream of the uplifting wind.
His rapid steeds soon bear him to the west;
Where their steep flight his hands divine arrest,
And the fleet car with yoke of gold, which he
Sends from bright heaven beneath the shadowy sea.

HOMER'S HYMN TO THE EARTH, MOTHER OF ALL.

O UNIVERSAL mother, who dost keep
From everlasting thy foundations deep,
Eldest of things, Great Earth, I sing of thee;
All shapes that have their dwelling in the sea,
All things that fly, or on the ground divine
Live, move, and there are nourished—these are thine;
These from thy wealth thou dost sustain; from thee
Fair babes are born, and fruits on every tree
Hang ripe and large, revered Divinity!

The life of mortal men beneath thy sway
Is held; thy power both gives and takes away!
Happy are they whom thy mild favours nourish,
All things unstinted round them grow and flourish.
For them, endures the life-sustaining field
Its load of harvest, and their cattle yield
Large increase, and their house with wealth is filled.
Such honoured dwell in cities fair and free,
The homes of lovely women, prosperously;
Their sons exult in youth's new budding gladness,
And their fresh daughters free from care or sadness,
With bloom-inwoven dance and happy song,
On the soft flowers the meadow-grass among,
Leap round them sporting—such delights by thee
Are given, rich Power, revered Divinity.

Mother of gods, thou wife of starry Heaven,
Farewell! be thou propitious, and be given
A happy life for this brief melody,
Nor thou nor other songs shall unremembered be.

HOMER'S HYMN TO MINERVA.

I SING the glorious Power with azure eyes,
Athenian Pallas! tameless, chaste, and wise,
Tritogenia,[1] town-preserving maid,
Revered and mighty; from his awful head
Whom Jove brought forth, in warlike armour drest,
Golden, all radiant! wonder strange possessed
The everlasting Gods that shape to see,
Shaking a javelin keen, impetuously
Rush from the crest of Ægis-bearing Jove;
Fearfully Heaven was shaken, and did move
Beneath the might of the Cerulean-eyed;
Earth dreadfully resounded, far and wide,
And lifted from its depths, the sea swelled high
In purple billows, the tide suddenly
Stood still, and great Hyperion's son long time
Checked his swift steeds, till where she stood sublime,
Pallas from her immortal shoulders threw
The arms divine; wise Jove rejoiced to view.
Child of the Ægis-bearer, hail to thee,
Nor thine nor others' praise shall unremembered be.

[1] Misprinted *Trilogenia* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS.[1]

[V. 1-55, with some omissions.]

MUSE, sing the deeds of golden Aphrodite,
Who wakens with her smile the lulled delight
Of sweet desire, taming the eternal kings
Of Heaven, and men, and all the living things
That fleet along the air, or whom the sea,
Or earth with her maternal ministry
Nourish innumerable, thy delight
All seek O crownèd Aphrodite.
Three spirits canst thou not deceive or quell,
Minerva, child of Jove, who loves too well
Fierce war and mingling combat, and the fame
Of glorious deeds, to heed thy gentle flame.
Diana, golden-shafted queen,
Is tamed not by thy smiles; the shadows green
Of the wild woods, the bow, the . . .
And piercing cries amid the swift pursuit
Of beasts among waste mountains, such delight
Is hers, and men who know and do the right.
Nor Saturn's first-born daughter, Vesta chaste,
Whom Neptune and Apollo wooed the last,
Such was the will of ægis-bearing Jove,
But sternly she refused the ills of Love,
And by her mighty father's head she swore
An oath not unperformed, that evermore
A virgin she would live 'mid deities
Divine: her father, for such gentle ties
Renounced, gave glorious gifts, thus in his hall
She sits and feeds luxuriously.[2] O'er all

[1] First published in Mr. Garnett's *Relics of Shelley*, with the date 1818 affixed.

[2] There is a comma here in the *Relics*; but a full-stop seems almost a necessity.

In every fane, her honours first arise
From men—the eldest of Divinities.

These spirits she persuades not, nor deceives,
But none beside escape, so well she weaves
Her unseen toils; nor mortal men, nor gods
Who live secure in their unseen abodes.
She won the soul of him whose fierce delight
Is thunder—first in glory and in might.
And, as she willed, his mighty mind deceiving,
With mortal limbs his deathless limbs inweaving,
Concealed him from his spouse and sister fair,
Whom to wise Saturn ancient Rhea bare.

but in return,
In Venus Jove did soft desire awaken,
That by her own inchantments overtaken,
She might, no more from human union free,
Burn for a nursling of mortality.
For once, amid the assembled Deities,
The laughter-loving Venus from her eyes
Shot forth the light of a soft starlight smile,
And boasting said, that she, secure the while,
Could bring at will to the assembled gods
The mortal tenants of earth's dark abodes,
And mortal offspring from a deathless stem
She could produce in scorn and spite of them.
Therefore he poured desire into her breast
Of young Anchises,
Feeding his herds among the mossy fountains
Of the wide Ida's many-folded mountains,
Whom Venus saw, and loved, and the love clung
Like wasting fire her senses wild among.

THE CYCLOPS;

A SATYRIC DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF EURIPIDES.[1]

SILENUS.
CHORUS OF SATYRS.
ULYSSES.
THE CYCLOPS.

SILENUS.

O, BACCHUS, what a world of toil, both now
And ere these limbs were overworn with age,
Have I endured for thee! First, when thou fled'st
The mountain-nymphs who nurst thee, driven afar
By the strange madness Juno sent upon thee;
Then in the battle of the sons of Earth,
When I stood foot by foot close to thy side,

[1] Mrs. Shelley in her preface to the *Posthumous Poems*, wherein this version of *The Cyclops* first appeared, specially excepts this from works which "may be considered as having received the author's ultimate corrections." It would also appear that, as Mr. Swinburne has pointed out, Shelley worked from a somewhat defective text. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, *The Cyclops* remains a masterpiece among English translations. Though Mrs. Shelley does not date it, it appears to belong to the year 1819; for in a letter to Leigh Hunt dated November of that year (*Essays &c.*, 1840, Vol. II, p. 256) Shelley says: "With respect to translation, even *I* will not be seduced by it; although the Greek plays ... are perpetually tempting me to throw over their perfect and glowing forms the grey veil of my own words ... I have only translated the Cyclops of Euripides, when I could absolutely do nothing else; and the Symposium of Plato..." Mr. Swinburne's admirable Notes on the Text of Shelley, in his volume of *Essays and Studies*, are peculiarly valuable in connexion with this translation of *The Cyclops*: I have quoted largely from them; but the student should consult the volume itself. It will be seen that the text is generally left undisturbed,—Mr. Swinburne's interpolations and corrections being given, as he intended them, by way of elucidation. Portions of the draft of this translation are in the possession of Sir Percy Shelley.

No unpropitious fellow-combatant,
And driving through his shield my wingèd spear,
Slew vast Enceladus. Consider now,
Is it a dream of which I speak to thee?
By Jove it is not, for you have the trophies!
And now I suffer more than all before.
For when I heard that Juno had devised
A tedious voyage for you, I put to sea
With all my children quaint in search of you,
And I myself stood on the beakèd prow
And fixed the naked mast, and all my boys
Leaning upon their oars, with splash and strain
Made white with foam the green and purple sea,—
And so we sought you, king. We were sailing
Near Malea, when an eastern wind arose,
And drove us to this wild Ætnean rock;
The one-eyed children of the Ocean God,
The man-destroying Cyclopses inhabit,
On this wild shore, their solitary caves,
And one of these, named Polypheme, has caught us
To be his slaves; and so, for all delight
Of Bacchic sports, sweet dance and melody,
We keep this lawless giant's wandering flocks.
My sons indeed, on far declivities,
Young things themselves, tend on the youngling sheep,
But I remain to fill the water casks,
Or sweeping the hard floor, or ministering
Some impious and abominable meal
To the fell Cyclops. I am wearied of it!
And now I must scrape up the littered floor
With this great iron rake, so to receive
My absent master and his evening sheep
In a cave neat and clean. Even now I see
My children tending the flocks hitherward.

Ha! what is this? are your Sicinnian measures
Even now the same, as when with dance and song
You brought young Bacchus to Althæa's[1] halls?

CHORUS OF SATYRS.

STROPHE.

Where has he[2] of race divine
  Wandered in the winding rocks?
Here the air is calm and fine
  For the father of the flocks;—
Here the grass is soft and sweet,
And the river-eddies meet
In the trough beside the cave,
Bright as in their fountain wave.—
Neither here, nor on the dew
  Of the lawny uplands feeding?
Oh, you come!—a stone at you
  Will I throw to mend your breeding;—
Get[3] along, you hornèd thing,
Wild, seditious, rambling![4]

[1] In previous editions *Athœa* appears as the equivalent for Ἀλθαία, the *l* having, I presume, been accidentally dropped. There are asterisks after this line in Mrs. Shelley's editions, although, as Mr. Swinburne points out, there is nothing omitted in this place.

[2] The same critic says "Shelley seems to have overlooked the sex of the goat whom the Satyrs are calling back to give suck to her young. In his text the words '*he* of race divine,' and '*father* of the flocks.' should be altered to 'she' and 'mother.'"

[3] Mr. Swinburne says this should rather be *Come along*, "as the shout is not meant to scare, but to reclaim."

[4] "The antistrophe is omitted," as stated in a note in Mrs. Shelley's editions. Mr. Swinburne supplies the blank thus, "following the exact order and cadence of rhymes observed by Shelley:—

Ease your udders milk-distent,
Take the young ones to the teat,
Left in yeanlings' penfolds pent;
Now the sleepy midday bleat
Of your sucklings calls you home;
Come to fold them, will you? come
From the full-flowered-pasture-grasses
Up in Ætna's rock-strewn passes.

Here no Bacchus, no dance comes
Here, nor Mænads thyrse-bearing,
Nor glad clang of kettledrums,
Nor by well or running spring
Drops of pale bright wine; nor now
With the nymphs on Nysa's brow
An Iacchic melody
To the golden Aphrodite
Do I lift, &c.

Read *do* for *will*, which stands in Shelley's text through mere misreading of the passage; it was doubtless wrongly pointed in the copy by which he worked."

EPODE.

An Iacchic melody
To the golden Aphrodite
Will I lift, as erst did I
Seeking her and her delight
With the Mænads, whose white feet
To the music glance and fleet.
Bacchus, O belovèd, where,
Shaking wide thy yellow hair,
Wanderest thou alone, afar?
To the one-eyed Cyclops, we,
Who by right thy servants are,
Minister in misery,
In these wretched goat-skins clad,
Far from thy delights and thee.

SILENUS.

Be silent, sons; command the slaves to drive
The gathered flocks into the rock-roofed cave.

CHORUS.

Go! But what needs this serious haste, O father?

SILENUS.

I see a Grecian vessel on the coast,[1]
And thence the rowers with some general
Approaching to this cave.—About their necks
Hang empty vessels, as they wanted food,
And water-flasks.—O, miserable strangers!
Whence come they, that they know not what and who
My master is, approaching in ill hour

[1] So in the collected editions; but in the *Posthumous Poems* we read
I see a Greek ship's boat upon the coast.

The inhospitable roof of Polypheme,
And the Cyclopian jaw-bone, man-destroying?
Be silent, Satyrs, while I ask and hear
Whence coming, they arrive the Ætnean hill.

ULYSSES.

Friends, can you show me some clear water spring,
The remedy of our thirst? Will any one
Furnish with food seamen in want of it?
Ha! what is this? We seem to be arrived
At the blithe court of Bacchus. I observe
This sportive band of Satyrs near the caves.
First let me greet the elder.—Hail!

SILENUS.

Hail thou,
O, Stranger! tell thy country and thy race.

ULYSSES.

The Ithacan Ulysses and the king
Of Cephalonia.

SILENUS.

Oh! I know the man,
Wordy and shrewd, the son of Sisyphus.

ULYSSES.

I am the same, but do not rail upon me.—

SILENUS.

Whence sailing do you come to Sicily?

ULYSSES.

From Ilion, and from the Trojan toils.

SILENUS.

How touched you not at your paternal shore?

ULYSSES.

The strength of tempests bore me here by force.

SILENUS.

The self-same accident occurred to me.

ULYSSES.

Were you then driven here by stress of weather?

SILENUS.

Following the Pirates who had kidnapped Bacchus.

ULYSSES.

What land is this, and who inhabit it?—

SILENUS.

Ætna, the loftiest peak in Sicily.

ULYSSES.

And are there walls, and tower-surrounded towns?

SILENUS.

There are not.—These lone rocks are bare of men.

ULYSSES.

And who possess the land? the race of beasts?

SILENUS.

Cyclops,[1] who live in caverns, not in houses.

[1] Mr. Rossetti substitutes *Cyclopes* for *Cyclops*, here and in two other places where the word is plural.

ULYSSES.

Obeying whom? Or is the state popular?

SILENUS.

Shepherds: no one obeys any in aught.

ULYSSES.

How live they? do they sow the corn of Ceres?

SILENUS.

On milk and cheese, and on the flesh of sheep.

ULYSSES.

Have they the Bromian drink from the vine's stream?

SILENUS.

Ah! no; they live in an ungracious land.

ULYSSES.

And are they just to strangers?—hospitable?

SILENUS.

They think the sweetest thing a stranger brings
Is his own flesh.

ULYSSES.

What! do they eat man's flesh?

SILENUS.

No one comes here who is not eaten up.

ULYSSES.

The Cyclops now—where is he? Not at home?

SILENUS.

Absent on Ætna, hunting with his dogs.

ULYSSES.

Know'st thou what thou must do to aid us hence?

SILENUS.

I know not: we will help you all we can.

ULYSSES.

Provide us food, of which we are in want.

SILENUS.

Here is not anything, as I said, but meat.

ULYSSES.

But meat is a sweet remedy for hunger.

SILENUS.

Cow's milk there is, and store of curdled cheese.

ULYSSES.

Bring out:—I would see all before I bargain.

SILENUS.

But how much gold will you engage to give?

ULYSSES.

I bring no gold, but Bacchic juice.

SILENUS.

O, joy!
'Tis long since these dry lips were wet with wine.

ULYSSES.

Maron, the son of the God, gave it me.

SILENUS.

Whom I have nursed a baby in my arms.

ULYSSES.

The son of Bacchus, for your clearer knowledge.

SILENUS.

Have you it now?—or is it in the ship?

ULYSSES.

Old man, this skin contains it, which you see.

SILENUS.

Why this would hardly be a mouthful for me.

ULYSSES.

Nay, twice as much as you can draw from thence.

SILENUS.

You speak of a fair fountain, sweet to me.

ULYSSES.

Would you first taste of the unmingled wine?

SILENUS.

'Tis just—tasting invites the purchaser.

ULYSSES.

Here is the cup, together with the skin.

SILENUS.

Pour: that the draught may fillip my remembrance.

ULYSSES.

See!

SILENUS.

Papaiax![1] what a sweet smell it has!

ULYSSES.

You see it then?—

SILENUS.

By Jove, no! but I smell it.

ULYSSES.

Taste, that you may not praise it in words only.

SILENUS.

Babai! Great Bacchus calls me forth to dance!
Joy! joy!

ULYSSES.

Did it flow sweetly down your throat?

SILENUS.

So that it tingled to my very nails.

ULYSSES.

And in addition I will give you gold.

SILENUS.

Let gold alone! only unlock the cask.

ULYSSES.

Bring out some cheeses now, or a young goat.

SILENUS.

That will I do, despising any master.

[1] In previous editions *Papaiapex*, apparently a mistranscription or misprint for *Papaiax*, the Greek being παπαιδ̣.

Yes, let me drink one cup, and I will give
All that the Cyclops feed upon their mountains.[1]

* * * * *

CHORUS.

Ye have taken Troy and laid your hands on Helen?

ULYSSES.

And utterly destroyed the race of Priam.

* * * * *

SILENUS.[2]

The wanton wretch! she was bewitched to see
The many-coloured anklets and the chain
Of woven gold which girt the neck of Paris,
And so she left that good man Menelaus.

[1] Concerning the two ensuing blanks, Mr. Swinburne writes thus:

"There is another omission after verse 165, more accountable than this [that supplied at p. 191]; whether any part of Shelley's version was struck out or not in the printing we have not been told. Perhaps the passage, essential as it is to the continuity of the scene, may be borne with in this reduced and softened form. After the verse—'I would [*sic*] give All that the Cyclops feed upon their mountains,'—add:

And pitch into the brine off some white cliff,
Having got once well drunk and cleared my brows.
How mad is he whom drinking makes not glad!
For drink means strength renewed for love-making,
* * * * * *
* * * ; aye, dancing too,
Aye, and forgetfulness of ills. What then,
Shall I not buy me such a drink, and bid
Fool Cyclops with his one mid eye go hang?

In this laudable frame of mind the Falstaff of Olympus makes off on his sheep-stealing errand; and the Chorus, which hitherto has modestly stood aside and left the talking to him, now first addresses the new-comer:—

Hear you, Ulysses, we would talk with you.

ULYSSES.

Well, on then, as you come like friends to a friend.

CHORUS.

Ye have taken Troy, and laid your hands on Helen?

ULYSSES.

And utterly destroyed the race of Priam.

CHORUS.

Well, when ye had got the girl then, did ye not
All of you take your sport with her in turn,
Seeing she delights in marrying many men?
The wanton wretch!"

[2] Mr. Swinburne points out that the speech of Silenus, returning with plunder, really begins with "See, here are sheep" (line 166),—the previous six lines belonging, as shewn in the last note, to the Chorus, and Shelley having followed the older editions

There should be no more women in the world
But such as are reserved for me alone.—
See, here are sheep, and here are goats, Ulysses,
Here are unsparing cheeses of pressed milk;
Take them; depart with what good speed ye may;
First leaving my reward, the Bacchic dew
Of joy-inspiring grapes.

ULYSSES.

Ah me! Alas!
What shall we do? the Cyclops is at hand!
Old man, we perish! whither can we fly?

SILENUS.

Hide yourselves quick within that hollow rock.

ULYSSES.

'Twere perilous to fly into the net.

SILENUS.

The cavern has recesses numberless;
Hide yourselves quick.

ULYSSES.

That will I never do!
The mighty Troy would be indeed disgraced
If I should fly one man. How many times
Have I withstood, with shield immovable,[1]
Ten thousand Phrygians!—if I needs must die,
Yet will I die with glory;—if I live,
The praise which I have gained will yet remain.

SILENUS.

What, ho! assistance, comrades, haste assistance![2]

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *immoveable*.

[2] "At the entrance of the Cyclops," says Mr. Swinburne, "there is some

The CYCLOPS, SILENUS, ULYSSES; CHORUS.

CYCLOPS.

What is this tumult? Bacchus is not here,
Nor tympanies nor brazen castanets.
How are my young lambs in the cavern? Milking
Their dams or playing by their sides? And is
The new cheese pressed into the bull-rush baskets?
Speak! I'll beat some of you till you rain tears—
Look up, not downwards when I speak to you.

SILENUS.

See! I now gape at Jupiter himself,
I stare upon Orion and the stars.

CYCLOPS.

Well, is the dinner fitly cooked and laid?

SILENUS.

All ready, if your throat is ready too.

CYCLOPS.

Are the bowls full of milk besides?

SILENUS.

O'er-brimming;
So you may drink a tunful if you will.

CYCLOPS.

Is it ewe's milk or cow's milk, or both mixed?—

SILENUS.

Both, either; only pray don't swallow me.

misconstruction... The line given to Silenus ['What, ho! assistance,' &c.] belongs to the Cyclops as he bursts in upon the stage, and might rather be rendered :—

Hold hard, let's see here, lend a hand: what's this?
What sloth? what rioting?"

CYCLOPS.

By no means.——[1]

* * * * *

What is this crowd I see beside the stalls?
Outlaws or thieves? for near my cavern-home,
I see my young lambs coupled two by two
With willow bands; mixed with my cheeses lie
Their implements; and this old fellow here
Has his bald head broken with stripes.

SILENUS.

Ah me!
I have been beaten till I burn with fever.

CYCLOPS.

By whom? Who laid his fist upon your head?

SILENUS.

Those men, because I would not suffer them
To steal your goods.

CYCLOPS.

Did not the rascals know
I am a God, sprung from the race of heaven?

SILENUS.

I told them so, but they bore off your things,
And ate the cheese in spite of all I said,
And carried out the lambs—and said, moreover,
They'd pin you down with a three-cubit collar,

[1] It is not very easy to imagine why Shelley left this passage incompletely rendered: Mr. Swinburne supplies the blank with the two following lines:

By no means, for you'd be the death of me
Then, tumbling in my belly, with your tricks.

And pull your vitals out through your one eye,
Torture your back with stripes, then binding you,
Throw you as ballast into the ship's hold,
And then deliver you, a slave, to move
Enormous rocks, or found a vestibule.

CYCLOPS.

In truth? Nay, haste, and place in order quickly
The cooking knives, and heap upon the hearth,
And kindle it, a great faggot of wood—
As soon as they are slaughtered, they shall fill
My belly, broiling warm from the live coals,
Or boiled and seethed within the bubbling cauldron.
I am quite sick of the wild mountain game,
Of stags and lions I have gorged enough,
And I grow hungry for the flesh of men.

SILENUS.

Nay, master, something new is very pleasant
After one thing for ever, and of late
Very few strangers have approached our cave.

ULYSSES.

Hear, Cyclops, a plain tale on the other side.
We, wanting to buy food, came from our ship
Into the neighbourhood of your cave, and here
This old Silenus gave us in exchange
These lambs for wine, the which he took and drank,
And all by mutual compact, without force.
There is no word of truth in what he says,
For slily he was selling all your store.

SILENUS.

I? May you perish, wretch—

ULYSSES.

If I speak false!

SILENUS.

Cyclops, I swear by Neptune who begot thee,
By mighty Triton and by Nereus old,
Calypso and the glaucous ocean Nymphs,
The sacred waves and all the race of fishes—
Be these the witnesses, my dear sweet master,
My darling little Cyclops, that I never
Gave any of your stores to these false strangers;—
If I speak false may those whom most I love,
My children, perish wretchedly!

CHORUS.

There stop!
I saw him giving these things to the strangers.
If I speak false, then may my father perish,
But do not thou wrong hospitality.

CYCLOPS.

You lie! I swear that he is juster far
Than Rhadamanthus—I trust more in him.
But let me ask, whence have ye sailed, O strangers?
Who are you? And what city nourished ye?

ULYSSES.

Our race is Ithacan—having destroyed
The town of Troy, the tempests of the sea
Have driven us on thy land, O Polypheme.

CYCLOPS.

What, have ye shared in the unenvied spoil
Of the false Helen, near Scamander's stream?

ULYSSES.

The same, having endured a woful toil.

CYCLOPS.

O, basest expedition ! sailed ye not
From Greece to Phrygia for one woman's sake ?

ULYSSES.

'Twas the Gods'[1] work—no mortal was in fault.
But, O great offspring of the ocean-king,
We pray thee and admonish thee with freedom,
That thou dost spare thy friends who visit thee,
And place no impious food within thy jaws.
For in the depths of Greece we have upreared
Temples to thy great father, which are all
His homes. The sacred bay of Tænarus
Remains inviolate, and each dim recess
Scooped high on the Malean promontory,
And aëry Sunium's silver-veinèd crag,
Which divine Pallas keeps unprofaned ever,
The Gerastian asylums, and whate'er
Within wide Greece our enterprise has kept
From Phrygian contumely; and in which
You have a common care, for you inhabit
The skirts of Grecian land, under the roots
Of Ætna and its crags, spotted with fire.
Turn then to converse under human laws,
Receive us shipwrecked suppliants, and provide
Food, clothes, and fire, and hospitable gifts;
Nor fixing upon oxen-piercing spits
Our limbs, so fill your belly and your jaws.
Priam's wide land has widowed Greece enough;

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems, God's;* but in later editions, *Gods'*.

And weapon-wingèd murder heaped together
Enough of dead, and wives are husbandless,
And ancient women and grey fathers wail
Their childless age;—if you should roast the rest,
And 'tis a bitter feast that you prepare,
Where then would any turn? Yet be persuaded;
Forego the lust of your jaw-bone; prefer
Pious humanity to wicked will:
Many have bought too dear their evil joys.

SILENUS.

Let me advise you, do not spare a morsel
Of all his flesh. If you should eat his tongue
You would become most eloquent, O Cyclops.[1]

CYCLOPS.

Wealth, my good fellow, is the wise man's God,
All other things are a pretence and boast.
What are my father's ocean promontories,
The sacred rocks whereon he dwells, to me?
Stranger, I laugh to scorn Jove's thunderbolt,
I know not that his strength is more than mine.
As to the rest I care not:—When he pours
Rain from above, I have a close pavilion
Under this rock, in which I lie supine,
Feasting on a roast calf or some wild beast,
And drinking pans of milk, and gloriously
Emulating the thunder of high heaven.
And when the Thracian wind pours down the snow,
I wrap my body in the skins of beasts,
Kindle a fire, and bid the snow whirl on.
The earth, by force, whether it will or no,

[1] There is a note of interrogation here in the *Posthumous Poems*. In later editions, however, a full-stop is substituted.

Bringing forth grass, fattens my flocks and herds,
Which, to what other God but to myself
And this great belly, first of deities,
Should I be bound to sacrifice? I well know
The wise man's only Jupiter is this,
To eat and drink during his little day,
And give himself no care. And as for those
Who complicate with laws the life of man,
I freely give them tears for their reward.
I will not cheat my soul of its delight,
Or hesitate in dining upon you:—
And that I may be quit of all demands,
These are my hospitable gifts;—fierce fire
And yon ancestral cauldron, which o'er-bubbling
Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.
Creep in!—[1]

* * * * * *

ULYSSES.

Ai! ai![2] I have escaped the Trojan toils,
I have escaped the sea, and now I fall
Under the cruel grasp of one impious man.
O Pallas, mistress, Goddess, sprung from Jove,
Now, now, assist me! Mightier toils than Troy
Are these;—I totter on the chasms of peril;—
And thou[3] who inhabitest the thrones
Of the bright stars, look, hospitable Jove,

[1] To fill this blank, Mr. Swinburne gives the lines,

So creep in quick, to stand about the shrine
O' the god o' the cave and feast me fairly full.

"The god of the cave is explained to be, as above

Myself
And this great belly, first of deities."

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, we read *Ay! Ay!* But Mr. Rossetti was unquestionably right in substituting "the Greek interjectional wail." I have not the slightest doubt that Shelley wrote, or meant to write, *Ai! Ai!* The expression occurs at the close of this very translation, in the last speech but one of the Cyclops.

[3] Mr. Rossetti suggests the insertion of *too* here.

Upon this outrage of thy deity,
Otherwise be considered as no God!

CHORUS (*alone*).

For your gaping gulph, and your gullet wide
The ravin[1] is ready on every side,
The limbs of the strangers are cooked and done,
There is boiled meat, and roast meat, and meat from the coal,
You may chop it, and tear it, and gnash it for fun,
An[2] hairy goat's-skin contains the whole.
Let me but escape, and ferry me o'er
The stream of your wrath to a safer shore.
The Cyclops Ætnean is cruel and bold,
He murders the strangers
That sit on his hearth,
And dreads no avengers
To rise from the earth.
He roasts the men before they are cold,
He snatches them broiling from the coal,
And from the cauldron pulls them whole,
And minces their flesh and gnaws their bone
With his cursèd teeth, till all be gone.
Farewell, foul pavilion:
Farewell, rites of dread!
The Cyclops vermilion,
With slaughter uncloying,
Now feasts on the dead,
In the flesh of strangers joying!

ULYSSES.

O Jupiter! I saw within the cave

[1] There should surely be no hesitation in adopting here another change of Mr. Rossetti's—*ravin* instead of the *ravine* of Mrs. Shelley's editions.

[2] *A* in the collected editions; but *An* in the *Posthumous Poems;* and I have no doubt Shelley wrote *An*, according to his custom in such cases.

Horrible things; deeds to be feigned in words,
But not to be[1] believed as being done.

CHORUS.

What! sawest thou the impious Polypheme
Feasting upon your loved companions now?

ULYSSES.

Selecting two, the plumpest of the crowd,
He grasped them in his hands.—

CHORUS.

Unhappy man![2]

* * * * *

ULYSSES.

Soon as we came into this craggy place,
Kindling a fire, he cast on the broad hearth
The knotty limbs of an enormous oak,
Three waggon-loads at least, and then he strewed
Upon the ground, beside the red fire-light,
His couch of pine leaves; and he milked the cows,
And pouring forth the white milk, filled a bowl
Three cubits wide and four in depth, as much
As would contain ten[3] amphoræ, and bound it
With ivy wreaths; then placed upon the fire
A brazen pot to boil, and made red hot
The points of spits, not sharpened with the sickle,

[1] The words *to be* occur in the MS., but are omitted in former editions; though Mr. Rossetti conjectured they should be supplied.

[2] Mr. Swinburne here supplies the line,

How was it with you, then, faring like this?

[3] In Mrs. Shelley's editions. *four*; but Mr. Swinburne is no doubt right in regarding this as a "misprint or slip of the pen." The occurrence of *four* in the previous line makes such a probability almost a certainty.

But with a fruit tree bough, and with the jaws
Of axes for Ætnean slaughterings.[1]
And when this God-abandoned cook of hell
Had made all ready, he seized two of us
And killed them in a kind of measured manner;
For he flung one against the brazen rivets
Of the huge cauldron, and[3] seized the other
By the foot's tendon, and knocked out his brains
Upon the sharp edge of the craggy stone:
Then peeled his flesh with a great cooking-knife
And put him down to roast. The other's limbs
He chopped into the cauldron to be boiled.
And I, with the tears raining from my eyes,
Stood near the Cyclops, ministering to him;
The rest, in the recesses of the cave,
Clung to the rock like bats, bloodless with fear.
When he was filled with my companions' flesh,
He threw himself upon the ground and sent
A loathsome exhalation from his maw.
Then a divine thought came to me. I filled
The cup of Maron, and I offered him
To taste, and said:—"Child of the Ocean God,
Behold what drink the vines of Greece produce,

[1] I confess I do not understand this.[2] [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

[2] Concerning this note and the passage in the text, Mr. Swinburne says —"Shelley has not distinguished the drinking-can or cup (*σκύφος*) wrought of ivy-wood, or carved round with ivy-leaves, from the ninety-gallon bowl (*κρατῆρ*) into which the Cyclops had just milked his cows. Read:—

Then he milked the cows,
And, pouring in the white milk, filled a bowl
That might have held ten amphoræ; and by it
He set himself an ivy-carven cup—
Three cubits wide and four in depth it seemed—
[And set a brass pot on the fire to boil]
And spits made out of blackthorn shoots, with tips
Burnt hard in fire, and planed in the other parts
Smooth with a pruning-hook; and huge blood-bowls
Ætnæan, set for the axe's edge to fill.

Or if *σφαγεῖα* can mean the axes themselves, and *γνάθους* be read *γνάθοις*;

And the under-jaws
Of axes, huge Ætnæan slaughtering-tools."

Mr. Swinburne adds that the line in brackets "seems misplaced here, and has been marked as such by later editors."

[3] Mr. Rossetti inserts *he* here.

The exultation and the joy of Bacchus."
He, satiated with his unnatural food,
Received it, and at one draught drank it off,
And taking my hand, praised me:—"Thou hast given
A sweet draught after a sweet meal, dear guest."
And I perceiving that it pleased him, filled
Another cup, well knowing that the wine
Would wound him soon and take a sure revenge.
And the charm fascinated him, and I
Plied him cup after cup, until the drink
Had warmed his entrails, and he sang aloud
In concert with my wailing fellow-seamen
A hideous discord—and the cavern rung.
I have stolen out, so that if you will
You may achieve my safety and your own.
But say, do you desire, or not, to fly
This uncompanionable man, and dwell
As was your wont among the Grecian Nymphs
Within the fanes of your belovèd God?
Your father there within agrees to it,
But he is weak and overcome with wine,
And caught as if with bird-lime by the cup,
He claps his wings and crows in doting joy.
You who are young escape with me, and find
Bacchus your ancient friend; unsuited he
To this rude Cyclops.

CHORUS.

Oh my dearest friend,
That I could see that day, and leave for ever
The impious Cyclops.[1]

* * * * *

[1] There is some doubt whether the indecent passage omitted here is genuine. Mr. Swinburne supplies it in a modified form.

ULYSSES.

Listen then what a punishment I have
For this fell monster, how secure a flight
From your hard servitude.

CHORUS.

O sweeter far
Than is the music of an Asian lyre
Would be the news of Polypheme destroyed.

ULYSSES.

Delighted with the Bacchic drink he goes
To call his brother Cyclops—who inhabit
A village upon Ætna not far off.

CHORUS.

I understand, catching him when alone
You think by some measure[1] to dispatch him,
Or thrust him from the precipice.

ULYSSES.

O no;
Nothing of that kind; my device is subtle.

CHORUS.

How then? I heard of old that thou wert wise.

ULYSSES.

I will dissuade him from this plan, by saying
It were unwise to give the Cyclopses
This precious drink, which if enjoyed alone
Would make life sweeter for a longer time.

[1] The word in the MS. is *measure*,— not *manœuvre*, as conjecturally given in Mr. Rossetti's edition.

When vanquished by the Bacchic power, he sleeps,
There is a trunk of olive wood within,
Whose point having made sharp with this good sword
I will conceal in fire, and when I see
It is alight, will fix it, burning yet,
Within the socket of the Cyclops' eye
And melt it out with fire—as when a man
Turns by its handle a great auger round,
Fitting the framework of a ship with beams,
So will I, in the Cyclops' fiery eye
Turn round the brand and dry the pupil up.

CHORUS.

Joy! I am mad with joy at your device.

ULYSSES.

And then with you, my friends, and the old man,
We'll load the hollow depth of our black ship,
And row with double strokes from this dread shore.

CHORUS.

May I, as in libations to a God,
Share in the blinding him with the red brand?
I would have some communion in his death.

ULYSSES.

Doubtless: the brand is a great brand to hold.

CHORUS.

Oh! I would lift an[1] hundred waggon-loads,
If like a wasp's nest I could scoop the eye out
Of the detested Cyclops.

[1] So in the *Posthumous Poems*; but *a* for *an* in the collected editions.

ULYSSES.

Silence now!
Ye know the close device—and when I call,
Look ye obey the masters of the craft.
I will not save myself and leave behind
My comrades in the cave: I might escape,
Having got clear from that obscure recess,
But 'twere unjust to leave in jeopardy
The dear companions who sailed here with me.

CHORUS.

Come! who is first, that with his hand
Will urge down the burning brand
Through the lids, and quench and pierce
The Cyclops' eye so fiery fierce?

SEMICHORUS I.

Song within.

Listen! listen! he is coming,
A most hideous discord humming.
Drunken, museless, awkward, yelling,
Far along his rocky dwelling;
Let us with some comic spell
Teach the yet unteachable.
By all means he must be blinded,
If my council be but minded.

SEMICHORUS II.[1]

Happy those made odorous
With the dew which sweet grapes weep,
To the village hastening thus,
Seek the vines that soothe to sleep,

[1] Mr. Swinburne says this semichorus is "confused and inaccurate as we now read it, and the change of 'those' and 'there' into 'thou' is in each case a clear gain as far as the English text is concerned, though it

Having first embraced thy friend,
There in luxury without end,
With the strings of yellow hair,
Of thy voluptuous leman fair,
Shalt sit playing on a bed!—
Speak what door is openèd?

CYCLOPS.

Ha! ha! ha! I'm full of wine,
Heavy with the joy divine,
With the young feast oversated,
Like a merchant's vessel freighted
To the water's edge, my crop
Is laden to the gullet's top.
The fresh meadow grass of spring
Tempts me forth thus wandering
To my brothers on the mountains,

brings us no nearer to the Greek; which runs literally thus:—

Happy he who shouts his song
To the grape's dear fountain-springs,
For a revel laid along,
Close in arms a loved man grasping,
And on spread couch-coverings
Some soft woman-blossom clasping,
Sleek, with love-locks oiled all o'er,
Who, he cries, *will open me her door?*

Shelley, working from an uncorrected text, has taken ξανθόν (the old reading for ἄνθος or κάλλος) as adjective to βόστρυχον, and has washed off from the woman's hair the sweet oil poured over the man's curls. His version, were it admissible in the eyes of more critical editors, would add grace to the charm of a most graceful strophe—that is, up to the last line, here simply misconstrued; but he has strayed again somewhat too far in his rendering of the semichorus antiphonal to this; when Ulysses, hailed by the Cyclops, follows him out with the wine-skin, and the Chorus, secretly reassured and slily hopeful, sings to this ambiguous effect:—

Fair, with fair looks prosperous,
Comes he from the halls inside;
One good friend is friends with us.
For thy body fair the lamp
Waits alight—come, tender bride—
In the caverns dewy-damp:
And thine head shall soon be bound
Not with single-coloured garlands round.

Itranslate," Mr. Swinburne says, "from Dindorf's text; that given by Mr. Paley might run thus in English:—

There awaits thy flesh a lamp
Of fierce fire, no tender bride, &c.

The 'lamp' would then be, of course, the firebrand prepared to blind Polyphemus, and the two last lines, in the words of the Editor (vol. III. p. 590), 'mean that in place of a crown of myrtle and roses a ring of gory hue shall encircle his brows'. In either case I suppose the ironic allusions to the torch of marriage and the marriage-wreath of divers colours must be the same." Mr. Rossetti adopts in the text the two proposed substitutions of *Thou* for *those* and *there*. *Shalt*, in the last line but one of this Semichorus, is not however an innovation, as Mr. Rossetti supposes: it is in the *Posthumous Poems* and both editions of 1839; and *Shall* is only a misprint of later editions.

Who shall share the wine's sweet fountains.
Bring the cask, O stranger, bring!

CHORUS.

One with eyes the fairest
Cometh from his dwelling;
Some one loves thee, rarest,
Bright beyond my telling.
In thy grace thou shinest
Like some nymph divinest,
In her caverns dewy:—
All delights pursue thee,
Soon pied flowers, sweet-breathing,
Shall thy head be wreathing.

ULYSSES.

Listen, O Cyclops, for I am well skilled
In Bacchus, whom I gave thee of to drink.

CYCLOPS.

What sort of God is Bacchus then accounted?

ULYSSES.

The greatest among men for joy of life.

CYCLOPS.

I gulpt him down with very great delight.

ULYSSES.

This is a God who never injures men.

CYCLOPS.

How does the God like living in a skin?

ULYSSES.

He is content wherever he is put.

CYCLOPS.

Gods should not have their body in a skin.

ULYSSES.

If he gives[1] joy, what is his skin to you? 535

CYCLOPS.

I hate the skin, but love the wine within.

ULYSSES.

Stay here, now drink, and make your spirit glad.

CYCLOPS.

Should I not share this liquor with my brothers?

ULYSSES.

Keep it yourself, and be more honoured so.

CYCLOPS.

I were more useful, giving to my friends. 540

ULYSSES.

But village mirth breeds contests, broils, and blows.

CYCLOPS.

When I am drunk none shall lay hands on me.—

ULYSSES.

A drunken man is better within doors.

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems*, *gives*,—in later editions, *give*.

CYCLOPS.

He is a fool, who drinking, loves not mirth.

ULYSSES.

But he is wise, who drunk, remains at home.

CYCLOPS.

What shall I do, Silenus? Shall I stay?

SILENUS.

Stay—for what need have you of pot companions?

CYCLOPS.

Indeed this place is closely carpeted
With flowers and grass.

SILENUS.

And in the sun-warm noon
'Tis sweet to drink. Lie down beside me now,
Placing your mighty sides upon the ground.

CYCLOPS.

What do you put the cup behind me for?

SILENUS.

That no one here may touch it.

CYCLOPS.

Thievish one!
You want to drink;—here place it in the midst.
And thou, O stranger, tell how art thou called?

ULYSSES.

My name is Nobody. What favour now
Shall I receive to praise you at your hands?

CYCLOPS.

I'll feast on you the last of your companions.

ULYSSES.

You grant your guest a fair reward, O Cyclops.

CYCLOPS.

Ha ! what is this ? Stealing the wine, you rogue !

SILENUS.

It was this stranger kissing me because
I looked so beautiful.

CYCLOPS.

You shall repent
For kissing the coy wine that loves you not.

SILENUS.

By Jupiter ! you said that I am fair.

CYCLOPS.

Pour out, and only give me the cup full.

SILENUS.

How is it mixed ? let me observe.

CYCLOPS.

Curse you !
Give it me so.

SILENUS.

Not till I see you wear
That coronal, and taste the cup to you.

CYCLOPS.

Thou wily traitor !

SILENUS.

But the wine is sweet.
Aye, you will roar if you are caught in drinking.

CYCLOPS.

See now, my lip is clean and all my beard.

SILENUS.

Now put your elbow right and drink again.
As you see me drink— * * * *

CYCLOPS.

How now?

SILENUS.

Ye Gods, what a delicious gulp!

CYCLOPS.

Guest, take it;—you pour out the wine for me.

ULYSSES.

The wine is well accustomed to my hand.

CYCLOPS.

Pour out the wine!

ULYSSES.

I pour; only be silent.

CYCLOPS.

Silence is a hard task to him who drinks.

ULYSSES.

Take it and drink it off; leave not a dreg.
O, that the drinker died with his own draught!

CYCLOPS.

Papai! the vine[1] must be a sapient plant.

ULYSSES.

If you drink much after a mighty feast,
Moistening your thirsty maw, you will sleep well;
If you leave aught, Bacchus will dry you up.

CYCLOPS.

Ho! ho! I can scarce rise. What pure delight!
The heavens and earth appear to whirl about
Confusedly. I see the throne of Jove
And the clear congregation of the Gods.
Now if the Graces tempted me to kiss
I would not, for the loveliest of them all
I would not leave this Ganymede.

SILENUS.

Polypheme,
I am the Ganymede of Jupiter.[2]

CYCLOPS.

By Jove you are; I bore you off from Dardanus.

* * * * *

[1] So in the collected editions; but misprinted *wine* in the *Posthumous Poems*.

[2] Mr. Swinburne notes that "there is a point of interrogation missed" here, and that "the dialogue has not all its original briskness and ease of motion." Mr. Swinburne gives ten lines for the five of the text (lines 589 to 593); but I refrain from quoting them, because I have not the slightest doubt that Shelley purposely kept the gross indecency of the original out of his version for English readers. The asterisks placed above are not in Mrs. Shelley's editions, though there is absolute omission.

ULYSSES *and the* CHORUS.

ULYSSES.

Come, boys of Bacchus, children of high race,
This man within is folded up in sleep,
And soon will vomit flesh fron his fell maw;
The brand under the shed thrusts out its smoke,
No preparation needs, but to burn out
The monster's eye;—but bear yourselves like men.

CHORUS.

We will have courage like the adamant rock,
All things are ready for you here; go in,
Before our father shall perceive the noise.

ULYSSES.

Vulcan, Ætnean king! burn out with fire
The shining eye of this thy neighbouring monster!
And thou, O sleep, nursling of gloomy night,
Descend unmixed on this God-hated beast,
And suffer not Ulysses and his comrades,
Returning from their famous Trojan toils,
To perish by this man, who cares not either
For God or mortal; or I needs must think
That Chance is a supreme divinity,
And things divine are subject to her power.

CHORUS.

Soon a crab the throat will seize
Of him who feeds upon his guest,
Fire will burn his lamp-like eyes
In revenge of such a feast!
A great oak stump now is lying

In the ashes yet undying.
Come, Maron, come!
Raging let him fix the doom,
Let him tear the eyelid up
Of the Cyclops—that his cup
May be evil!
O, I long to dance and revel
With sweet Bromian, long desired,
In loved ivy wreaths attired;
Leaving this abandoned home—
Will the moment ever come?

ULYSSES.

Be silent, ye wild things! Nay, hold your peace,
And keep your lips quite close; dare not to breathe,
Or spit, or e'en wink, lest ye wake the monster,
Until his eye be tortured out with fire.

CHORUS.

Nay, we are silent, and we chaw the air.

ULYSSES.

Come now, and lend a hand to the great stake
Within—it is delightfully red hot.

CHORUS.

You then command who first should seize the stake
To burn the Cyclops' eye, that all may share
In the great enterprise.

SEMICHORUS I.

We are too far,[1]
We cannot at this distance from the door
Thrust fire into his eye.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions *few*,— doubtless an error of transcription or of the press. Mr. Rossetti rectified it.

SEMICHORUS II.

And we just now
Have become lame; cannot move hand or[1] foot.

CHORUS.

The same thing has occurred to us,—our ancles
Are sprained with standing here, I know not how.

ULYSSES.

What, sprained with standing still?

CHORUS.

And there is dust
Or ashes in our eyes, I know not whence.

ULYSSES.

Cowardly dogs! ye will not aid me then?

CHORUS.

With pitying my own back and my back bone,
And with not wishing all my teeth knocked out,
This cowardice comes of itself—but stay,
I know a famous Orphic incantation
To make the brand stick of its own accord
Into the skull of this one-eyed son of Earth.

ULYSSES.

Of old I knew ye thus by nature; now
I know ye better.—I will use the aid
Of my own comrades—yet though weak of hand
Speak cheerfully, that so ye may awaken
The courage of my friends with your blithe words.

[1] So in the *Posthumous Poems*, but *nor* in the collected editions.

CHORUS.

This I will do with peril of my life,
And blind you with my exhortations, Cyclops.
Hasten and thrust,
And parch up to dust,
The eye of the beast,
Who feeds on his guest.
Burn and blind
The Ætnean hind!
Scoop and draw,
But beware lest he claw
Your limbs near his maw.

CYCLOPS.

Ah me! my eye-sight is parched up to cinders.

CHORUS.

What a sweet pæan! sing me that again!

CYCLOPS.

Ah me! indeed, what woe has fallen upon me!
But wretched nothings, think ye not to flee
Out of this rock; I, standing at the outlet,
Will bar the way and catch you as you pass.

CHORUS.

What are you roaring out, Cyclops?

CYCLOPS.

I perish!

CHORUS.

For you are wicked.

CYCLOPS.

And besides miserable.

CHORUS.

What, did you fall into the fire when drunk?

CYCLOPS.

'Twas Nobody destroyed me.

CHORUS.

Why then no one
Can be to blame.

CYCLOPS.

I say 'twas Nobody
Who blinded me.

CHORUS.

Why then you are not blind.

CYCLOPS.

I wish you were as blind as I am.

CHORUS.

Nay,
It cannot be that no one made you blind.

CYCLOPS.

You jeer me; where, I ask, is Nobody?

CHORUS.

No where, O Cyclops.[1]

[1] Mrs. Shelley gives no stop here, and places asterisks after *Cyclops*; but Mr. Swinburne points out that there is no gap in the translation.

CYCLOPS.

It was that stranger ruined me:—the wretch
First gave me wine and then burnt out my eye,[1]
For wine is strong and hard to struggle with.
Have they escaped, or are they yet within?

CHORUS.

They stand under the darkness of the rock
And cling to it.

CYCLOPS.

At my right hand or left?

CHORUS.

Close on your right.

CYCLOPS.

Where?

CHORUS.

Near the rock itself.
You have them.

CYCLOPS.

Oh, misfortune on misfortune!
I've cracked my skull.

CHORUS.

Now they escape you there.

CYCLOPS.

Not there, although you say so.

CHORUS.

Not on that side.

[1] So in the collected editions; but *eyes* in the *Posthumous Poems*.

CYCLOPS.

Where then?

CHORUS.

They creep about you on your left.

CYCLOPS.

Ah! I am mocked! They jeer me in my ills.

CHORUS.

Not there! he is a little there beyond you.

CYCLOPS.

Detested wretch! where are you?

ULYSSES.

Far from you
I keep with care this body of Ulysses.

CYCLOPS.

What do you say? You proffer a new name.

ULYSSES.

My father named me so; and I have taken
A full revenge for your unnatural feast;
I should have done ill to have burned down Troy
And not revenged the murder of my comrades.

CYCLOPS.

Ai! ai! the ancient oracle is accomplished;
It said that I should have my eye-sight blinded
By you coming from Troy, yet it foretold
That you should pay the penalty for this
By wandering long over the homeless sea.

ULYSSES.

I bid thee weep—consider what I say,
I go towards the shore to drive my ship
To mine own land, o'er the Sicilian wave.

CYCLOPS.

Not so, if whelming you with this huge stone
I can crush you and all your men together
I will descend upon the shore, though blind,
Groping my way adown the steep ravine.

CHORUS.

And we, the shipmates of Ulysses now,
Will serve our Bacchus all our happy lives.

EPIGRAMS.[1]

TO STELLA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF PLATO.[2]

THOU wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;—
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

KISSING HELENA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF PLATO.[3]

KISSING Helena, together
With my kiss, my soul beside it
Came to my lips, and there I kept it,—
For the poor thing had wandered thither,
To follow where the kiss should guide it,
O, cruel I, to intercept it!

[1] These four epigrams were first given by Mrs. Shelley in her first edition of 1839.

[2] It will be remembered that the original of this was chosen by Shelley as a motto for the title-page of his Pisa edition of *Adonais*.

[3] Mrs. Shelley heads this epigram simply with the words *From Plato*.

SPIRIT OF PLATO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

EAGLE! why soarest thou above that tomb?
To what sublime and star-y-paven home
Floatest thou?
I am the image of swift Plato's spirit,
Ascending heaven—Athens doth[1] inherit
His corpse below.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.[2]

A MAN who was about to hang himself,
Finding a purse, then threw away his rope;
The owner, coming to reclaim his pelf,
The halter found and used it. So is Hope
Changed for Despair—one laid upon the shelf,
We take the other. Under heaven's high cope
Fortune is God—all you endure and do
Depends on circumstance as much as you.

[1] So in the MS., at Boscombe; but *does* in previous editions.

[2] Mrs. Shelley headed this epigram simply with the words *From the Greek*.

FRAGMENT OF THE

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF BION.[1]

I MOURN Adonis dead—loveliest Adonis—
Dead, dead Adonis—and the Loves lament.—
Sleep no more Venus, wrapt in purple woof—
Wake violet-stolèd queen, and weave the crown[2]
Of Death,—'tis Misery calls,—for he is dead.

The lovely one lies wounded in the mountains,
His white thigh struck with the white tooth; he scarce
Yet breathes; and Venus hangs in agony there.[3]
The dark blood wanders o'er his snowy limbs,
His eyes beneath their lids are lustreless,

[1] This fragment is from a MS. belonging to Sir Percy Shelley, and has been sent to me by Mr. Garnett as having somehow escaped publication hitherto. We may well be grateful for this treasure-trove in a measure disproportionate even to its great intrinsic interest; for its connexion with one of Shelley's most cherished master-pieces is too obvious, almost, to need indication. The reminiscences of Bion and Moschus traceable in *Adonais* are matter of general renown; but it is a fact most interesting to establish that his intimacy with the two Greek poems to which he owed most in the way of illustration extended so far as an attempt (abandoned, it would seem) to render them both into English; and that fact appears from this fragment and the fragment from the third elegy of Moschus found among Hunt's papers (p. 235). These verses from Bion, I leave with the gaps shewn by the MS., having merely supplied the modicum of punctuation necessary for all unfinished drafts. This particular draft is in a tolerably advanced state, and has a good deal of punctuation of its own, which I have hardly interfered with.

[2] The words *and weave the crown of Death* are struck out; and Shelley has begun another reading with the words *beat your breast;* but, as this is incomplete, I leave the original reading.

[3] Instead of these two lines originally stood the following—

His white thigh struck with the white tooth, and she
Hangs over him to catch his passing breath.

The rose has fled from his wan lips, and there
That kiss is dead, which Venus gathers yet.[1]

A deep deep wound Adonis . . .
A deeper Venus bears within her heart.
See, his belovèd dogs are gathering round—
The Oread nymphs are weeping—Aphrodite
With hair unbound is wandering thro' the woods,
Wildered, ungirt, unsandalled—the thorns pierce
Her hastening feet[2] and drink her sacred blood.
Bitterly screaming out she is driven on
Thro' the long vales; and her Assyrian boy,
Her love, her husband calls—the purple blood
From her struck thigh stains her white navel now,
Her bosom, and her neck before like snow.[3]

Alas for Cytherea—the Loves mourn—
The lovely, the beloved is gone—and now
Her sacred beauty vanishes away.
For Venus whilst Adonis lived was fair—
Alas her loveliness is dead with him.
The oaks and mountains cry Ai! ai![4] Adonis!
The springs their waters change to tears and weep[5]—
The flowers are withered up with grief . . .

Ai! ai! Adonis is dead
Echo resounds[6] Adonis dead.

[1] These two final words are struck out; but nothing is substitued.

[2] Cancelled MS. reading—

Aphrodite
Loosening her hair is wandering thro' the woods
Wildered, ungirt, unsandalled—and the thorns
Pierce her, coming.

[3] I am sorry to say there is not the remotest doubt that the possessive pronoun in these two lines is *her*,—whereas I presume it is equally beyond dispute that it should be *his*.

[4] Having regard to what is said at p. 207 of this volume, concerning the *Ay! Ay!* formerly printed in *The Cyclops* as the English equivalent for *aiaî*, I am bound to note that, in the MS. of the present poem, Shelley has clearly written *Ay ay* twice,—inadvertently, I have no doubt.

[5] Another reading of this line in the MS. is

The rivers change their streams to tears and weep.

[6] Cancelled MS. reading, *replies* for *resounds*.

Who will weep not thy dreadful woe O Venus?
Soon as she saw and knew the mortal wound
Of her Adonis—saw the life blood flow
From his fair thigh, now wasting, wailing loud[1]
She clasped him and cried Stay, Adonis!
Stay dearest one, . . .
and mix my lips with thine—
Wake yet a[2] while Adonis—oh but once,
That I may kiss thee now for the last time—
But for as long as one short kiss may live[3]—
O let thy breath flow from thy dying soul
Even to my mouth and heart, that I may suck
That . . .

[1] The words *she cried out* are here cancelled in favour of *wailing loud.*

[2] The word *little* before *while* is here struck out.

[3] *Cf. Adonais*, stanza XXVI (Vol. III, p. 19)—
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live.

FRAGMENT OF THE

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.[1]

YE Dorian woods and waves lament aloud,—[2]
Augment your tide, O streams, with[3] fruitless tears,[4]
For the belovèd Bion is no more.
Let every tender herb and plant and flower,
From each dejected bud and drooping bloom,
Shed dews of liquid sorrow,[5] and with breath
Of melancholy sweetness on the wind
Diffuse its languid love; let roses blush,
Anemones grow paler for the loss
Their dells have known; and thou, O hyacinth,
Utter thy legend now—yet more, dumb flower,
Than "ah! alas!"[6]—thine is no common grief—
Bion the [sweetest singer[7]] is no more.

[1] This fragment is written upon the same paper with the concluding portion of the *Essay on Christianity*, found among the papers of Leigh Hunt, and placed at my disposal by Mr. S. R. Townshend Mayer. Seeing that Hunt also made a translation of this idyll, published in *Foliage* in 1818, it would not be a great stretch of imagination to regard this fragment as another record of those days of friendly emulation represented by the Nile sonnets of Shelley, Keats and Hunt. If such a view were correct, the date would be fixed as early in 1818 or late in 1817; and both the style and penmanship of these beautiful lines seem to me later than the date usually assigned to the *Essay on Christianity* (1815). I am not aware that the lines have ever appeared in print till now. I have had to supply punctuation.

[2] Cancelled reading—

Weep, Dorian woods, weep.

[3] Cancelled reading—

And rivulets mourn.

[4] *Or sorrow*: both words are left standing.

[5] Cancelled reading—

Pour forth its dews of sorrow.

[6] Hunt's rendering of this passage is—

And more than ever now, oh hyacinth,
shew
Your written sorrow:

and when he reprinted the translation in *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, he gave in a note the following perhaps not quite needless explanation: "Alluding to the letters AI, which simply signifies [*sic*] 'Alas', and which are to be found (so to speak) in the dark lines or specks observable in the petals of the Turk's Cap Lily; which Professor Martyn has shewn to be the true Hyacinth of the ancients."

[7] There is a blank here in the MS.

PAN, ECHO, AND THE SATYR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.[1]

PAN loved his neighbour Echo—but that child
Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr leaping;
The Satyr loved with wasting madness wild[2]
The bright[3] nymph Lyda,—and so three[4] went weeping.
As Pan loved Echo, Echo loved the Satyr,
The Satyr Lyda—and so[5] love consumed them.—
And thus to each—which was a woeful matter[6]—

[1] Mrs. Shelley first published this version of the Sixth Idyll of Moschus in the *Posthumous Poems*, headed simply *Translation from Moschus*. In most of the collected editions, it appears with another translation from the same poet under the single title *Sonnets from the Greek of Moschus*. The other *is* a sonnet,—the one published by Shelley in the *Alastor* volume, and given in Vol. I (p. 58) of this edition. This, however, is not a sonnet, but three quatrains. On the back of the MS. translation from Bion, printed at pp. 232 to 234, is a draft of this poem from Moschus, in an advanced state,—indeed quite complete; but some of its readings are so manifestly inferior to those of the printed text, that we must assume the existence of a later copy from which that text was given. It is, however, a most interesting MS., as shewing the fastidiousness of Shelley's taste in this matter of translation,—and it yields some minute emendations.

[2] This line stands quite differently in the draft,—a good deal altered, but with no trace of the initial words *The Satyr*. At first it opened with *Who horned loved;* but the latest intention of this copy seems to be

Who loved, with wasting madness wandering wild,—

a very much less excellent line than that of the text.

[3] The word *bright* is also a happy innovation on the draft, which gives *fair*.

[4] So in the MS.; but *the three* in the collected editions, from 1839 onward. There ought not, however, to have been any need of the MS. to set the matter right, as the correct reading is in the *Posthumous Poems*.

[5] In the printed editions, *thus;* but *so* in the MS.; and I think the change to *thus* would not be Shelley's, because *thus* clashes more with *thus* in the next line than *so* does with the *so* of line 4.

[6] Mr. Rossetti prints this line thus—

And thus—to each which was a woful matter—

pointing out in a note that the words *to each* "have no true meaning nor syntactical standing," and adding "my punctuation yields (though with a rather peculiar inversion) the sense 'which thing was to each a woful matter': and that must certainly, I apprehend, have been what Shelley meant." I confess that my conviction is quite the reverse of this: irregular as the punctuation of the text is, I believe it is according to Shelley's intention, and that the inversion Mr. Rossetti introduces would have been far more repugnant to his artistic sense than the lack of "syntactical standing." In the extant MS. the bold dash is distinctly placed after

To bear what they inflicted Justice doomed them;
For in as much[1] as each might hate the lover,
Each loving, so was hated.—Ye that love not
Be warned—in thought turn this example over,[2]
That when ye love, the like return ye prove not.

each; and I do not think Shelley would have altered it in the later MS. whose existence at some time is assumed in note 1, p. 236. It seems to me that the indefiniteness of the old reading is far more characteristic of Shelley than the definiteness of the new reading.

[1] I have followed Mr. Rossetti in printing *in as much* in three words, because, literally, there are three words in the MS. I am not, however, perfectly certain that they are meant for three, *n* and *s* being letters frequently left by Shelley unconnected, in the middle of a written word, and the spaces in this case being very much smaller than most of those between words in the same MS., my leaning here, as in the case discussed in the last note, is to the indefiniteness of the old reading; but I cannot affirm that the MS. bears me out, though Mrs. Shelley's editions do. In regard to Mr. Rossetti's suggestion that *in so much* would be better still, it is to be noted that Shelley made a false start for the line with those very words, and struck them out. At the end of this line the MS. reads both *loving* and *lover*.

[2] The draft gives four readings for this line—

(1) Be not unkind to those who love ye
(2) Be timely kind to those who love ye
(3) This lesson timely in your minds turn over
(4) The moral of this song in thought turn over

The final reading of the text is, I think, a conclusive proof of further work upon the poem.

FRAGMENT OF THE TENTH ECLOGUE.[1]

[v. 1-26.]

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF VIRGIL.

MELODIOUS Arethusa, o'er my verse
Shed thou once more the spirit of thy stream:
Who denies verse to Gallus? So, when thou
Glidest beneath the green and purple gleam
Of Syracusan waters, mayst thou flow
Unmingled with the bitter Doric dew!
Begin, and, whilst the goats are browzing now
The soft leaves, in our way let us pursue
The melancholy loves of Gallus. List!
We sing not to the dead: the wild woods knew
His sufferings, and their echoes . .
Young Naiads, . . in what far woodlands wild
Wandered ye when unworthy love possessed
Your Gallus? Not where Pindus is up-piled,
Nor where Parnassus' sacred mount, nor where
Aonian Aganippe expands
The laurels and the myrtle-copses dim.
The pine-encircled mountain, Mænalus,
The cold crags of Lycæus, weep for him;
And Sylvan, crowned with rustic coronals,
Came shaking in his speed the budding wands
And heavy lilies which he bore: we knew
Pan the Arcadian.

* * * * *

What madness is this, Gallus? Thy heart's care
With willing steps pursues another there,

[1] Transcribed by Mr. Garnett from one of the Boscombe MSS., and first published in Mr. Rossetti's edition (1870).

THE FIRST CANZONE OF

THE CONVITO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE.[1]

I.

Ye who intelligent the third heaven move,
Hear the discourse which is within my heart,
Which cannot be declared, it seems so new;
The Heaven whose course follows your power and art,
O gentle creatures that ye are! me drew,
And therefore may I dare to speak to you,
Even of the life which now I live—and yet
I pray that ye will hear me when I cry,
And tell of mine own heart this novelty;
How the lamenting spirit moans in it,
And how a voice there murmurs against her
Who came on the refulgence of your sphere.

II.

A sweet thought, which was once the life within
This heavy heart, many a time and oft
Went up before our Father's feet, and there
It saw a glorious Lady[2] throned aloft;
And its sweet talk of her my soul did win,
So that I said, Thither I too will fare.
That thought is fled, and one doth now appear
Which tyrannizes me with such fierce stress,
That my heart trembles—ye may see it leap—
And on another Lady[3] bids me keep

[1] This translation is from *Relics of Shelley*. The notes are Mr. Garnett's; and he assigns the translation to the year 1820.

[2] Beatrice.

[3] Philosophy.

Mine eyes, and says—Who would have blessedness
Let him but look upon that lady's eyes,
Let him not fear the agony of sighs.

III.

This lowly thought, which once would talk with me
Of a bright seraph sitting crowned on high,
  Found such a cruel foe it died, and so
  My spirit wept, the grief is hot even now—
And said, Alas for me ! how swift could flee
That piteous thought which did my life console !
  And the afflicted one questioning
    Mine eyes, if such a lady saw they never,
  And why they would . . .
    I said, beneath those eyes might stand for ever
He whom regards must kill with . . .
To have known their power stood me in little stead,
Those eyes have looked on me, and I am dead.

IV.

Thou art not dead, but thou hast wanderèd,
  Thou soul of ours, who thyself dost fret,
A spirit of gentle love beside me said;
  For that fair lady, whom thou dost regret,
Hath so transformed the life which thou hast led,
Thou scornest it, so worthless art thou made.
And see how meek, how pitiful, how staid,
Yet courteous, in her majesty she is.
  And still call thou her woman in thy thought;
  Her whom, if thou thyself deceivest not,
Thou wilt behold decked with such loveliness,
That thou wilt cry [Love] only Lord, lo here
Thy handmaiden,[1] do what thou wilt with her.

[1] Soul being feminine in Italian.

V.

My song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain.
Whence, if by misadventure chance should bring
Thee to base company, as chance may do,
Quite unaware of what thou dost contain,
I prithee comfort thy sweet self again,
My last delight; tell them that they are dull,
And bid them own that thou art beautiful.[1]

MATILDA GATHERING FLOWERS.

FROM THE PURGATORIO OF DANTE, CANTO XXVIII, l. 1-51.[2]

And earnest to explore within—around
The[3] divine wood, whose thick green living woof
Tempered the young day to the sight—I wound

[1] This last stanza was subsequently published as an introduction to *Epipsychidion*.

[2] This translation is given as it appears in the *Relics of Shelley*, except in the cases specified. The first the public heard of it was, I believe, through Medwin's strange book, *The Angler in Wales* (2 vols, 8vo., 1834). In Vol. II, at pp. 218-20, thirty-nine lines are introduced as "Dante's lines in the 'Purgatorio,' admirably translated by Shelley"; and it is stated that the translation "has never been published." There is no trace in this version of the passage which, in Mr. Garnett's version, as given in the text, consists of lines 9 to 21; and the next few lines, quite differently rendered, follow immediately on line 8, thus:

Like the sweet breathing of a child in sleep:
Already had I lost myself so far
Amid that tangled wilderness, that I
Perceived not where I entered, but no fear
Of wandering from my way disturbed, when nigh
A little stream appeared; the grass that grew
Thick on its banks impeded suddenly
My going on.

The version of *The Angler*, with the exception of some slight variations, apparently errors of retranscription, is again given in Vol. II of Medwin's *Life of Shelley*, at pp. 15 and 16 of which we read as follows: "What he meant by an adequate translation, was, one in terza rima... I asked him if he had ever attempted this, and, looking among his papers, he shewed, and gave me to copy, the following fragment from the Purgatorio." Medwin would not, to judge from what we know of him, have been anxious to conceal any partnership he might have had in this production; and we must accept the main variations of his version, as genuine *variorum* readings.

[3] *That* in *The Angler*.

Up the[1] green slope, beneath the forest's roof,
With slow soft steps leaving the mountain's steep,
And sought those inmost labyrinths, motion-proof

Against the air, that in that stillness deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare,
The slow soft stroke of a continuous . . .

In which the leaves tremblingly were
All bent towards that part where earliest
The sacred hill obscures the morning air.

Yet were they not so shaken from the[2] rest,
But that the birds, perched on the utmost spray,
Incessantly renewing their blithe quest,

With perfect joy received the early day,
Singing within the glancing leaves, whose sound
Kept a low burden to their roundelay,

Such as from bough to bough gathers around
The pine forest on bleak Chiassi's shore,
When Æolus Scirocco[3] has unbound.

My slow steps had already borne me o'er
Such space within the antique wood, that I
Perceived not where I entered any more,

When, lo! a stream whose little waves went by,
Bending towards the left through grass that grew
Upon its bank, impeded suddenly

[1] In *The Angler* we read
Up a green slope, beneath the starry roof,
With slow slow steps, . . .
and in the next line, *leafy* for *inmost*.

[2] So in the *Relics*: Mr. Rossetti substitutes *their* for *the*, conjecturally.

[3] *Sirocco* in the *Relics*.

My going on. Water of purest hue[1]
On earth, would appear turbid and impure
Compared with this, whose unconcealing dew,

Dark, dark, yet clear, moved under the obscure
Eternal shades,[2] whose interwoven looms
The rays of moon or sunlight ne'er endure.

I moved not with my feet, but 'mid the glooms
Pierced with my charmèd eye contemplating
The mighty multitude of fresh May blooms

That[3] starred that night, when, even as a thing
That suddenly for blank astonishment
Charms every sense, and makes all thought take wing,[4]

A solitary woman! and she went[5]
Singing and gathering flower after flower,
With which her way was painted and besprent.

Bright lady, who, if looks had ever power
To bear true witness of the heart within,
Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower

Towards[6] this bank. I prithee let me win
This much of thee,[7] to come, that I may hear
Thy song: like Proserpine, in Enna's glen,

[1] According to Medwin, *dew* here, and *hue* for *dew* in the next line but one.

[2] In *The Angler* we have *Of the close boughs*, instead of *Eternal shades*, and the next lines stand thus:

No ray of moon or sunshine will endure.
My feet were motionless, but mid the glooms
Darted my charmed eyes . . .

[3] *Which* in *The Angler*.

[4] This line is from Medwin: Mr. Garnett gives the incomplete line,

Dissolves all other thought, . . .

[5] Medwin gives this line thus—

Appeared a solitary maid—she went . . .

[6] *Unto* in *The Angler*.

[7] Medwin puts a full-stop here, and reads *O come*. In the next line, I adopt his reading, which seems to me preferable to that of the *Relics*

Thy song—like Proserpine in Enna's glen.

The full-stop at *glen* strikes me as subversive of the sense.

Thou seemest to my fancy, singing here
And gathering flowers, as that fair maiden when
She lost the spring, and Ceres her more dear.

UGOLINO.

FROM THE INFERNO OF DANTE, CANTO XXXIII, l. 22-75.

TRANSLATED BY MEDWIN AND CORRECTED BY SHELLEY.[1]

Now had the loophole of that dungeon, still
Which bears the name of Famine's Tower from me,
And where 'tis fit that many another will

Be doomed to linger in captivity,
Shown through its narrow opening in my cell,
Moon after moon slow waning, when a sleep,

That of the future burst the veil, in dream
Visited me—it was a slumber deep
And evil—for I saw, or I did seem

[1] From Medwin's *Life of Shelley* (Vol. II, pp. 19-22), where we read as follows—"At Shelley's request, and with his assistance, I attempted to give the Ugolino, which is valuable to the admirers of Shelley, on account of his numerous corrections, which almost indeed make it his own." The italics shew what Medwin attributes to Shelley; but I am strongly inclined to think there is more of Shelley's work in the piece than is shewn thus. A less finished version of this scene was published by Medwin in 1821, in a volume entitled *Sketches in Hindoostan with other Poems;* and only some of the lines in which Shelley is supposed to have helped correspond there with the italicized portions of the text, other lines being also much inferior to those in the text. I fancy that, while Shelley was alive, Medwin believed in him less implicitly than after his death, and thus preferred his own wording in some cases; and that time led him to adopt all Shelley's readings, probably with some jotted down in his own writing from Shelley's lips, and ultimately mistaken for his own work. I presume this volume of poems by Medwin is that for which Shelley bespeaks Mr. Ollier's good offices in a letter dated the 10th of November, 1820, *Shelley Memorials*, pp. 139-40. The book bears Ollier's imprint; and the first poem, *The Lion Hunt*, corresponds with Shelley's phrase, "a poem on Indian hunting."

To see, *that* tyrant Lord his revels keep,
The leader of the cruel hunt to them,
Chasing the wolf and wolf-cubs up the steep

Ascent, that from *the Pisan is the screen*
Of *Lucca;* with him Gualandi came,
Sismondi, and Lanfranchi, *bloodhounds lean,*

Trained to the sport and eager for the game,
Wide ranging in his front; but soon were seen,
Though by so short a course, with *spirits tame,*

The father and *his whelps* to flag at once,
And then the sharp fangs gored their bosoms deep.
Ere morn I roused myself, and heard my sons,

For they were with me, moaning in their sleep,
And begging bread. Ah for those darling ones!
Right cruel art thou, if thou dost not weep,

In thinking of my soul's sad augury;
And if thou weepest not now, weep never more!
They were already waked, as wont drew nigh

The allotted hour for food, and in that hour
Each drew a presage from his dream. When I
Heard locked beneath me, of that horrible tower

The outlet, then into their eyes alone
I looked to read myself, without a sign
Or word. I wept not—turned within to stone.

They wept aloud, and little Anselm mine,
Said,—'twas my youngest, dearest little one,—
"What ails thee, father! why look so at thine?"

In all that day, and all the following night,
I wept not, nor replied; but when to shine
Upon the world, not us, came forth the light

Of the new sun, and thwart my prison thrown,
Gleamed thro' its narrow chink—a doleful sight,—
Three faces, each the reflex of my own,

Were imaged by its faint and ghastly ray;
Then I, of either hand unto the bone,
Gnawed, in my agony; and thinking they

'Twas done from hunger pangs in their excess,
All of a sudden raise themselves, and say,
"Father! our woes, so great, were yet[1] the less

Would you but eat of us,—'twas *you who clad*
Our bodies in these weeds of wretchedness,
Despoil them." Not to make their hearts more sad,

I *hushed* myself. That day is at its close,—
Another—still we were all mute. Oh had
The obdurate earth opened to end our woes!

The fourth day dawned, and when the new sun shone,
Outstretched himself before me as it rose,
My Gaddo, saying, "Help, father! hast thou none

For thine own child—is there no help from thee?"
He died—there at my feet—and one by one,
I saw them fall, plainly as you see me.

[1] According to Medwin *not the less*: Mr. Rossetti substitutes *yet* for *not*, accommodating the translation to the original. The word *not* was probably a misprint; and that probability is not lessened by the fact that *not* appears in the *Sketches of Hindoostan* as well as the *Life*.

Between the fifth and sixth day, ere 'twas dawn,
I found *myself blind-groping o'er the three.*
Three days I called them after they were gone.

Famine, of grief can get the mastery.[1]

FRAGMENT.

ADAPTED FROM THE VITA NUOVA OF DANTE.[2]

WHAT Mary is when she a little smiles
I cannot even tell or call to mind,
It is a miracle so new, so rare.

[1] "This translation" says Medwin, "I shewed afterwards to Byron, and remember his saying, that he interpreted the last words, 'più che'l dolor potè 'l digiuno' to mean (an interpretation in which Shelley by no means agreed with him) that Ugolino actually did feed on his children after their deaths and which Lord Byron thought was clearly borne out by the nature of the retribution of his tormentor, as well as the offer of the children to make themselves a sacrifice for their father. 'The story,' observed Shelley, 'is horrible enough without such a comment,'—and he added, 'that Byron had deeply studied this death of Ugolino, and perhaps but for it, would never have written the Prisoner of Chillon.'"

[2] These lines, not, as far as I know, previously published, are said to have been scratched by Shelley on a window-pane at a house wherein he lodged while staying in London. I have them on the authority of a gentleman whose mother was the proprietress of the house; and, by internal evidence, they commend themselves sufficiently as genuine. The manner of rendering is identical with that of the opening of Shelley's version of the first canzone of the *Convito* (p. 238); and I may add that the three lines given above were well known to friends of mine before that translation was published by Mr. Garnett. The introduction of Mary's name does not of course disguise the fact that the lines are the three final ones of Dante's Sonnet, "Negli occhi porta" &c.—

Quel ch' ella par, quando un poco sorride,
Non si può dicer, nè tenere a mente,
Si è nuovo miracolo e gentile.

SONNET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF CAVALCANTI.[1]

GUIDO CAVALCANTI TO DANTE ALIGHIERI.

RETURNING from its daily quest, my Spirit
Changed thoughts and vile in thee doth weep to find:
It grieves me that thy mild and gentle mind
Those ample virtues which it did inherit
Has lost. Once thou didst loath the multitude
Of blind and madding men—I then loved thee—
I loved thy lofty songs and that sweet mood
When thou wert faithful to thyself and me.
I dare not now thro' thy degraded state
Own the delight thy strains inspire—in vain
I seek what once thou wert—we cannot meet
As we were wont. Again and yet again
Ponder my words: so the false Spirit shall fly
And leave to thee thy true integrity.

[1] This sonnet occurs in a MS. of six leaves, consisting mainly of a philosophical fragment in prose, found among Leigh Hunt's papers, and placed at my disposal by Mr. Townshend Mayer. Were it not for the extraordinary liberality of rejection characteristic of Shelley, it might seem strange that he should not have included this sonnet in the small collection of miscellaneous poems issued with *Alastor*, which includes the companion sonnet of Dante Alighieri to Guido Cavalcanti. From the style of the writing, and the quality of the paper, as well as from the correspondence between this sonnet and that published with *Alastor*, I should say that this from Cavalcanti, not, as far as I am aware, hitherto published, should be assigned to the year 1815. The MS. is somewhat curiously punctuated; and, partly on account of its interest as a specimen of Shelley's finished "copy" of that period,—partly to shew precisely how far it has been necessary to vary the text from the MS., I give, facing this page, a *fac-simile* of it, which has been prepared by Mr. G. I. F. Tupper of Scott's Chambers, Eastcheap. Mr. Garnett has drawn my attention to the highly interesting parallel subsisting between this and Shelley's own sonnet to Wordsworth, also published with *Alastor*. (See Vol. I, p. 55).

Guido Cavalcanti to Dante Alighieri

Returning from its daily quest, my Spirit
Changed thoughts & vile in thee doth weep to find
It grieves me that thy mild & gentle mind
Those ample virtues which it did inherit
Has lost. Once thou didst loathe the multitude
Of blind & madding men — I then loved thee
I loved thy lofty songs & that sweet mood
When thou wert faithful to thyself & me.
I dare not now thro' thy degraded state
Own the delight thy strains inspire — in vain
I seek what once thou wert. we cannot meet
As we were wont. again & yet again
Ponder my words: so the false Spirit shall fly
And leave to thee thy true integrity.

SCENES FROM THE MAGICO PRODIGIOSO.[1]

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.

SCENE I.

Enter CYPRIAN, *dressed as a Student;* CLARIN *and* MOSCON *as poor Scholars, with books.*[2]

CYPRIAN.

IN the sweet solitude of this calm place,
This intricate wild wilderness of trees
And flowers and undergrowth of odorous plants,
Leave me; the books you brought out of the house

[1] These scenes, first published in the *Posthumous Poems*, are, like *The Cyclops*, excluded by Mrs. Shelley from among works which "may be considered as having received the author's ultimate corrections." Whatever slight changes, whether verbal or in punctuation, have been made in the first scene without specification, are authorized by a MS. of that scene, in Mrs. Shelley's writing, which is among the papers of Leigh Hunt placed at my disposal by Mr. Townshend Mayer. This MS. is written small, as if for the post, and might be either a dictation, or a transcript from rough notes: some of the variations which it shews are clearly incident to a less mature state of the translation than the printed editions shew; but some are decided improvements on the received text; and, on the whole, I incline to think that Mrs. Shelley made more than one attempt to decipher and connect Shelley's rough notes, and that this was one of such attempts. These translated scenes appear to have been among the latest of Shelley's works,—executed, Mr. Garnett tells me, in March, 1822; and, in a letter to Mr. Gisborne dated "Pisa, April 10th, 1822" (*Essays &c.*, 1840, Vol. II, p. 337), Shelley writes—"Have you read Calderon's *Magico Prodigioso?* I find a striking similarity between Faust and this drama, and if I were to acknowledge Coleridge's distinction, should say Goethe was the *greatest* philosopher, and Calderon the *greatest* poet. *Cyprian* evidently furnished the *germ* of Faust, as Faust may furnish the germ of other poems; although it is as different from it in structure and plan as the acorn from the oak. I have—imagine my presumption—translated several scenes from both, as the basis of a paper for our journal. I am well content with those from Calderon, which in fact gave me very little trouble . . ." The journal referred to is of course, *The Liberal*. I am not aware of any trace of the projected Essay for that journal, referred to by Shelley.

[2] In this stage direction the transcript furnishes the words *Enter* and *dressed*, which do not occur in previous editions; but instead of *Scholars, with books* we read *Students, with a book*. In the first line of Cyprian's speech, *plain* is erroneously written instead of *place*.

To me are ever best society.
And while with glorious festival and song,
Antioch now celebrates the consecration
Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,
And bears his image in loud jubilee
To its new shrine, I would consume what still
Lives of the dying day, in studious thought,
Far from the throng and turmoil. You, my friends,
Go, and enjoy the festival; it will
Be worth your pains. You may[1] return for me
When the sun seeks its grave among the billows,
Hid among dim grey clouds on the horizon,
Which dance like plumes upon a hearse;—and here
I shall expect you.

MOSCON.

I cannot bring my mind,
Great as my haste to see the festival
Certainly is, to leave you, Sir, without
Just saying some three or four thousand[2] words.
How is it possible that on a day
Of such festivity, you can be content[3]
To come forth to a solitary country
With three or four old books, and turn your back
On all this mirth?

CLARIN.

My master's in the right;
There is not anything more tiresome

[1] In previous editions this line stands thus—

Be worth the labour, and return for me

and lines 16 and 17 thus—

Which among dim grey clouds on the horizon
Dance like white plumes, &c.

[2] So in the transcript, rightly; but *hundred* in former editions.

[3] In previous editions, *bring your mind*: the reading of the transcript, *be content*, seems to me preferable, as the simpler, and as varying from line 18, though probably Shelley wrote both.

Than a procession day, with troops, and priests,[1]
And dances, and all that.

MOSCON.

From first to last,
Clarin, you are a temporizing flatterer;
You praise not what you feel but what he does;—
Toadeater!

CLARIN.

You lie—under a mistake—
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's face. I now
Say what I think.

CYPRIAN.

Enough, you foolish fellows!
Puffed up with your own doting ignorance,[2]
You always take the two sides of one question.
Now go; and as I said, return for me
When night falls, veiling in its shadows wide
This glorious fabric of the universe.

MOSCON.

How happens it, although you can maintain
The folly of enjoying festivals,
That yet you go there?

CLARIN.

Nay, the consequence
Is clear:—who ever did what he advises
Others to do?—

[1] In former editions, *troops of men*, instead of *troops, and priests*, the reading of the transcript.

[2] In the transcript, *ignorance and pride*, for *doting ignorance*.

MOSCON.

Would that my feet were wings,
So would I fly to Livia. [*Exit.*

CLARIN.

To speak truth,[1]
Livia is she who has surprised my heart;
But he is more than half way there.—Soho!
Livia, I come; good sport, Livia, Soho! [*Exit.*

CYPRIAN.

Now, since I am alone, let me examine
The question which has long disturbed my mind
With doubt, since first I read in Plinius
The words of mystic import and deep sense
In which he defines God. My intellect
Can find no God with whom these marks and signs[2]
Fitly agree. It is a hidden truth
Which I must fathom.

(CYPRIAN *reads; the* DÆMON, *dressed in a Court dress, enters.*[3])

DÆMON.

Search even as thou wilt,
But thou shalt never find what I can hide.

CYPRIAN.

What noise is that among the boughs? Who moves?[4]
What art thou?—

DÆMON.

'Tis a foreign gentleman.

[1] *To speak the truth*, in the transcript, which wants the next three lines, all but the initial word *Livia*.

[2] In the transcript we read *mysterics* instead of *signs*.

[3] In Mrs. Shelley's editions the direction is *Reads. Enter the Devil, as a fine Gentleman.* Mr. Rossetti altered *Devil* to *Demon*.

[4] In the transcript, *Who goes there!*

Even from this morning I have lost my way
In this wild place; and my poor horse at last,
Quite overcome, has stretched himself upon
The enamelled tapestry of this mossy mountain,
And feeds and rests at the same time. I was
Upon my way to Antioch upon business
Of some importance, but wrapt up in cares
(Who is exempt from this inheritance?)
I parted from my company, and lost
My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

CYPRIAN.

'Tis singular that even within the sight
Of the high towers of Antioch you could lose[1]
Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths
Of this wild wood there is not one but leads,
As to its centre, to the walls[2] of Antioch;
Take which you will you cannot miss your road.

DÆMON.

And such is ignorance! Even in the sight
Of knowledge, it can draw no profit from it.
But as it still is early, and as I
Have no acquaintances in Antioch,
Being a stranger there, I will even wait
The few surviving hours of the day,
Until the night shall conquer it. I see
Both by your dress and by the books in which
You find delight and company, that you
Are a great student;—for my part,[3] I feel
Much sympathy in[4] such pursuits.

[1] In the transcript we read *thus hare lost* for *could lose*, and *vallies* for *green paths* in the next line.

[2] In the transcript, *town* in place of *walls*.

[3] In the transcript, *and in truth* instead of *for my part*.

[4] In previous editions, *with*, which is certainly less correct than the *in* of the transcript.

CYPRIAN.

Have you
Studied much?

DÆMON.

No,—and yet I know enough
Not to be wholly ignorant.

CYPRIAN.

Pray, Sir,
What science may you know?—

DÆMON.

Many.

CYPRIAN.

Alas!
Much pains must we expend on one alone,
And even then attain it not;—but you
Have the presumption to assert that you
Know many without study.

DÆMON.

And with truth.
For in the country whence I come the[1] sciences
Require no learning,—they are known.

CYPRIAN.

O! would
I were of that bright country! for in this
The more we study, we the more discover
Our ignorance.

[1] The word *the* is wanting in former editions.

DÆMON.

It is so true, that I
Had so much arrogance as to oppose
The chair of the most high Professorship,[1]
And obtained many votes, and though I lost,
The attempt was still more glorious, than the failure
Could be dishonourable. If you believe not,
Let us refer it to dispute respecting
That which you know the[2] best, and although I
Know not the opinion you maintain, and though
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.

CYPRIAN.

The offer gives me pleasure. I am now
Debating with myself upon a passage
Of Plinius, and my mind is racked with doubt
To understand and know who is the God
Of whom he speaks.

DÆMON.

It is a passage, if
I recollect it right, couched in these words:
"God is one supreme goodness[3], one pure essence,
One substance, and one sense, all sight, all hands."

CYPRIAN.

'Tis true.

DÆMON.

What difficulty find you here?

[1] In the transcript we read, after *Professorship*,

And thought to carry it
For I had many votes, &c.

[2] The word *the*, here again, is wanting in former editions. The lack of it, throwing out the metre, caused Mr. Rossetti to arrange the lines thus

That which you know best; and, although I know not
The opinion you maintain, and though it be
The true one, I will take the contrary.

[3] In the transcript, *God is highest goodness.*

CYPRIAN.

I do not recognize among the Gods
The God defined by Plinius; if he must
Be supreme goodness, even Jupiter
Is not supremely good; because we see
His deeds are evil, and his attributes
Tainted with mortal weakness; in what manner
Can supreme goodness be consistent with
The passions of humanity?

DÆMON.

The wisdom
Of the old world masked with[1] the names of Gods
The attributes of Nature and of Man;
A sort of popular philosophy.

CYPRIAN.

This reply will not satisfy me, for
Such awe is due to the high name of God
That ill should never be imputed. Then,
Examining the question with more care,
It follows, that the Gods would[2] always will
That which is best, were they supremely good.
How then does one will one thing, one another?
And that[3] you may not say that I allege
Poetical or philosophic learning:—
Consider the ambiguous responses
Of their oracular statues; from two shrines
Two armies shall obtain the assurance of
One victory. Is it not indisputable

[1] In the transcript we read *under* for *masked with*; and the next line is left blank.

[2] In previous editions, *should*.

[3] I know of no authority for the insertion of this word *that*: it is wanting in all editions but that of Mr. Rossetti, who was certainly right in inserting it, both for sense and for metre.

That two contending wills can never[1] lead
To the same end? And being opposite,
If one be good is not the other evil?
Evil in God is inconceivable;
But supreme goodness fails among the Gods
Without their union.

DÆMON.

I deny your major.
These responses are means towards some end
Unfathomed by our intellectual beam.
They are the work of providence, and more
The battle's loss may profit those who lose,
Than victory advantage[2] those who win.

CYPRIAN.

That I admit; and yet that God should not
(Falsehood is incompatible with deity)
Assure the victory; it would be enough
To have permitted the defeat. If God
Be all sight,—God, who had[3] beheld the truth,
Would not have given assurance of an end
Never to be accomplished: thus, although
The Deity may according to his[4] attributes
Be well distinguished into persons, yet
Even in the minutest circumstance
His essence must be one.

DÆMON.

To attain the end
The affections of the actors in the scene
Must have been thus influenced by his voice.

[1] In the transcript, *ever*.
[2] In the transcript, *advantages*; and, in the next line, *ought* for *should*.
[3] The word *had*, wanting in previous editions, and essential to sense and metre, is supplied by the transcript, which, in the next line, reads *reward* for *an end*.
[4] In the transcript, *its* for *his*.

CYPRIAN.

But for a purpose thus subordinate
He might have employed Genii, good or evil,—
A sort of spirits called so by the learned,
Who roam about inspiring good or evil,
And from whose influence and existence we
May well infer our immortality.
Thus God might easily, without descent[1]
To a gross falsehood in his proper person,
Have moved the affections by this mediation
To the just point.

DÆMON.

These trifling contradictions
Do not suffice to impugn the unity
Of the high Gods; in things of great importance
They still appear unanimous; consider
That glorious fabric man,—his workmanship
Is stamped with one conception.

CYPRIAN.

Who made man[2]
Must have, methinks, the advantage of the others.
If they are equal, might they not have risen
In opposition to the work, and being
All hands, according to our author here,
Have still destroyed even as the other made?
If equal in their power, unequal only[3]
In opportunity, which of the two
Will remain conqueror?

[1] In previous editions, *descending.*

[2] The words *Who made man* are replaced in the transcript by *If this be the work of one, man's maker;* and in the next line but one we read *might not they* for *might they not.*

[3] In previous editions we read *and only unequal:* the reading of the transcript *unequal only* seems to me far better.

DÆMON.

On impossible
And false hypothesis there can be built
No argument. Say, what do you infer
From this?

CYPRIAN.

That there must be a mighty God
Of supreme goodness[1] and of highest grace,
All sight, all hands, all truth, infallible,
Without an equal and without a rival,
The cause of all things and the effect of nothing,
One power, one will, one substance, and one essence.
And in whatever persons, one or two,
His attributes may be distinguished, one
Sovereign power, one solitary essence,
One cause of all cause.[2]

[*They rise.*

DÆMON.

How can I impugn
So clear a consequence?

CYPRIAN.

Do you regret
My victory?

DÆMON.

Who but regrets a check
In rivalry of wit? I could reply
And urge new difficulties, but will now
Depart, for I hear steps of men approaching,

[1] The word here in the transcript is *power* instead of *goodness*.

[2] In the transcript, *One cause of all things*.

And it is time that I should now pursue
My journey to the city.

CYPRIAN.

Go in peace!

DÆMON.

Remain in peace!—Since thus it profits him
To study, I will wrap his senses up
In sweet oblivion of all thought, but of
A piece of excellent beauty; and as I
Have power given me to wage enmity
Against Justina's soul, I will extract
From one effect two vengeances.

[*Aside*[1] *and exit.*

CYPRIAN.

I never
Met a more learnèd person. Let me now
Revolve this doubt again with careful mind.

He reads. FLORO *and* LELIO *enter.*

LELIO.

Here stop. These[2] toppling rocks and tangled boughs,
Impenetrable by the noonday beam,
Shall be sole witnesses of what we ——

FLORO.

Draw!
If there were words, here[3] is the place for deeds.

[1] The word *Aside*, wanting in Mrs. Shelley's editions, occurs here in the transcript.

[2] Misprinted *Those* in the second edition of 1839 and some subsequent editions.

[3] In the transcript *this*, instead of *here*.

LELIO.

Thou needest not instruct me; well I know
That in the field, the silent tongue of steel
Speak thus,— [*They fight.*

CYPRIAN.

Ha! what is this? Lelio,—Floro,
Be it enough that Cyprian stands between you,
Although unarmed.

LELIO.

Whence comest thou, to stand
Between me and my vengeance?

FLORO.

From what rocks
And desert cells?

Enter MOSCON *and* CLARIN.

MOSCON.

Run! run! for where we left[1]
My master, I now near the clash of swords.

CLARIN.

I never run to approach things of this sort,
But only to avoid them. Sir! Cyprian! sir!

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions this passage runs thus:

Run, run! for where we left my master
We hear the clash of swords.

CLARIN.

I never
Run to approach things of this sort, but only
To avoid them. Sir! Cyprian! Sir!

Mr. Rossetti rearranges the lines thus:

Run, run, for where we left
My master I hear the clash of swords.

CLARIN.

I never
Run to approach &c.

noting that, divided thus, "these are two admissible lines of blank verse," and that *I hear* instead of *we hear* "commends itself to acceptance as the only natural mode of expression." Mrs. Shelley's transcript supports this verbal change, but not the metrical one: it furnishes, however, the word *now* after *I*, which sets everything to rights. There is a further variation in the transcript at this point, which we need not adopt: instead of Clarin uttering the words *Sir! Cyprian! Sir!* — the single word *Sir!* is uttered by Clarin and Moscon.

CYPRIAN.

Be silent, fellows! What! two friends who are
In blood and fame the eyes and hope of Antioch,
One of the noble race of the Colalti,[1]
The other son o' the Governor, adventure
And cast away, on some slight cause no doubt,
Two lives, the honour of their country?

LELIO.

Cyprian!
Although my high respect towards your person
Holds now my sword suspended, thou canst not
Restore it to the slumber of the[2] scabbard:
Thou knowest more of science than the duel;
For when two men of honour take the field,
No counsel nor[3] respect can make them friends
But one must die in the dispute.

FLORO.

I pray
That you depart hence with your people, and
Leave us to finish what we have begun
Without advantage.—

CYPRIAN.

Though you may imagine
That I know little of the laws of duel,

[1] In previous editions this line stands thus:

One of the noble men of the Colatti,

but the transcript has *race* for *men*, which is a great improvement; and, though the proper name might be read for *Colatti*, it is more like *Colalti*, which, being right, must of course be adopted: the patronymic in Calderon is *Colalto*,—plural *los Colaltos*,—and Shelley seems to have adopted somewhat arbitrarily the Italian plural *Colalti*.

[2] In previous editions, *its*.

[3] In the transcript *No reasoning or*: in the *Posthumous Poems*, *No* [ ] *or*; and in later editions, *No counsel nor*. The emendation in the next line, *dispute* for *pursuit*, which is from the transcript, seems to me a very great improvement.

Which[1] vanity and valour instituted,
You are in error. By my birth I am
Held no less than yourselves to know the limits
Of honour and of infamy, nor has study
Quenched the free spirit which first ordered them;
And thus to me, as one well experienced
In the false quicksands of the sea of honour,
You may refer[2] the merits of the case;
And if I should perceive in your relation
That either has the right to satisfaction
From the other, I give you my word of honour
To leave you.

LELIO.

Under this condition then
I will relate the cause, and you will cede
And must confess th' impossibility
Of compromise; for the same lady is
Beloved by Floro and myself.

FLORO.

It seems
Much to me that the light of day should look
Upon that idol of my heart—but he——
Leave us to fight, according to thy word.

CYPRIAN.

Permit one question further: is the lady
Impossible to hope or not?

[1] *That* for *Which* in the transcript.

[2] These lines stand thus in the transcript:

Quenched my free spirit which loves both books and arms.
And thus to me, as one who will expound
In the false . . .
You may intrust &c.

and lower down, in place of lines 260 and 261, we have

I will relate the cause of our . . .
And you'll confess &c.

while for the two lines 265 and 266, there are three—

Upon that idol of my heart—no one
Can mediate here, I pray you that you go,
Leave us &c.

I suspect *well* in line 253 was merely a misreading of the rejected word *will*, and should be cancelled.

LELIO.

She is
So excellent, that if the light of day
Should excite Floro's jealousy, it were[1]
Without just cause, for even the light of day
Trembles to gaze on her.

CYPRIAN.

Would you for your
Part, marry her?

FLORO.

Such is my confidence.

CYPRIAN.

And you?

LELIO.

Oh! would that I could lift my hope
So high, for though she is extremely poor,
Her virtue is her dowry.

CYPRIAN.

And if you both
Would marry her, is it not weak and vain,
Culpable and unworthy, thus beforehand
To slur[2] her honour? What would the world say
If one should slay the other, and if she
Should afterwards espouse the murderer?

The rivals agree to refer their quarrel to CYPRIAN; *who in consequence visits* JUSTINA, *and becomes enamoured of her: she disdains him, and he retires to a solitary sea-shore.*

[1] In the transcript *is* for *were*.
[2] In the transcript we read *stain* instead of *slur*; and the two final lines are wanting.

SCENE II.

CYPRIAN.

Oh, memory! permit it not
That the tyrant of my thought
Be another soul that still
Holds dominion o'er the will,
That would refuse, but can no more,
To bend, to tremble, and adore.
Vain idolatry!—I saw,
And gazing, became blind with error;
Weak ambition, which the awe
Of her presence bound to terror!
So beautiful she was—and I,
Between my love and jealousy,
Am so convulsed with hope and fear,
Unworthy as it may appear;—
So bitter is the life I live,
That, hear me, Hell! I now would give
To thy most detested spirit
My soul, for ever to inherit,
To suffer punishment and pine,
So this woman may be mine.
Hear'st thou, Hell! dost thou reject it?
My soul is offered!

DÆMON (*unseen*).

I accept it.

[*Tempest, with thunder and lightning.*

CYPRIAN.

What is this? ye heavens for ever pure,

At once intensely radiant and obscure!
Athwart the ætherial halls
The lightning's arrow and the thunder-balls
The day affright.
As from the horizon round,
Burst with earthquake sound,
In mighty torrents the electric fountains;—
Clouds quench the sun, and thunder smoke
Strangles the air, and fire eclipses heaven.
Philosophy, thou canst not even
Compel their causes underneath thy yoke:[1]
From yonder clouds even to the waves below
The fragments of a single ruin choke
Imagination's flight;
For, on flakes of surge, like feathers light,
The ashes of the desolation cast
Upon the gloomy blast,
Tell of the footsteps of the storm.
And nearer see the melancholy form
Of a great ship, the outcast of the sea,
Drives miserably!
And it must fly the pity of the port,
Or perish, and its last and sole resort
Is its own raging enemy.
The terror of the thrilling cry
Was a fatal prophecy
Of coming death, who hovers now
Upon that shattered prow,
That they who die not may be dying still.
And not alone the insane elements
Are populous with wild portents,
But that sad ship is as a miracle
Of sudden ruin, for it drives so fast

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions there is a comma at *yoke*.

It seems as if it had arrayed its form
With the headlong storm.
It strikes—I almost feel the shock,—
It stumbles on a jaggèd rock,—
Sparkles of blood on the white foam are cast.
[*A Tempest.*

All exclaim (within).

We are all lost!

DÆMON (*within*).

Now from this plank will I
Pass to the land and thus fulfil my scheme.

CYPRIAN.

As in contempt of the elemental rage
A man comes forth in safety, while the ship's
Great form is in a watery eclipse
Obliterated from the Ocean's page,
And round its wreck the huge sea-monsters sit,
A horrid conclave, and the whistling wave
Is[1] heaped over its carcase, like a grave.

The DÆMON *enters, as escaped from the sea.*

DÆMON (*aside*).

It was essential to my purposes
To wake a tumult on the sapphire ocean,
That in this unknown form I might at length
Wipe out the blot of the discomfiture
Sustained upon the mountain, and assail
With a new war the soul of Cyprian,
Forging the instruments of his destruction
Even from his love and from his wisdom.—Oh!

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems* and in the editions of 1839, *Are;* but *Is* in some of the later editions.

Belovèd earth, dear mother, in thy bosom
I seek a refuge from the monster who
Precipitates itself[1] upon me.

CYPRIAN.

Friend,
Collect thyself; and be the memory
Of thy late suffering, and thy greatest sorrow
But as a shadow of the past,—for nothing
Beneath the circle of the moon, but flows
And changes, and can never know repose.

DÆMON.

And who art thou, before whose feet my fate
Has prostrated me?

CYPRIAN.

One who, moved with pity,
Would soothe its stings.

DÆMON.

Oh! that can never be!
No solace can my lasting sorrows find.

CYPRIAN.

Wherefore?

DÆMON.

Because my happiness is lost.
Yet I lament what has long ceased to be
The object of desire or memory,
And my life is not life.

[1] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions. Mr. Rossetti substitutes *himself*: if change were admissible, I should think it safer to substitute *which* for *who* in the previous line.

CYPRIAN.

Now, since the fury
Of this earthquaking hurricane is still,
And the crystàlline[1] heaven has reassumed
Its windless calm so quickly, that it seems
As if its heavy wrath had been awakened
Only to overwhelm that vessel,—speak,
Who art thou, and whence comest thou?

DÆMON.

Far more
My coming hither cost, than thou hast seen
Or I can tell. Among my misadventures
This shipwreck is the least. Wilt thou hear?

CYPRIAN.

Speak.

DÆMON.

Since thou desirest, I will then unveil
Myself to thee;—for in myself I am
A world of happiness and misery;
This I have lost, and that I must lament
For ever. In my attributes I stood
So high and so heroically great,
In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
Which penetrated with a glance the world
Beneath my feet, that won by my high merit
A king—whom I may call the king of kings,
Because all others tremble in their pride
Before the terrors of his countenance,
In his high palace roofed with brightest gems

[1] The word *crystàlline* is not accented in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

Of living light—call them the stars of Heaven—
Named me his counsellor. But the high praise
Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
In mighty competition, to ascend
His seat and place my foot triumphantly
Upon his subject thrones. Chastised, I know
The depth to which ambition falls; too mad
Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now
Repentance of the irrevocable deed:—
Therefore I chose this ruin with the glory
Of not to be subdued, before the shame
Of reconciling me with him who reigns
By coward cession.—Nor was I alone,
Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone;
And there was hope, and there may still be hope,
For many suffrages among his vassals
Hailed me their lord and king, and many still
Are mine, and many more, perchance shall be.
Thus vanquished, though in fact victorious,
I left his seat of empire, from mine eye
Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words
With inauspicious thunderings shook Heaven,
Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
And imprecating on his prostrate slaves
Rapine, and death, and outrage. Then I sailed
Over the mighty fabric of the world,
A pirate ambushed in its pathless sands,
A lynx crouched watchfully among its caves
And craggy shores; and I have wandered over
The expanse of these wide[1] wildernesses
In this great ship, whose bulk is now dissolved
In the light breathings of the invisible wind,

[1] Mr. Rossetti inserts *glassy* before *wildernesses*, on the ground that some such word is wanted both for the metre and to complete the sense of the original.

And which the sea has made a dustless ruin,
Seeking[1] ever a mountain, through whose forests
I seek a man, whom I must now compel
To keep his word with me. I came arrayed
In tempest, and although my power could well
Bridle the forest winds in their career,
For other causes I forbore to soothe
Their fury to Favonian gentleness;
I could and would not; (thus I wake in him [*Aside.*
A love of magic art.) Let not this tempest,
Nor the succeeding calm excite thy wonder;
For by my art the sun would turn as pale
As his weak sister with unwonted fear.
And in my wisdom are the orbs of Heaven
Written as in a record; I have pierced
The flaming circles of their wondrous spheres
And know them as thou knowest every corner
Of this dim spot. Let it not seem to thee
That I boast vainly; wouldst thou that I work
A charm over this waste and savage wood,
This Babylon of crags and agèd trees,
Filling its leafy coverts with a horror
Thrilling and strange? I am the friendless guest
Of these wild oaks and pines—and as from thee
I have received the hospitality
Of this rude place, I offer thee the fruit
Of years of toil in recompense; whate'er
Thy wildest dream presented to thy thought
As object of desire, that shall be thine.

* * * * *

And thenceforth shall so firm an amity
'Twixt thee and me[2] be, that neither fortune,

[1] I suspect the word *for* has been dropped accidentally from this place between *Seeking* and *ever*. It seems almost essential to the rhythm.

[2] *'Twixt thou and me*, in Mrs. Shelley's editions. The emendation *thee*

The monstrous phantom which pursues success,
That careful miser, that free prodigal,
Who ever alternates with changeful hand,
Evil and good, reproach and fame; nor Time,
That loadstar of the ages, to whose beam
The wingèd years speed o'er the intervals
Of their unequal revolutions; nor
Heaven itself, whose beautiful bright stars
Rule and adorn the world, can ever make
The least division between thee and me,
Since now I find a refuge in thy favour.

SCENE III.

The DÆMON *tempts* JUSTINA, *who is a Christian.*

DÆMON.

Abyss of Hell! I call on thee,
Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy!
From thy prison-house set free
The spirits of voluptuous death,
That with their mighty breath
They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts;
Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
Till her guiltless phantasy
Full to overflowing be!
And with sweetest harmony,
Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move
To love, only to love.

was given by Mr. Garnett, from the MS., at p. 95 of *Relics of Shelley*. The metre would be set right if we could read *Be betwixt thee and me*; but I know of no authority for such a change.

Let nothing meet her eyes
But signs of Love's soft victories;
Let nothing meet her ear
But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow,
So that from faith no succour she may[1] borrow,
But, guided by my spirit blind
And in a magic snare entwined,
She may now seek Cyprian.
Begin, while I in silence bind
My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast began.[2]

A VOICE (*within*).

What is the glory far above
All else in human life?

ALL.

Love! love!

[*While these words are sung, the* DÆMON *goes out at one door, and* JUSTINA *enters at another.*

THE FIRST VOICE.

There is no form in which the fire
Of love its traces has impressed not.
Man lives far more in love's desire
Than by life's breath, soon possessed not.
If all that lives must love or die,
All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,
With one consent to Heaven cry
That the glory far above
All else in life is—

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems*, we read *she may*; but in later editions *may she*.

[2] So in the *Posthumous Poems*, and rightly, to rhyme with Cyprian; but in the collected editions, *begun*.

ALL.

Love! O love!

JUSTINA.

Thou melancholy thought which art
So flattering[1] and so sweet, to thee
When did I give the liberty
Thus to afflict my heart?
What is the cause of this new power
Which doth my fevered being move,
Momently raging more and more?
What subtle pain is kindled now
Which from my heart doth overflow
Into my senses?—

ALL.

Love, O, love!

JUSTINA.

'Tis that enamoured nightingale
Who gives me the reply;
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate, who rapt and fond,
Listening sits, a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale—no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous vine, O thou

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *fluttering*; but Mr. Garnett gives *flattering* on MS. authority. See *Relics of Shelley*, p. 96. Mr. Garnett explains to me, however, that this and the correction in Scene II (p. 271) are not from any completed MS., but from some note or fragment of draft.

Who seekest most when least pursuing,—
To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin,—
No more, with green embraces, vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest,—
For whilst thus thy boughs entwine,[1]
I fear lest thou should'st teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.

Light-inchanted sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendour!
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep! O Nightingale,
Cease from thy enamoured tale,—
Leafy vine, unwreathe thy bower,
Restless sunflower, cease to move,—
Or tell me all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me—

ALL.

Love! love! love!

JUSTINA.

It cannot be!—Whom have I ever loved?
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
And Cyprian?—

[*She becomes troubled at the name of Cyprian.*

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions,
For whilst thou thus thy boughs entwine,
but Mr. Rossetti was clearly right in omitting *thou*. If Shelley left it standing, it must have been through oversight.

Did I not requite him
With such severity, that he has fled
Where none has ever heard of him again?—
Alas! I now begin to fear that this
May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,
As if there were no danger. From the moment
That I pronounced to my own listening heart,
Cyprian is absent, O me miserable![1]
I know not what I feel!

[*More calmly.*

It must be pity
To think that such a man, whom all the world
Admired, should be forgot by all the world,
And I the cause.

[*She again becomes troubled.*

And yet if it were pity,
Floro and Lelio might have equal share,
For they are both imprisoned for my sake.

[*Calmly.*

Alas! what reasonings are these? it is
Enough I pity him, and that, in vain,
Without this ceremonious subtlety.
And[2] woe is me! I know not where to find him now,
Even should I seek him through this wide world.

Enter DÆMON.

DÆMON.

Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.

[1] So in the *Posthumous Poems;* but *O miserable me!* in the collected editions.

[2] Mr. Rossetti omits this word *And*, on his own authority, to rectify the metre, and suggests a different rectification by reading the two lines thus:

And woe is me! I know not where to find him
Now should I seek him even through this wide world.

I suspect this is a case in which the lines were left unfinished, not one of corruption, and therefore one in which no interference is safe.

JUSTINA.

And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither,
Into my chamber through the doors and locks?
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
Has formed in the idle air?

DÆMON.

No. I am one
Called by the thought which tyrannizes thee
From his eternal dwelling; who this day
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

JUSTINA.

So shall thy promise fail. This agony
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
May sweep imagination in its storm;
The will is firm.

DÆMON.

Already half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains;
Let not the will stop half-way on the road.

JUSTINA.

I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Although I thought it, and although 'tis true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed:—
Thought is not in my power, but action is:
I will not move my foot to follow thee.

DÆMON.

But a far[1] mightier wisdom than thine own

[1] *But far a*, in the *Posthumous Poems*,—seemingly an accidental transposition: later editions give the words as in the text.

Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then
Resist, Justina?

JUSTINA.

By my free-will.

DÆMON.

I

Must force thy will.

JUSTINA.

It is invincible;
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.

[*He draws, but cannot move her.*

DÆMON.

Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

JUSTINA.

It were bought
Too dear.

DÆMON.

'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

JUSTINA.

Tis dread captivity.

DÆMON.

'Tis joy, 'tis glory.

JUSTINA.

'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.

DÆMON.

But how
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward?

JUSTINA.

My defence
Consists in God.

[*He vainly endeavours to force her, and at last releases her.*

DÆMON.

Woman, thou hast subdued me,
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But since thou thus findest defence in God,
I will assume a feignèd form, and thus
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
For I will mask a spirit in thy form
Who will betray thy name to infamy,
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,
First by dishonouring thee, and then by turning
False pleasure to true ignominy.

[*Exit.*

JUSTINA.

I
Appeal to Heaven against thee; so that Heaven
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,
Even as flame dies in the envious air,
And as the floweret wanes at morning frost,
And thou shouldst never——But, alas! to whom
Do I still speak?—Did not a man but now
Stand here before me?—No, I am alone,
And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?

Or can the heated mind engender shapes
From its own fear? Some terrible and strange
Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord!
Livia!—

Enter LISANDER *and* LIVIA.

LISANDER.

O, my daughter! What?

LIVIA.

What?

JUSTINA.

Saw you
A man go forth from my apartment now?—
I scarce contain myself!

LISANDER.

A man here!

JUSTINA.

Have you not seen him?

LIVIA.

No, Lady.

JUSTINA.

I saw him.

LISANDER.

'Tis impossible; the doors
Which led to this apartment were all locked.

LIVIA (*aside*).

I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,
For he was locked up in my room.

LISANDER.

It must
Have been some image of thy phantasy.
Such melancholy as thou feedest is
Skilful in forming such in the vain air
Out of the motes and atoms of the day.

LIVIA.

My master's in the right.

JUSTINA.

O, would it were
Delusion; but I fear some greater ill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart was torn in fragments; aye,
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame;
So potent was the charm, that had not God
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
With willing steps.—Livia, quick, bring my cloak,
For I must seek refuge from these extremes
Even in the temple of the highest God
Where[1] secretly the faithful worship.

LIVIA.

Here.

JUSTINA (*putting on her cloak*).

In this, as in a shroud of snow, may I
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,
Wasting away!

[1] *Which*, in Mrs. Shelley's editions; but Mr. Rossetti substituted *Where*, on the ground that "Common sense, and the original Spanish, make it certain that 'Where' is the true reading."

LISANDER.

And I will go with thee.

LIVIA.

When I once see them safe out of the house
I shall breathe freely.

JUSTINA.

So do I confide
In thy just favour, Heaven!

LISANDER.

Let us go.

JUSTINA.

Thine is the cause, great God! turn for my sake,
And for thine own, mercifully to me!

STANZAS FROM CALDERON'S CISMA DE INGLATERRA.

TRANSLATED BY MEDWIN AND CORRECTED BY SHELLEY.[1]

I.

HAST thou not seen, officious with delight,
Move through the illumined air about the flower,
The Bee, that fears to drink its purple light,
Lest danger lurk within that Rose's bower?
Hast thou not marked the moth's enamoured flight,
About the Taper's flame at evening hour,
Till kindle in that monumental fire
His sunflower wings their own funereal pyre?

II.

My heart its wishes trembling to unfold,
Thus round the Rose and Taper hovering came,
And Passion's slave, Distrust, in ashes cold,
Smothered awhile, but could not quench the flame,
Till Love, that grows by disappointment bold,
And Opportunity, had conquered Shame,
And like the Bee and Moth, in act to close,
I burnt my wings, and settled on the Rose."

[1] In Medwin's *Life of Shelley*, Vol. II, p. 14, we read as follows:

"We also read a tragedy of Calderon's, which, though it cannot compete with Shakspeare's Henry the VIII. contains more poetry—the Cisma D'Ingalaterra [*sic*]. Shelley was much struck with the characteristic Fool, who plays a part in it, and deals in fables, but more so with the octave stanzas (a strange metre in a drama, to choose,) spoken by Carlos, Enamorado di [*sic*] Anna Bolena, whom he had met at Paris, during her father's embassy. So much did Shelley admire these stanzas, that he copied them out into one of his letters to Mrs. Gisborne, of the two last of which I append a translation, marking in Italics, the lines corrected by Shelley."

These stanzas appear in the volume of Medwin's verses which contains the *Ugolino*: see note 1, p. 244; but there, there are eleven stanzas, many of them of high merit, and not unsuggestive of Shelley's coöperation. There are but slight variations in the lines which Medwin ascribes to Shelley. Thus, in line 3 of stanza II, the sense is somewhat changed by the insertion of a comma between *And* and *Passion's;* and line 4 ends with *beam* instead of *flame*; while, in line 8, we read *lit upon* for *settled on.*

SCENES FROM THE FAUST OF GOETHE.[1]

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

The Lord and the Host of Heaven. Enter three Archangels.

RAPHAEL.

THE sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle rolled
With thunder speed: the Angels even

[1] These scenes were given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems* (1824), one of them, the May-Day Night, having previously appeared in the first number of *The Liberal*. As indicated in note 1 to the scenes from Calderon (p. 249) the date of this work seems to be the Spring of 1822; and in the letter to Mr. Gisborne from which an extract is made in that note, Shelley proceeds, after expressing his satisfaction with the scenes from Calderon, to speak thus of those from Goethe :—

"I feel how imperfect a representation, even with all the licence I assume to figure to myself how Goethe would have written in English, my words convey. No one but Coleridge is capable of this work. We have seen here a translation of some scenes, and indeed the most remarkable ones, accompanying those astonishing etchings which have been published in England from a German master. It is not bad—and faithful enough—but how weak! how incompetent to represent Faust! I have only attempted the scenes omitted in this translation, and would send you that of the *Walpurgisnacht*, if I thought Ollier would place the postage to my account. What etchings those are! I am never satiated with looking at them; and, I fear, it is the only sort of translation of which Faust is susceptible."

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say that the etchings, on the merits of which Shelley dilates considerably in this letter, are those of Retsch. I suppose the book alluded to with such very attenuated praise is one entitled *Faustus: From the German of Goethe*, of which the imprint is "London: Boosey and Sons. 4, Broad-Street, Exchange, and Rodwell & Martin, New Bond-Street, 1821." It is a thin octavo volume, not professing to contain a complete rendering of *Faust*, but expressly intended as an analysis to accompany Retsch's Outlines. Its merit is certainly very moderate; and perhaps its only title to be remembered is that fortunate omission of the Prologue in Heaven and most of the Walpurgisnacht, which secured to us Shelley's incomparable translation of those two scenes.

Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may:—
The world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
The adornèd Earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks, and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

MICHAEL.

And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land;
And, raging, weave a chain of power,
Which girds the earth, as with a band.—
A flashing desolation there,
Flames before the thunder's way;
But thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle changes of thy day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE.

The Angels draw strength from thy glance,
Though no one comprehend thee may;—
Thy world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as on creation's day.[1]

[1] RAPHAEL.

The sun sounds, according to ancient custom,
In the song of emulation of his brother-spheres.
And its fore-written circle
Fulfils with a step of thunder.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As thou, O Lord, once more art kind enough
To interest thyself in our affairs—
And ask, "How goes it with you there below?"
And as indulgently at other times
Thou tookest[1] not my visits in ill part,
Thou seest me here once more among thy household.
Though I should scandalize this company,

Its countenance gives the Angels strength
Though no one can fathom it.
The incredible high works
Are excellent as at the first day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and inconceivably swift
The adornment of earth winds itself round,
And exchanges Paradise-clearness
With deep dreadful night.
The sea foams in broad waves
From its deep bottom, up to the rocks,
And rocks and sea are torn on together
In the eternal swift course of the spheres.

MICHAEL.

And storms roar in emulation
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And make, raging, a chain
Of deepest operation round about.
There flames a flashing destruction
Before the path of the thunderbolt.
But thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle alternations of thy day.

CHORUS.

Thy countenance gives the Angels strength,
Though none can comprehend thee:
And all thy lofty works
Are excellent as at the first day.

Such is a[2] literal translation of this astonishing chorus; it is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versification; even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a caput mortuum. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems* and all editions known to me except Mr. Rossetti's, we read *tookedst* for *tookest*.

[2] So in the *Posthumous Poems* and first edition of 1839, but *the* in the second.

You will excuse me if I do not talk
In the high style which they think fashionable;
My pathos certainly[1] would make you laugh too,
Had you not long since given over laughing.
Nothing know I to say of suns and worlds;
I observe only how men plague themselves;—
The little god o' the world keeps the same stamp,
As wonderful as on creation's day:—
A little better would he live, hadst thou
Not given him a glimpse of Heaven's light
Which he calls reason, and employs it only
To live more beastlily[2] than any beast.
With reverence to your Lordship be it spoken,
He's like one of those long-legged grasshoppers,
Who flits and jumps about, and sings for ever
The same old song i' the grass. There let him lie,
Burying his nose in every heap of dung.

THE LORD.

Have you no more to say? Do you come here
Always to scold, and cavil, and complain?
Seems nothing ever right to you on earth?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! I find all there, as ever, bad at best.[3]
Even I am sorry for man's days of sorrow;
I could myself almost give up the pleasure
Of plaguing the poor things.

THE LORD.

Knowest thou Faust?

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems* we read *would certainly;* but *certainly would* in the editions of 1839.

[2] So in the *Posthumous Poems;* but *beastily* in the editions of 1839.

[3] I am disposed to think with Mr. Rossetti that the words *at best* stand here simply through an accidental omission to cancel them, on Shelley's part.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor?

THE LORD.

Aye; my servant Faust.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In truth
He serves you in a fashion quite his own;
And the fool's meat and drink are not of earth.
His aspirations bear him on so far
That he is half aware of his own folly,
For he demands from Heaven its fairest star,
And from the earth the highest joy it bears,
Yet all things far, and all things near, are vain
To calm the deep emotions of his breast.

THE LORD.

Though he now serves me in a cloud of error,
I will soon lead him forth to the clear day.
When trees look green full well the gardener knows
That fruits and blooms will deck the coming year.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you bet?—now I am sure of winning—
Only, observe you give me full permission
To lead him softly on my path.

THE LORD.

As long
As he shall live upon the earth, so long
Is nothing unto thee forbidden—Man
Must err till he has ceased to struggle.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thanks.
And that is all I ask; for willingly
I never make acquaintance with the dead.
The full fresh cheeks of youth are food for me,
And if a corpse knocks, I am not at home.
For I am like a cat—I like to play
A little with the mouse before I eat it.

THE LORD.

Well, well! it is permitted thee. Draw thou
His spirit from its springs; as thou find'st power,
Seize him and lead him on thy downward path;
And stand ashamed when failure teaches thee
That a good man, even in his darkest longings,
Is well aware of the right way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well and good.
I am not in much doubt about my bet,
And if I lose, then 'tis your turn to crow;
Enjoy your triumph then with a full breast.
Aye; dust shall he devour, and that with pleasure,
Like my old paramour, the famous Snake.

THE LORD.

Pray come here when it suits you; for I never
Had much dislike for people of your sort.
And, among all the Spirits who rebelled,
The knave was ever the least tedious to me.
The active spirit of man soon sleeps, and soon
He seeks unbroken quiet; therefore I
Have given him the Devil for a companion,
Who may provoke him to some sort of work,
And must create for ever.—But ye, pure

Children of God, enjoy eternal beauty;—
Let that which ever operates and lives
Clasp you within the limits of its love;
And seize with sweet and melancholy thoughts
The floating phantoms of its loveliness.

[*Heaven closes; the Archangels exeunt.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

From time to time I visit the old fellow,
And I take care to keep on good terms with him.
Civil enough is this same God Almighty,
To talk so freely with the Devil himself.

SCENE II.

MAY-DAY NIGHT.[1]

SCENE—*The Hartz Mountain, a desolate Country.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would you not like a broomstick? As for me
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride;
For we are still far from the[2] appointed place.

FAUST.

This knotted staff is help enough for me,

[1] In the preliminary note with which this scene appeared in *The Liberal*,—written, I presume, by Leigh Hunt,—we read—"A few passages were not filled up in the manuscript; and one or two others, perhaps of a like nature, have been omitted, not out of an idle squeamishness, but that the true spirit of them might not be mistaken for want of being accompanied by the context of the whole work. The scene is the first specimen, we believe, of a poetical English translation of that extraordinary production, to which no man was better able to do justice than our lamented friend." Concerning the omissions referred to, see note 1, p. 304.

[2] In *The Liberal*, *the* is not contracted into *th'* as in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs. What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way?
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,
And climb those rocks, where ever-babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
Is[1] the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen-spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath:
Shall she not work also within our limbs?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nothing of such an influence do I feel.
My body is all wintry, and I wish
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow.
But see how melancholy rises now,
Dimly uplifting her belated beam,
The blank unwelcome round of the red moon,
And gives so bad a light, that every step
One stumbles 'gainst some crag. With your permission,
I'll call an Ignis-fatuus to our aid:
I see one yonder burning jollily.
Halloo, my friend! may I request that you
Would favour us with your bright company?
Why should you blaze away there to no purpose?
Pray be so good as light us up this way.

IGNIS-FATUUS.

With reverence be it spoken, I will try
To overcome the lightness of my nature;
Our course, you know, is generally zig-zag.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ha, ha! your worship thinks you have to deal

[1] Misprinted *In* in the editions of 1839.

With men. Go straight[1] on, in the Devil's name,
Or I shall puff[2] your flickering life out.

IGNIS-FATUUS.

Well,
I see you are the master of the house;
I will accommodate myself to you.
Only consider that to-night this mountain
Is all inchanted, and if Jack-a-lantern
Shows you his way, though you should miss your own,
You ought not to be too exact with him.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and* IGNIS-FATUUS,
in alternate Chorus.

The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false, are past.
Lead us on, thou wandering Gleam,
Lead us onward, far and fast,
To the wide, the desert waste.

But see, how swift advance and shift
Trees behind trees, row by row,—
How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
Their frowning foreheads as we go.
The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
How they snort, and how they blow!

Through the mossy sods and stones,
Stream and streamlet hurry down—
A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of Heaven is blown!
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems, strait.* of *shall puff*, Mrs. Shelley's reading.
[2] In *The Liberal, will blow*, instead

That Paradise on Earth is known,
Resound around, beneath, above.
All we hope and all we love
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
Which wakens hill and wood and rill,
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which Echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again.

To whoo! to whoo! near, nearer now
The sound of song, the rushing throng!
Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
All awake as if 'twere day?
See, with long legs and belly wide,
A salamander in the brake![1]
Every root is like a snake,
And along the loose hill-side,
With strange contortions through the night,
Curls, to seize or to affright;
And, animated, strong, and many,
They dart forth polypus-antennæ,
To blister with their poison spume
The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom
The many-coloured mice, that thread
The dewy turf beneath our tread,
In troops each other's motions cross,
Through the heath and through the moss;
And, in legions intertangled,
The fire-flies flit, and swarm, and throng,
Till all the mountain depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay?
Shall we onward? Come along!

[1] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions; but *lake* in *The Liberal*.

Everything around is swept
Forward, onward, far away!
Trees and masses intercept
The sight, and wisps on every side
Are puffed up and multiplied.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain
This pinnacle of isolated crag.
One may observe with wonder from this point,
How Mammon glows among the mountains.

FAUST.

Aye—
And strangely through the solid depth below
A melancholy light, like the red dawn,
Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss
Of mountains, lightning hitherward: there rise
Pillars of smoke, here clouds float gently by;
Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,
Or the illumined dust of golden flowers;
And now it glides like tender colours spreading;
And now bursts forth in fountains from the earth;
And now it winds, one torrent of broad light,
Through the far valley with a hundred veins;
And now once more within that narrow corner
Masses itself into intensest splendour.
And near us, see, sparks spring out of the ground,
Like golden sand scattered upon the darkness;
The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains
That hems us in are kindled.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Rare, in faith!
Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate

His palace for this festival—it is
A pleasure which you had not known before.
I spy the boisterous guests already.

FAUST.

How[1]
The children of the wind rage in the air!
With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag.
Beware! for if with them thou warrest
In their fierce flight towards the wilderness,
Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag
Thy body to a grave in the abyss.
A cloud thickens the night.
Hark! how the tempest crashes through the forest!
The owls fly out in strange affright;
The columns of the evergreen palaces
Are split and shattered;
The roots creak, and stretch, and groan;
And ruinously overthrown,
The trunks are crushed and shattered[2]
By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.
Over each other crack and crash they all
In terrible and intertangled fall;
And through the ruins of the shaken mountain
The airs hiss and howl—
It is not the voice of the fountain,
Nor the wolf in his midnight prowl.
Dost thou not hear?
Strange accents are ringing
Aloft, afar, anear;

[1] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions; but *Now* in *The Liberal.*

[2] Mr. Rossetti's emendation, *scattered*, though securing a rhyme instead of a repetition, seems to me hardly safe.

The witches are singing!
The torrent of a raging wizard song
Streams the whole mountain along.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,
Now to the Brocken the witches go;
The mighty multitude here may be seen
Gathering, wizard and witch, below.
Sir Urian[1] is sitting aloft in the air;
Hey over stock! and hey over stone!
'Twixt witches and incubi, what shall be done?
Tell it who dare! tell it who dare!

A VOICE.

Upon a sow-swine, whose farrows were nine,
Old Baubo rideth alone.

CHORUS.

Honour her, to whom honour is due,
Old mother Baubo, honour to you!
An able sow, with old Baubo upon her,
Is worthy of glory, and worthy of honour!
The legion of witches is coming behind,
Darkening the night, and outspeeding the wind—

A VOICE.

Which way comest thou!

A VOICE.

Over Ilsenstein;
The owl was awake in the white moon-shine;
I saw her at rest in her downy nest,
And she stared at me with her broad, bright eyne.[2]

[1] *Urean* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.
[2] So in the second edition of 1839; but *eye* in the first, and in *The Liberal*.

VOICES.

And you may now as well take your course on to Hell,
Since you ride by so fast on the headlong blast.

A VOICE.

She dropt poison upon me as I past.
Here are the wounds——

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come away! come along!
The way is wide, the way is long,
But what is that for a Bedlam throng?
Stick with the prong, and scratch with the broom.
The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,
And the mother is clapping her hands.—

SEMICHORUS OF WIZARDS I.

We glide in
Like snails when the women are all away;
And from a house once given over to sin
Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

SEMICHORUS II.

A thousand steps must a woman take,
Where a man but a single spring will make.

VOICES ABOVE.

Come with us, come with us, from Felsensee.[1]

VOICES BELOW.

With what joy would we fly through the upper sky!

[1] In *The Liberal* this word was printed *Felumee*,—in Mrs. Shelley's editions *Felunsee*. Mr. Garnett supplied the right word in his *Relics of Shelley* (p. 96).

We are washed, we are 'nointed, stark naked are we;
But our toil and our pain are[1] for ever in vain.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is still, the stars are fled,
The melancholy moon is dead;
The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling through the dark.
Come away!

VOICES BELOW.

Stay, oh, stay!

VOICES ABOVE.

Out of the crannies of the rocks,
Who calls?

VOICES BELOW.

Oh, let me join your flocks!
I, three hundred years have striven
To catch your skirt and mount to Heaven,—
And still in vain. Oh, might I be
With company akin to me!

BOTH CHORUSES.

Some on a ram and some on a prong,
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along;
Forlorn is the wight who can rise not to-night.

A HALF-WITCH BELOW.

I have been tripping this many an hour:

[1] In *The Liberal* and the *Posthumous Poems*, we read *is* here; but *are* in the editions of 1839 and of subsequent dates.

Are the others already so far before?
No quiet at home, and no peace abroad!
And less methinks is found by the road.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come onward, away! aroint thee, aroint!
A witch to be strong must anoint—anoint—
Then every trough will be boat enough;
With a rag for a sail we can sweep through the sky,
Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly?

BOTH CHORUSES.

We cling to the skirt, and we strike on the ground;
Witch-legions thicken around and around;
Wizard-swarms cover the heath all over.

[*They descend.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling;
What whispering, babbling, hissing, bustling;
What glimmering, spurting, stinking, burning,
As Heaven and Earth were overturning.
There is a true witch element about us;
Take hold on me, or we shall be divided:—
Where are you?

FAUST (*from a distance*).

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What![1]

I must exert my authority in the house.
Place for young Voland! pray make way, good people.

[1] This word is wanting in *The Liberal.*

Take hold on me, doctor, and with one step
Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd:
They are too mad for people of my sort.
Just there shines a peculiar kind of light—
Something attracts me in those bushes. Come
This way: we shall slip down there in a minute.

FAUST.

Spirit of Contradiction! Well, lead on—
'Twere a wise feat indeed to wander out
Into the Brocken upon May-day night,
And then to isolate oneself in scorn,
Disgusted with the humours of the time.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See yonder, round a many-coloured flame
A merry club is huddled altogether:
Even with such little people as sit there
One would not be alone.

FAUST.

Would that I were
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke,
Where the blind million rush impetuously
To meet the evil ones; there might I solve
Many a riddle that torments me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet
Many a riddle there is tied anew
Inextricably. Let the great world rage!
We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.
'Tis an old custom. Men have ever built
Their own small world in the great world of all.

I see young witches naked there, and old ones
Wisely attired with greater decency.
Be guided now by me, and you shall buy
A pound of pleasure with a dram of trouble.
I hear them tune their instruments—one must
Get used to this damned scraping. Come, I'll lead you
Among them; and what there you do and see,
As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.
How say you now? this space is wide enough—
Look forth, you cannot see the end of it—
An[1] hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they
Who throng around them seem innumerable:
Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,
And cooking, are at work. Now tell me, friend,
What is there better in the world than this?

FAUST.

In introducing us, do you assume
The character of wizard or of devil?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In truth, I generally go about
In strict incognito; and yet one likes
To wear one's orders upon gala days.
I have no ribbon at my[2] knee; but here
At home, the cloven foot is honourable.
See you that snail there?—she comes creeping up,
And with her feeling eyes hath smelt out something.
I could not, if I would, mask myself here.
Come now, we'll go about from fire to fire:
I'll be the pimp, and you shall be the lover.

[1] *An* in the *Posthumous Poems*; but *A* in the collected editions.

[2] This word is wanting in *The Liberal*.

To some Old Women, who are sitting round a heap of glimmering coals.

Old gentlewomen, what do you do out here?
You ought to be with the young rioters
Right in the thickest of the revelry—
But every one is best content at home.

GENERAL.

Who dare confide in right[1] or a just claim?
So much as I had done for them! and now—
With women and the people 'tis the same,
Youth will stand foremost ever,—age may go
To the dark grave unhonoured.

MINISTER.

Now-a-days
People assert their rights: they go too far;
But as for me, the good old times I praise;
Then we were all in all, 'twas something worth
One's while to be in place and wear a star;
That was indeed the golden age on earth.

PARVENU.[2]

We too are active, and we did and do
What we ought not, perhaps; and yet we now
Will seize, whilst all things are whirled round and round,
A spoke of Fortune's wheel, and keep our ground.

AUTHOR.

Who now can taste a treatise of deep sense

[1] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions; but *night* in *The Liberal*.

[2] In all editions, from *The Liberal* onward, a note explains that this person of the drama is "a sort of fund-holder." Who wrote the note, I cannot say.

And ponderous[1] volume? 'tis impertinence
To write what none will read, therefore will I
To please the young and thoughtless people try.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*Who all*[2] *at once appears to have grown very old*).

I find the people ripe for the last day,
Since I last came up to the wizard mountain;
And as my little cask runs turbid now,
So is the world drained to the dregs.

PEDLAR-WITCH.

Look here,
Gentlemen; do not hurry on so fast
And lose the chance of a good pennyworth.
I have a pack full of the choicest wares
Of every sort, and yet in all my bundle
Is nothing like what may be found on earth;
Nothing that in a moment will make rich
Men and the world with fine malicious mischief—
There is no dagger drunk with blood; no bowl
From which consuming poison may be drained
By innocent and healthy lips; no jewel,
The price of an abandoned maiden's shame;
No sword which cuts the bond it cannot loose,
Or stabs the wearer's enemy in the back;
No——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip, you know little of these times.

[1] In *The Liberal* we read *wonderous*, instead of *ponderous* as in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

[2] The word *all* is not in any previous edition known to me; but it is essential to the meaning; and I have supplied it in the confidence that the omission was probably not Shelley's, but that, if it was, it was certainly accidental.

What has been, has been; what is done, is past.
They shape themselves into the innovations
They breed, and innovation drags us with it.
The torrent of the crowd sweeps over us:
You think to impel, and are yourself impelled.

FAUST.

Who is that yonder?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well. It is
Lilith.

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lilith, the first wife of Adam.
Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks;
And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not ever set him free again.

FAUST.

There sit a girl and an old woman—they
Seem to be tired with pleasure and with play.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is no rest to-night for any one:
When one dance ends another is begun;
Come, let us to it. We shall have rare fun.

[*Faust dances and sings with a Girl, and Mephistopheles with an old Woman.*][1]

[1] I doubt whether this stage-direction is Shelley's; but it must remain until we recover the whole of what he may have written in its place. I am

FAUST.

I had once a lovely dream
In which I saw an apple tree,
Where two fair apples with their gleam
To climb and taste attracted me.

THE GIRL.

She with apples you desired
From Paradise came long ago:
With you I feel that if required,
Such still within my garden grow.

* * * * *

PROCTO-PHANTASMIST.[1]

What is this cursèd multitude about?
Have we not long since proved to demonstration
That ghosts move not on ordinary feet?
But these are dancing just like men and women.

THE GIRL.

What does he want then at our ball?

FAUST.

Oh! he
Is far above us all in his conceit:

not aware that the verses sung by Faust and The Girl which now follow the stage-direction have appeared in any previous edition of Shelley's works; but they were transcribed by Mr. Garnett from the MS. at Boscombe (a considerable portion of the *Faust* translation, in a revised state), and published in Miss Blind's article on Shelley in *The Westminster Review* for July 1870. I cannot think that this was the whole of what Leigh Hunt thought fit to omit from *The Liberal* (see note 1, p. 290); and I suspect Shelley translated the two incomplete stanzas sung by Mephistopheles and his partner in the dance. If so, the stage direction would probably be what Hunt or Mrs. Shelley supplied in place of the four omitted stanzas.

[1] In *The Liberal*, the *Posthumous Poems*, and the editions of 1839, this word was printed throughout as *Brocto-Phantasmist*. It was set right in some of the later collections.

Whilst we enjoy, he reasons of enjoyment;
And any step which in our dance we tread,
If it be left out of his reckoning,
Is not to be considered as a step.
There are few things that scandalize him not:
And when you whirl round in the circle now,
As he went round the wheel in his old mill,
He says that you go wrong in all respects,
Especially if you congratulate him
Upon the strength of the resemblance.

PROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

Fly!
Vanish! Unheard of impudence! What, still there!
In this enlightened age too, since you have been
Proved not to exist!—But this infernal brood
Will hear no reason and endure no rule.
Are we so wise, and is the *pond* still haunted?[1]
How long have I been sweeping out this rubbish
Of superstition, and the world will not
Come clean with all my pains!—it is a case
Unheard of!

THE GIRL.

Then leave off teasing us so.

[1] Miss Blind says of this passage (in the *Westminster Review*)—

"This is an absurd mistranslation of the original, 'Wir sind so klug, und dennoch spukt's *in Tegel*,' the allusion being to the recent apparition of a spectre in the hamlet of Tegel, to the scandal of enlightened persons. The blunder is not, however, attributable to Shelley, who, not knowing what Tegel meant, left a blank in consequence, but to the person who published his MS. in *The Liberal*." This seems to be one of those gratuitous assumptions of knowledge that do so much damage in dealing with subjects of this kind: at least I imagine the writer merely means that, in the Boscombe MS., the passage is blank. I should require some further evidence than that to induce me to receive as proved fact either that Shelley "did not know what Tegel meant," or that the mistake was attributable to "the person who published his MS. in *The Liberal*." It seems to me possible that that person had a different MS., and probable that Mrs. Shelley was acquainted with the circumstances of the case, and did not regard the passage as other than Shelley's. I therefore leave it as it is.

PROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

I tell you, spirits, to your faces now,
That I should not regret this despotism
Of spirits, but that mine can wield it not.
To-night I shall make poor work of it,
Yet I will take a round with you, and hope
Before my last step in the living dance
To beat the poet and the devil together.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At last he will sit down in some foul puddle;
That is his way of solacing himself;
Until some leech, diverted with his gravity,
Cures him of spirits and the spirit together.

[*To* FAUST, *who has seceded from the dance.*

Why do you let that fair girl pass from you,
Who sung[1] so sweetly to you in the dance?

FAUST.

A red mouse in the middle of her singing
Sprung[2] from her mouth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That was all right, my friend:
Be it enough that the mouse was not grey.
Do not disturb your hour of happiness
With close consideration of such trifles.

FAUST.

Then saw I ——

[1] So in the *Posthumous Poems;* but *sang* in the collected editions.

[2] In the *Posthumous Poems, sprung;* but in the collected editions, *sprang.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Seest thou not a pale,
Fair girl, standing alone, far, far away?
She drags herself now forward with slow steps,
And seems as if she moved with shackled feet:
I cannot overcome the thought that she
Is like poor Margaret.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let it be—pass on—
No good can come of it—it is not well
To meet it—it is an inchanted phantom,
A lifeless idol; with its numbing look,
It freezes up the blood of man; and they
Who meet its ghastly stare are turned to stone,
Like those who saw Medusa.

FAUST.

Oh, too true!
Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse
Which no belovèd hand has closed, alas!
That is the breast[1] which Margaret yielded to me—
Those are the lovely limbs which I enjoyed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is all magic, poor deluded fool!
She looks to every one like his first love.

[1] In *The Liberal* and in the *Posthumous Poems* we read *heart* here; but *breast*, clearly the right word, is in the collected editions.

FAUST.

Oh, what delight! what woe! I cannot turn
My looks from her sweet piteous countenance.
How strangely does a single blood-red line,
Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,
Adorn her lovely neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, she can carry
Her head under her arm upon occasion;
Perseus has cut it off for her. These pleasures
End in delusion.—Gain this rising ground,
It is as airy here as in a [ ]
And if I am not mightily deceived,
I see a theatre.—What may this mean?

ATTENDANT.

Quite a new piece, the last of seven, for 'tis
The custom now to represent that number.
'Tis written by a Dilettante, and
The actors who perform are Dilettanti;
Excuse me, gentlemen[1]; but I must vanish.
I am a Dilettante curtain-lifter.

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems*, *gentleman*: in *The Liberal* and in the collected editions, *gentlemen*.

JUVENILIA.

[In this division are gathered together such of Shelley's extant works in verse as precede the *Alastor* volume, published in 1816. The arrangement brings *Queen Mab* and its curious notes to the end of the whole series of Shelley's poetical works instead of leaving it, as previously issued, at the beginning; but I may be allowed to remind the reader that the whole of that part of the poem which the mature Shelley considered worth preserving has already appeared, in its modified form, and under the title of *The Dæmon of the World*,—Part I in the first volume of this edition, and the recently discovered Part II in the third.—H. B. F.]

JUVENILIA.

VERSES ON A CAT.[1]

I.

A CAT in distress,
Nothing more, nor less;
Good folks, I must faithfully tell ye,
As I am a sinner,
It waits for some dinner
To stuff out its own little belly.

II.

You would not easily guess
All the modes of distress
Which torture the tenants of earth;
And the various evils,
Which like so many devils,
Attend the poor souls from their birth.

[1] These verses are from Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, Vol. I, p. 21, where they are accompanied by letters from Miss Hellen Shelley, the poet's youngest sister, who describes the MS. as being adorned with a painting of a cat. Miss Shelley says: "I have just found the lines which I mentioned; a child's effusion about some cat, which evidently *had* a story, but it must have been before I can remember. It is in Elizabeth's hand-writing, copied probably later than the composition of the lines, though the hand-writing is unformed. It seems to be a tabby cat, for it has an indistinct, brownish-gray coat." The verses appear to have been written in about the eighth year of the poet.

III.

Some a living require,
And others desire
An old fellow out of the way;
And which is the best
I leave to be guessed,
For I cannot pretend to say.

IV.

One wants society,
Another variety,
Others a tranquil life;
Some want food,
Others, as good,
Only want a wife.

V.

But this poor little cat
Only wanted a rat,
To stuff out its own little maw;
And it were as good
Some people had such food,
To make them *hold their jaw!*[1]

[1] "That last expression," says Miss Shelley, "is, I imagine, still *classical* at boys' schools, and it was a favourite one of Bysshe's, which I remember from a painful fact, that one of my sisters ventured to make use of it, and was punished in some old-fashioned way, which impressed the sentence on my memory."

FRAGMENT,[1]

HARK! the owlet flaps his wings
In the pathless dell beneath;
Hark! 'tis the night-raven sings
Tidings of approaching death.

EPITAPHIUM.[2]

[LATIN VERSION OF THE EPITAPH IN GRAY'S ELEGY.]

I.

HIC sinu fessum caput hospitali
Cespitis dormit juvenis, nec illi
Fata ridebant, popularis ille
Nescius aurae.

II.

Musa non vultu genus arroganti
Rusticâ natum grege despicata,
Et suum tristis puerum notavit
Sollicitudo.

[1] In *The Shelley Papers*, Medwin introduced this fragment with the remark, "I remember well the first of his effusions, a very German-like fragment, beginning with—," so that more of this curious production remains to be found. The biographer adds, "I think he was about fifteen:" this trifle must, therefore, be assigned to about the year 1807. In the *Life of Shelley* by the same author, the same fragment is prefaced by the following remarks: "Chatterton was then one of his greatest favourites; he enjoyed very much the literary forgery and successful mystification of Horace Walpole and his contemporaries; and the Immortal Child's melancholy and early fate often suggested his own. One of his earliest effusions was a fragment beginning—it was indeed almost taken from the pseudo Rowley." This last observation may be verified by consulting the dirge in *Ælla*,—where we read

> Harke! the ravenne flappes hys winge,
> In the briered delle belowe;
> Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
> To the nyghte-mares as heie goe . . .

[2] This rendering of the epitaph in Gray's Elegy was published by Medwin in his *Life of Shelley* (Vol. I, p. 48), wherein, after quoting some remarks of Hogg's on Shelley's ease in writing Latin verses, he adduces this and the epigram *In Horologium* as proofs that Shelley "had certainly arrived at great skill in the art of versification." These two compositions, the biographer says Shelley gave him in 1808 or 1809. I have omitted some couple of dozen commas strewn indiscriminately through Medwin's version, and have followed Mr. Rossetti's correction of some obvious blunders.

III.

Indoles illi bene larga, pectus
Veritas sedem sibi vindicavit,
Et pari tantis meritis beavit
Munere cœlum.

IV.

Omne quod mœstis habuit miserto
Corde largivit lacrymam, recepit
Omne quod cœlo voluit, fidelis
Pectus amici.

V.

Longius sed tu fuge curiosus
Cæteras laudes fuge suspicari,
Cæteras culpas fuge velle tractas
Sede tremendâ.

VI.

Spe tremescentes recubant in illâ
Sede virtutes pariterque culpæ,
In sui Patris gremio, tremendâ
Sede Deique.

IN HOROLOGIUM.[1]

INTER marmoreas Leonoræ pendula colles
Fortunata nimis Machina dicit horas.
Quas *manibus* premit illa duas insensa papillas
Cur mihi sit *digito* tangere, amata, nefas.

[1] In *Shelley's Early Life* (London, John Camden Hotten, 1872),—a book which no Shelley-student should be without,—Mr. D. F. Mac-Carthy points out that, in *The Oxford Herald* of the 16th of September, 1809, the following English epigram appeared:

ON SEEING A FRENCH WATCH ROUND THE NECK OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

Mark what we gain from foreign lands,
Time cannot now be said to linger,—
Allow'd to lay his two rude hands
Where others *dare* not lay a finger.

SONG FROM THE WANDERING JEW.[1]

SEE yon opening flower[2]
Spreads its fragrance to the blast;

[1] Medwin says in *The Shelley Papers* (p. 7), "shortly afterwards [i.e. after Shelley was "about fifteen"] we wrote, in conjunction, six or seven cantos on the story of the Wandering Jew, of which the first four, with the exception of a very few lines, were exclusively mine. It was a thing, such as boys usually write, a *cento* from different favourite authors; the crucifixion scene altogether a plagiary [*sic*] from a volume of Cambridge prize poems. The part which I contributed I have still, and was surprised to find *totidem verbis* in *Fraser's Magazine*." The account given in the *Life of Shelley*, by the same writer, is somewhat different: in that book (Vol. I, p. 54) he says "the first three cantos were, with a few additions and alterations, almost entirely mine . . . the vision in the third canto taken from Lewis's Monk, of which, in common with Byron, he was a great admirer . . . After seven or eight cantos were *perpetrated*, Shelley sent them to Campbell for his opinion on their merits, with a view to publication. The author of the Pleasures of Hope returned the MS. with the remark, that there were only two good lines in it:

It seemed as if an angel's sigh
Had breathed the plaintive symphony.

Lines, by the way, savouring strongly of Walter Scott. This criticism of Campbell's gave a death-blow to our hopes of immortality, and so little regard did Shelley entertain for the production, that he left it at his lodgings in Edinburgh, where it was disinterred by some correspondent of Fraser's, and in whose magazine, in 1831, four of the cantos appeared. The others he very wisely did not think worth publishing. It must be confessed that Shelley's contributions to this juvenile attempt were far the best, and those, with my MS. before me, I could, were it worth while, point out, though the contrast in the style, and the inconsequence of the opinions on religion, particularly in the last canto, are sufficiently obvious to mark two different hands, and show which passages were his. There is a song at the end of the fourth canto which is very musical." I presume we are to understand from these last remarks that the song quoted by Medwin, and which is an incorrect citation of that given above, was written by Shelley. The inconsistency of the two accounts of this juvenile attempt at joint authorship is unfortunate, because, even in so trifling a matter connected with Shelley, one likes to have the rights of the story. On the whole I am disposed to think that four cantos (as stated in *The Shelley Papers*) and not only three (as stated in the *Life*) were Medwin's property, and that these were interpolated and corrected by Shelley as indicated in the *Life*, notwithstanding the absolute ownership claimed by Medwin, in his usual careless fashion, in *The Shelley Papers*. It is probably to the same incident in Shelley's early literary history that his widow refers in her note to *Queen Mab*, when she says "He wrote also a poem on the subject of Ahasuerus—being led to it by a German fragment he picked up, dirty and torn, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This fell afterwards into other hands—and was considerably altered before it was printed." Medwin says that he, not Shelley, picked up the fragment; and probably Mrs. Shelley was mistaken about the trifling story, imagining that what appeared in *Fraser* was Shelley's, whereas, it seems, Shelley's part has yet to be found. The four cantos are to be seen in *Fraser's Magazine* for July, 1831, and have more than once been reprinted in cheap and incorrect selections from Shelley's works.

[2] Medwin prints *rose* instead of *flower*, losing the rhyme. In the next line he has *gale* for *blast*, and transposes *pale* and *fast* in line 4.

It fades within an hour,
  Its decay is pale—is fast.
Paler is yon maiden;
  Faster is her heart's decay;
Deep with sorrow laden,
  She sinks in death away.

PASSAGE FROM THE WANDERING JEW.[1]

THE Elements respect their Maker's seal!
  Still like the scathèd pine tree's height,
  Braving the tempests of the night
Have I 'scap'd the bickering flame.
Like the scath'd pine, which a monument stands
Of faded grandeur, which the brands
  Of the tempest-shaken air
Have riven on the desolate heath;
Yet it stands majestic even in death,
  And rears its wild form there.

[1] From what Medwin says, there need be no doubt that this was one of the passages interpolated by Shelley in the third canto of his collaborator. The passage relating to it in Medwin's *Life* (Vol. I, p. 58) is as follows: "Ahasuerus ever continued a favourite with Shelley. He introduces him into Queen Mab, where is to be found a passage, but slightly changed, from the original Wandering Jew, which he took as an epigraph of a chapter in his Rosicrucian.

Even as a giant oak, which Heaven's fierce flame
Has scathèd in the wilderness, to stand
A monument of fadeless ruin there;
Yet peacefully and movelessly it braves
The midnight conflict of the wintry storm."

As a foot-note to this, Medwin quotes, professedly from *Fraser's Magazine*, the passage of the original *Wandering Jew*. This, however, I have given from the head of Chapter X of *St. Irryne*, finding an additional line there (the first), which does not occur in *Fraser's Magazine*, and helps to fix the lines on Shelley. There are verbal variations, not worth recording, between the lines in *St. Irryne* and those in the Magazine; and Medwin made some more in copying into his *Life*, beside changing four words in the extract from *Queen Mab*, which I have of course restored. In the second canto of *The Wandering Jew* there is a passage which Shelley gave as a motto to Chapter VIII of *St. Irryne;* and from the fact that this epigraph varies verbally from the text of the poem in about the same degree as the epigraph to Chapter X varies, it might be inferred that this also was an interpolation of Shelley's

THE SOLITARY.[1]

I.

DAR'ST thou amid the varied multitude
To live alone, an isolated thing?
To see the busy beings round thee spring,
And care for none; in thy calm solitude,
A flower that scarce breathes in the desert rude
To Zephyr's passing wing?

II.

Not the swart Pariah in some Indian grove,
Lone, lean, and hunted by his brother's hate,
Hath drunk so deep the cup of bitter fate
As that poor wretch who cannot, cannot love:
He bears a load which nothing can remove,
A killing withering weight.

III.

He smiles—'tis sorrow's deadliest mockery;
He speaks—the cold words flow not from his soul;
He acts like others, drains the genial bowl,—
Yet, yet he longs—although he fears—to die;
He pants to reach what yet he seems to fly,
Dull life's extremest goal.

[1] Published by Mr. Rossetti, to whom Mr. Garnett furnished a transcript from the original MS. at Boscombe. The date affixed to this composition in Mr. Rossetti's edition is 1810.

DEATH: A DIALOGUE.[1]

DEATH.

FOR my dagger is bathed in the blood of the brave,
I come, care-worn tenant of life, from the grave,
Where Innocence sleeps 'neath the peace-giving sod,
And the good cease to tremble at Tyranny's nod;
I offer a calm habitation to thee,
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber with me?
My mansion is damp, cold silence is there,
But it lulls in oblivion the fiends of despair,
Not a groan of regret, not a sigh, not a breath,
Dares dispute with grim silence the empire of Death.
I offer a calm habitation to thee,
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber with me?

MORTAL.

Mine eyelids are heavy; my soul seeks repose,
It longs in thy cells to embosom its woes,
It longs in thy cells to deposit its load,
Where no longer the scorpions of Perfidy goad;
Where the phantoms of Prejudice vanish away,
And Bigotry's bloodhounds lose scent of their prey;
Yet tell me, dark Death, when thine empire is o'er,
What awaits on Futurity's mist-covered shore?

[1] The titles *Death: a Dialogue* and *Death Vanquished*, given to this and the next poem, are supplied by Mr. Rossetti. Both pieces originally appeared in Hogg's *Life of Shelley*,—the first with a letter addressed to Dawson Turner, to whom Hogg seems to have presented the MS. In this letter he says: "The papers amongst which it was found, and other circumstances, lead me to believe that it was written in 1810, when the young poet was but seventeen or eighteen years old. It is doubtless unpublished, and of a more early date than any of his published poems; on all accounts, therefore, it is most interesting."

DEATH.

Cease, cease, wayward Mortal! I dare not unveil
The shadows that float on Eternity's vale;
Nought waits for the good, but a spirit of Love,
That will hail their blest advent to regions above.
For Love, Mortal, gleams thro' the gloom of my sway,
And the shades which surround me fly fast at its ray.
Hast thou loved?—Then depart from these regions of hate,
And in slumber with me blunt the arrows of fate.
I offer a calm habitation to thee,
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber with me?

MORTAL.

Oh! sweet is thy slumber! oh! sweet is the ray
Which after thy night introduces the day;
How concealed, how persuasive, self-interest's breath,
Tho' it floats to mine ear from the bosom of Death.
I hoped that I quite was forgotten by all,
Yet a lingering friend might be grieved at my fall,
And duty forbids, tho' I languish to die,
When departure might heave virtue's breast with a sigh.
Oh, Death! oh, my friend! snatch this form to thy shrine,
And I fear, dear destroyer, I shall not repine.

DEATH VANQUISHED.[1]

DEATH! where is thy victory?
To triumph whilst I die,
To triumph whilst thine ebon wing
Infolds my shuddering soul.

[1] Hogg says these verses were written at Oxford. The date would therefore be 1810.

Oh, Death! where is thy sting?
Not when the tides of murder roll,
When nations groan, that kings may bask in bliss.
Death! canst thou boast a victory such as this?
When in his hour of pomp and power
His blow the mightiest murders gave,
'Mid nature's cries the sacrifice
Of millions to glut the grave;
When sunk the tyrant desolation's slave;
Or Freedom's life-blood streamed upon thy shrine;
Stern tyrant, couldst thou boast a victory such as mine?

To know in dissolution's void,
That mortals baubles sunk decay,
That everything, but Love, destroyed
Must perish with its kindred clay.
Perish Ambition's crown,
Perish her sceptered sway;
From Death's pale front fades Pride's fastidious frown.
In Death's damp vault the lurid fires decay,
That Envy lights at heaven-born Virtue's beam—
That all the cares subside,
Which lurk beneath the tide
Of life's unquiet stream.
Yes! this is victory!
And on yon rock, whose dark form glooms the sky,
To stretch these pale limbs, when the soul is fled;
To baffle the lean passions of their prey,
To sleep within the palace of the dead!
Oh! not the King, around whose dazzling throne
His countless courtiers mock the words they say,
Triumphs amid the bud of glory blown,
As I in this cold bed, and faint expiring groan!

Tremble, ye proud, whose grandeur mocks the woe,
Which props the column of unnatural state,
You the plainings faint and low,
From misery's tortured soul that flow,
Shall usher to your fate.

Tremble, ye conquerors, at whose fell command
The war-fiend riots o'er a peaceful land.
You desolation's gory throng
Shall bear from Victory along
To that mysterious strand.

POEMS FROM ST. IRVYNE, OR THE ROSICRUCIAN.[1]

NUMBER 1.

I.

'TWAS dead of the night, when I sat in my dwelling;
One glimmering lamp was expiring and low;
Around, the dark tide of the tempest was swelling,
Along the wild mountains night-ravens were yelling,—
They bodingly presag'd destruction and woe.

[1] These six productions are from the very juvenile volume, "*St. Irryne; or, the Rosicrucian: a Romance.* By a Gentleman of the University of Oxford. London: Printed for J. J. Stockdale, 41, Pall Mall. 1811." Medwin says that some of these verses were written a year or two before the romance itself was composed; and Mr. Rossetti, on this authority, affixes the date 1808 to "those which have no direct connexion with the story of *St. Irvyne*," namely Numbers 1, 2, and 6. *St. Irvyne* was published in December, 1810, but, according to Shelley's own statement in a letter to Godwin, must have been written not later than 1809. It is very likely that this was the romance referred to in a letter in Mr. Frederick Locker's possession, addressed by Shelley to Messrs. Longman & Co: the letter is dated "May 7th, 1809," and opens with the words, "It is my intention to complete and publish a Romance, of which I have already written a large portion, before the end of July." I have numbered these Poems, 1 to 6, for convenience of reference, because they have no distinctive titles beyond the word *Ballad* prefixed to No. 3, and *Song* prefixed to Nos. 4, 5, and 6. I give them precisely according to Shelley's own edition.

II.

'Twas then that I started!—the wild storm was howling,
Nought was seen, save the lightning, which danc'd in the sky;
Above me, the crash of the thunder was rolling,
And low, chilling murmurs, the blast wafted by.

III.

My heart sank within me—unheeded the war
Of the battling clouds, on the mountain-tops, broke;—
Unheeded the thunder-peal crash'd in mine ear—
This heart, hard as iron, is stranger to fear;
But conscience in low, noiseless whispering spoke.

IV.

'Twas then that her form on the whirlwind upholding,
The ghost of the murder'd Victoria strode;
In her right hand, a shadowy shroud she was holding,
She swiftly advanc'd to my lonesome abode.

V.

I wildly then call'd on the tempest to bear me——

* * * * *

NUMBER 2.

I.

GHOSTS of the dead! have I not heard your yelling
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the blast,
When o'er the dark ether the tempest is swelling,
And on eddying whirlwind the thunder-peal past?

II.

For oft have I stood on the dark height of Jura,
Which frowns on the valley that opens beneath;
Oft have I brav'd the chill night-tempest's fury,
Whilst around me, I thought, echo'd murmurs of death.

III.

And now, whilst the winds of the mountain are howling,
O father! thy voice seems to strike on mine ear;
In air whilst the tide of the night-storm is rolling,
It breaks on the pause of the elements' jar.

IV.

On the wing of the whirlwind which roars o'er the mountain
Perhaps rides the ghost of my sire who is dead;
On the mist of the tempest which hangs o'er the fountain,
Whilst a wreath of dark vapour encircles his head.

NUMBER 3.—BALLAD.

I.

THE death-bell beats!—
The mountain repeats
The echoing sound of the knell;
And the dark monk now
Wraps the cowl round his brow,
As he sits in his lonely cell.

II.

And the cold hand of death
Chills his shuddering breath,
As he lists to the fearful lay
Which the ghosts of the sky,
As they sweep wildly by,
Sing to departed day.
And they sing of the hour
When the stern fates had power
To resolve Rosa's form to its clay.

III.

But that hour is past;
And that hour was the last
Of peace to the dark monk's brain.
Bitter tears, from his eyes, gush'd silent and fast;
And he strove to suppress them in vain.

IV.

Then his fair cross of gold he dash'd on the floor,
When the death-knell struck on his ear.
Delight is in store
For her evermore;
But for me is fate, horror, and fear.

V.

Then his eyes wildly roll'd,
When the death-bell toll'd,
And he rag'd in terrific woe.
And he stamp'd on the ground,—
But when ceas'd the sound,
Tears again began to flow.

VI.

And the ice of despair
Chill'd the wild throb of care,
And he sate in mute agony still;
Till the night-stars shone through the cloudless air,
And the pale moon-beam slept on the hill.

VII.

Then he knelt in his cell:—
And the horrors of hell
Were delights to his agoniz'd pain,
And he pray'd to God to dissolve the spell,
Which else must for ever remain.

VIII.

And in fervent pray'r he knelt on the ground,
Till the abbey bell struck One:
His feverish blood ran chill at the sound:
A voice hollow and horrible murmur'd around—
"The term of thy penance is done!"

IX.

Grew dark the night;
The moon-beam bright
Wax'd faint on the mountain high;
And, from the black hill,
Went a voice cold and still,—
"Monk! thou art free to die."

X.

Then he rose on his feet,
And his heart loud did beat,
And his limbs they were palsied with dread;
Whilst the grave's clammy dew
O'er his pale forehead grew;
And he shudder'd to sleep with the dead.

XI.

And the wild midnight storm
Rav'd around his tall form,
As he sought the chapel's gloom:
And the sunk grass did sigh
To the wind, bleak and high,
As he search'd for the new-made tomb.

XII.

And forms, dark and high,
Seem'd around him to fly,
And mingle their yells with the blast:

And on the dark wall
Half-seen shadows did fall,
As enhorror'd he onward pass'd.

XIII.

And the storm-fiend's wild rave
O'er the new-made grave,
And dread shadows, linger around.
The Monk call'd on God his soul to save,
And, in horror, sank on the ground.

XIV.

Then despair nerv'd his arm
To dispel the charm,
And he burst Rosa's coffin asunder.
And the fierce storm did swell
More terrific and fell,
And louder peal'd the thunder.

XV.

And laugh'd, in joy, the fiendish throng,
Mix'd with ghosts of the mouldering dead:
And their grisly wings, as they floated along,
Whistled in murmurs dread.

XVI.

And her skeleton form the dead Nun rear'd,
Which dripp'd with the chill dew of hell.
In her half-eaten eyeballs two pale flames appear'd,
And triumphant their gleam on the dark Monk glar'd,
As he stood within the cell.

XVII.

And her lank hand lay on his shuddering brain;
But each power was nerv'd by fear.—
"I never, henceforth, may breathe again;
Death now ends mine anguish'd pain.—
The grave yawns,—we meet there."

XVIII.

And her skeleton lungs did utter the sound,
So deadly, so lone, and so fell,
That in long vibrations shudder'd the ground;
And as the stern notes floated around,
A deep groan was answer'd from hell.

NUMBER 4.—SONG.

I.

How swiftly through heaven's wide expanse
Bright day's resplendent colours fade!
How sweetly does the moonbeam's glance
With silver tint St. Irvyne's glade!

II.

No cloud along the spangled air,
Is borne upon the evening breeze;
How solemn is the scene! how fair
The moonbeams rest upon the trees!

III.

Yon dark gray turret glimmers white,
Upon it sits the mournful owl;
Along the stillness of the night,
Her melancholy shriekings roll.

IV.

But not alone on Irvyne's tower,
The silver moonbeam pours her ray;
It gleams upon the ivied bower,
It dances in the cascade's spray.

V.

" Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal
The hour, when man must cease to be?
Why may not human minds unveil
The dim mists of futurity?

VI.

"The keenness of the world hath torn
The heart which opens to its blast;
Despis'd, neglected, and forlorn,
Sinks the wretch in death at last."

NUMBER 5.—SONG.

I.

How stern are the woes of the desolate mourner,
As he bends in still grief o'er the hallowed bier,
As enanguish'd he turns from the laugh of the scorner,
And drops, to perfection's remembrance, a tear;
When floods of despair down his pale cheek are streaming,
When no blissful hope on his bosom is beaming,
Or, if lull'd for a while, soon he starts from his dreaming,
And finds torn the soft ties to affection so dear.

II.

Ah! when shall day dawn on the night of the grave,
Or summer succeed to the winter of death?
Rest awhile, hapless victim, and Heaven will save
The spirit, that faded away with the breath.
Eternity points in its amaranth bower,
Where no clouds of fate o'er the sweet prospect lower,
Unspeakable pleasure, of goodness the dower,
When woe fades away like the mist of the heath.

NUMBER 6.—SONG.

I.

AH! faint are her limbs, and her footstep is weary,
Yet far must the desolate wanderer roam;
Though the tempest is stern,and the mountain is dreary,
She must quit at deep midnight her pitiless home.
I see her swift foot dash the dew from the whortle,
As she rapidly hastes to the green grove of myrtle;
And I hear, as she wraps round her figure the kirtle,
"Stay thy boat on the lake,—dearest Henry, I come."

II.

High swell'd in her bosom the throb of affection,
As lightly her form bounded over the lea,
And arose in her mind every dear recollection;
"I come, dearest Henry, and wait but for thee."
How sad, when dear hope every sorrow is soothing,
When sympathy's swell the soft bosom is moving,
And the mind the mild joys of affection is proving,
Is the stern voice of fate that bids happiness flee!

III.

Oh! dark lower'd the clouds on that horrible eve,
And the moon dimly gleam'd through the tempested air;
Oh! how could fond visions such softness deceive?
Oh! how could false hope rend a bosom so fair?
Thy love's pallid corse the wild surges are laving,
O'er his form the fierce swell of the tempest is raving;
But, fear not, parting spirit; thy goodness is saving,
In eternity's bowers, a seat for thee there.

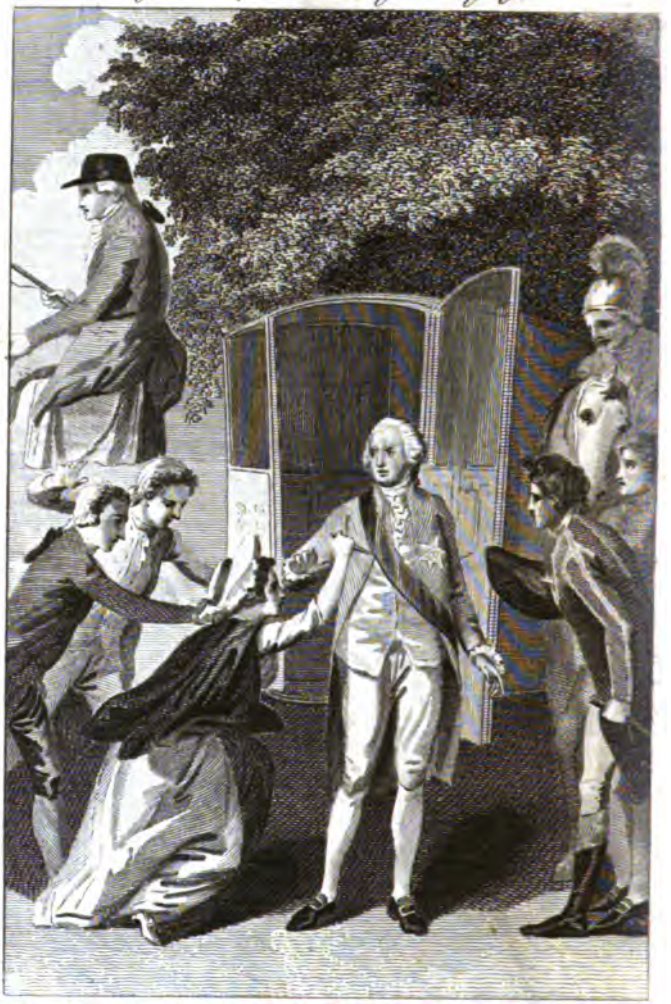
POSTHUMOUS FRAGMEMTS

OF

MARGARET NICHOLSON.

[A full account of this volume is to be found in Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, Vol. I, pp. 260 *et seq.*; but it had already been inaccurately referred to by Medwin, both in *The Shelley Papers* and in his *Life of Shelley*. Too much reliance must not be placed on Hogg's account, because, writing from memory, he is certainly inaccurate in some points that can be checked by reference to the book itself; and this shews that his memory was not to be trusted implicitly. His talent for the picturesque, combined with this want of exactness, may easily have led him far from the facts, without any intention on his part to depart from them. Hogg's account is that the poems were originally written by Shelley *bonâ fide*, with the exception of the first, of which "the MS. was confided to Shelley by some rhymester of the day,"—that Shelley shewed them to his future biographer in proof, and that the two friends eventually worked upon them to make them into burlesques. When this was effectually done, the printer who was to have published the volume at Shelley's cost, offered to do so at his own, and it was issued under the name of the poor washerwoman who had attempted the life of George III, and who was still alive, confined as a lunatic. So successful was the hoax, says Hogg, that "we used to meet gownsmen in High-street reading the goodly volume as they walked—pensive with a grave and sage delight.... It was indeed a kind of fashion to be seen reading it in public, as a mark of a nice discernment, of a delicate and fastidious taste in poetry, and the very criterion of a choice spirit. Nobody suspected, or could suspect, who was the author; the thing passed off as the genuine production of the would-be regicide." I agree with Mr. Rossetti in thinking that the traces of this process of burlesquing are not at all obvious. The poems, with one exception, do not strike me as more extravagant than others written by Shelley as a youth. If the account is correct; the first poem should stand in its place for the sake of Shelley's share in burlesquing it: if incorrect, it is as likely to be his own as the rest; and I must say that I think it more likely Shelley produced the whole volume substantially, submitting to the process of burlesquing only to a very small extent, and probably in the Epithalamium of Ravaillac and Charlotte Corday alone (pp. 342 to 346). The volume, of which the title-page is reproduced opposite, is a quarto, consisting of fly-title, title, a third leaf bearing the "Advertisement," and text pp. 7 to 29. I suspect it was issued as a stabbed pamphlet,—as the copies I have seen bear the usual traces of such issue. I have not thought it worth while to make, notice, or suggest any revisions of text, but have given that of the quarto *verbatim et literatim*, except in one case of a letter accidentally dropped.—H. B. F.]

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



MARG.T NICHOLSON *attempting to Assassinate the* KING.

POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS

OF

MARGARET NICHOLSON;

BEING POEMS FOUND AMONGST THE PAPERS OF THAT NOTED FEMALE WHO ATTEMPTED THE LIFE OF THE KING IN 1786.

EDITED BY

JOHN FITZVICTOR.

OXFORD:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. MUNDAY.

1810.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE energy and native genius of these Fragments, must be the only apology which the Editor can make for thus intruding them on the Public Notice. The FIRST I found with no title, and have left it so. It is intimately connected with the dearest interests of universal happiness; and much as we may deplore the fatal and enthusiastic tendency which the ideas of this poor female had acquired, we cannot fail to pay the tribute of unequivocal regret to the departed memory of genius, which, had it been rightly organized, would have made that intellect, which has since become the victim of phrenzy and despair, a most brilliant ornament to society.

In case the sale of these Fragments evinces that the Public have any curiosity to be presented with a more copious collection of my unfortunate Aunt's Poems, I have other papers in my possession, which shall, in that case, be subjected to their notice. It may be supposed they require much arrangement; but I send the following to the press in the same state in which they came into my possession.

J. F.

POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS.

AMBITION, power, and avarice, now have hurl'd
Death, fate, and ruin, on a bleeding world.
See! on yon heath what countless victims lie,
Hark! what loud shrieks ascend thro' yonder sky;
Tell then the cause, 'tis sure the avenger's rage
Has swept these myriads from life's crowded stage:
Hark to that groan, an anguish'd hero dies,
He shudders in death's latest agonies;
Yet does a fleeting hectic flush his cheek,
Yet does his parting breath essay to speak—

"Oh God! my wife, my children—Monarch thou
"For whose support this fainting frame lies low;
"For whose support in distant lands I bleed,
"Let his friends' welfare be the warrior's meed.
"He hears me not—ah! no—kings cannot hear,
"For passion's voice has dull'd their listless ear.
"To thee, then, mighty God, I lift my moan,
"Thou wilt not scorn a suppliant's anguish'd groan.
"Oh! now I die—but still is death's fierce pain—
"God hears my prayer—we meet, we meet again."
He spake, reclin'd him on death's bloody bed,
And with a parting groan his spirit fled.

Oppressors of mankind to *you* we owe
The baleful streams from whence these miseries flow;

For you how many a mother weeps her son,
Snatch'd from life's course ere half his race was run!
For you how many a widow drops a tear,
In silent anguish, on her husband's bier!

"Is it then thine, Almighty Power," she cries,
"Whence tears of endless sorrow dim these eyes?
"Is this the system which thy powerful sway,
"Which else in shapeless chaos sleeping lay,
"Form'd and approv'd?—it cannot be—but oh!
"Forgive me Heaven, my brain is warp'd by woe."

'Tis not—he never bade the war-note swell,
He never triumph'd in the work of hell—
Monarchs of earth! thine is the baleful deed,
Thine are the crimes for which thy subjects bleed.
Ah! when will come the sacred fated time,
When man unsullied by his leaders' crime,
Despising wealth, ambition, pomp, and pride,
Will stretch him fearless by his foemen's side?
Ah! when will come the time, when o'er the plain
No more shall death and desolation reign?
When will the sun smile on the bloodless field,
And the stern warrior's arm the sickle wield?
Not whilst some King, in cold ambition's dreams,
Plans for the field of death his plodding schemes;
Not whilst for private pique the public fall,
And one frail mortal's mandate governs all.
Swell'd with command and mad with dizzying sway;
Who sees unmov'd his myriads fade away.
Careless who lives or dies—so that he gains
Some trivial point for which he took the pains.
What then are Kings?—I see the trembling crowd,
I hear their fulsome clamours echoed loud;
Their stern oppressor pleas'd appears awhile,

But April's sunshine is a Monarch's smile—
Kings are but dust—the last eventful day
Will level all and make them lose their sway;
Will dash the sceptre from the Monarch's hand,
And from the warrior's grasp wrest the ensanguin'd brand.

Oh! Peace, soft peace, art thou for ever gone,
Is thy fair form indeed for ever flown?
And love and concord hast thou swept away,
As if incongruous with thy parted sway?
Alas I fear thou hast, for none appear.
Now o'er the palsied earth stalks giant Fear,
With War, and Woe, and Terror, in his train;
List'ning he pauses on the embattled plain,
Then speeding swiftly o'er the ensanguin'd heath,
Has left the frightful work to hell and death.
See! gory Ruin yokes his blood-stain'd car,
He scents the battle's carnage from afar;
Hell and destruction mark his mad career,
He tracks the rapid step of hurrying Fear;
Whilst ruin'd towns and smoaking cities tell,
That thy work, Monarch, is the work of hell.
It is thy work! I hear a voice repeat,
Shakes the broad basis of thy blood-stained seat;
And at the orphan's sigh, the widow's moan,
Totters the fabric of thy guilt-stained throne—
"It is thy work, O Monarch;" now the sound
Fainter and fainter yet is borne around,
Yet to enthusiast ears the murmurs tell
That heaven, indignant at the work of hell,
Will soon the cause, the hated cause remove,
Which tears from earth peace, innocence, and love.

FRAGMENT.

SUPPOSED TO BE AN EPITHALAMIUM OF FRANCIS RAVAILLAC AND CHARLOTTE CORDÉ.

'Tis midnight now—athwart the murky air,
Dank lurid meteors shoot a livid gleam;
From the dark storm-clouds flashes a fearful glare,
It shews the bending oak, the roaring stream.
I ponder'd on the woes of lost mankind,
I ponder'd on the ceaseless rage of Kings;
My rapt soul dwelt upon the ties that bind
The mazy volume of commingling things,
When fell and wild misrule to man stern sorrow brings.

I heard a yell—it was not the knell,
When the blasts on the wild lake sleep,
That floats on the pause of the summer gale's swell,
O'er the breast of the waveless deep.

I thought it had been death's accents cold
That bade me recline on the shore;
I laid mine hot head on the surge-beaten mould,
And thought to breathe no more.

But a heavenly sleep
That did suddenly steep
In balm my bosom's pain,
Pervaded my soul,
And free from control,
Did mine intellect range again.

Methought enthron'd upon a silvery cloud,
Which floated 'mid a strange and brilliant light;
My form upborne by viewless æther rode,
And spurn'd the lessening realms of earthly night.
What heavenly notes burst on my ravish'd ears,
What beauteous spirits met my dazzled eye!
Hark! louder swells the music of the spheres,
More clear the forms of speechless bliss float by,
And heavenly gestures suit æthereal melody.

But fairer than the spirits of the air,
More graceful than the Sylph of symmetry,
Than the enthusiast's fancied love more fair,
Were the bright forms that swept the azure sky.
Enthron'd in roseate light, a heavenly band
Strew'd flowers of bliss that never fade away;
They welcome virtue to its native land,
And songs of triumph greet the joyous day
When endless bliss the woes of fleeting life repay.

Congenial minds will seek their kindred soul,
E'en though the tide of time has roll'd between;
They mock weak matter's impotent control,
And seek of endless life the eternal scene.
At death's vain summons *this* will never die,
In nature's chaos *this* will not decay—
These are the bands which closely, warmly, tie
Thy soul, O Charlotte, 'yond this chain of clay,
To him who thine must be till time shall fade away.

Yes Francis! thine was the dear knife that tore
A tyrant's heart-strings from his guilty breast,
Thine was the daring at a tyrant's gore,
To smile in triumph, to contemn the rest;
And thine, lov'd glory of thy sex! to tear

From its base shrine a despot's haughty soul,
To laugh at sorrow in secure despair,
To mock, with smiles, life's lingering control,
And triumph 'mid the griefs that round thy fate did roll.

Yes! the fierce spirits of the avenging deep
With endless tortures goad their guilty shades.
I see the lank and ghastly spectres sweep
Along the burning length of yon arcades;
And I see Satan stalk athwart the plain;
He hastes along the burning soil of hell.
"Welcome thou despots to my dark domain,
"With maddening joy mine anguish'd senses swell
"To welcome to their home the friends I love so well."

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* * * * * * * *

Hark! to those notes, how sweet, how thrilling sweet
They echo to the sound of angels feet.

* * * * * * * *

Oh haste to the bower where roses are spread,
For there is prepared thy nuptial bed.
Oh haste—hark! hark!—they're gone.

* * * * * * * *

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

STAY ye days of contentment and joy,
Whilst love every care is erasing,
Stay ye pleasures that never can cloy,
And ye spirits that can never cease pleasing.

And if any soft passion be near,
Which mortals, frail mortals, can know,
Let love shed on the bosom a tear,
And dissolve the chill ice-drop of woe.

SYMPHONY.

FRANCIS

"SOFT, my dearest angel stay,
"Oh! you suck my soul away;
"Suck on, suck on, I glow, I glow!
"Tides of maddening passion roll,
"And streams of rapture drown my soul.
"Now give me one more billing kiss,
"Let your lips now repeat the bliss,
"Endless kisses steal my breath,
"No life can equal such a death."

CHARLOTTE.

"Oh! yes I will kiss thine eyes so fair,
"And I will clasp thy form;
"Serene is the breath of the balmy air,
"But I think, love, thou feelest me warm.
"And I will recline on thy marble neck
"Till I mingle into thee.
"And I will kiss the rose on thy cheek,
"And thou shalt give kisses to me.
"For here is no morn to flout our delight,
"Oh! dost thou not joy at this?
"And here we may lye an endless night,
"A long, long night of bliss."

Spirits! when raptures move,
Say what it is to love,
When passion's tear stands on the cheek,
When bursts the unconscious sigh;

And the tremulous lips dare not speak
What is told by the soul-felt eye.
But what is sweeter to revenge's ear
Than the fell tyrant's last expiring yell?
Yes! than love's sweetest blisses 'tis more dear
To drink the floatings of a despot's knell.
I wake—'tis done—'tis o'er. * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

DESPAIR.

AND can'st thou mock mine agony, thus calm
In cloudless radiance, Queen of silver night?
Can you, ye flow'rets, spread your perfumed balm
'Mid pearly gems of dew that shine so bright?
And you wild winds, thus can you sleep so still
Whilst throbs the tempest of my breast so high?
Can the fierce night-fiends rest on yonder hill,
And, in the eternal mansions of the sky,
Can the directors of the storm in powerless silence lie?

Hark! I hear music on the zephyr's wing,
Louder it floats along the unruffled sky;
Some fairy sure has touch'd the viewless string—
Now faint in distant air the murmurs die,
Awhile it stills the tide of agony.
Now—now it loftier swells—again stern woe
Arises with the awakening melody.
Again fierce torments, such as demons know,
In bitterer, feller tide, on this torn bosom flow.

Arise ye sightless spirits of the storm,
Ye unseen minstrels of the aërial song,

Pour the fierce tide around this lonely form,
And roll the tempests wildest swell along.
Dart the red lightning, wing the forked flash,
Pour from thy cloud-form'd hills the thunder's roar;
Arouse the whirlwind—and let ocean dash
In fiercest tumult on the rocking shore,
Destroy this life or let earth's fabric be no more.

Yes! every tie that links me here is dead;
Mysterious fate thy mandate I obey,
Since hope and peace, and joy, for aye are fled,
I come, terrific power, I come away.
Then o'er this ruin'd soul let spirits of hell,
In triumph, laughing wildly, mock its pain;
And though with direst pangs mine heart-strings swell,
I'll echo back their deadly yells again,
Cursing the power that ne'er made aught in vain.

FRAGMENT.

Yes! all is past—swift time has fled away,
Yet its swell pauses on my sickening mind;
How long will horror nerve this frame of clay?
I'm dead, and lingers yet my soul behind.
Oh! powerful fate, revoke thy deadly spell,
And yet that may not ever, ever be,
Heaven will not smile upon the work of hell;
Ah! no, for heaven cannot smile on me;
Fate, envious fate, has seal'd my wayward destiny.

I sought the cold brink of the midnight surge,
I sigh'd beneath its wave to hide my woes,

The rising tempest sung a funeral dirge,
And on the blast a frightful yell arose.
Wild flew the meteors o'er the madden'd main,
Wilder did grief athwart my bosom glare;
Still'd was the unearthly howling, and a strain,
Swell'd 'mid the tumult of the battling air,
'Twas like a spirit's song, but yet more soft and fair.

I met a maniac, like he was to me,
I said—"Poor victim wherefore dost thou roam?
"And canst thou not contend with agony,
"That thus at midnight thou dost quit thine home?"
"Ah there she sleeps: cold is her bloodless form,
"And I will go to slumber in her grave;
"And then our ghosts, whilst raves the madden'd storm,
"Will sweep at midnight o'er the wilder'd wave;
"Wilt thou our lowly beds with tears of pity lave?"

"Ah! no, I cannot shed the pitying tear,
"This breast is cold, this heart can feel no more;
"But I can rest me on thy chilling bier,
"Can shriek in horror to the tempest's roar."

* * * * * * * *

THE SPECTRAL HORSEMAN.

WHAT was the shriek that struck fancy's ear
As it sate on the ruins of time that is past?
Hark! it floats on the fitful blast of the wind,
And breathes to the pale moon a funeral sigh.
It is the Benshie's moan on the storm,
Or a shivering fiend that thirsting for sin,

Seeks murder and guilt when virtue sleeps,
Wing'd with the power of some ruthless king,
And sweeps o'er the breast of the prostrate plain.
It was not a fiend from the regions of hell
That poured its low moan on the stillness of night:
It was not a ghost of the guilty dead,
Nor a yelling vampire reeking with gore;
But aye at the close of seven years' end,
That voice is mixed with the swell of the storm
And aye at the close of seven years' end,
A shapeless shadow that sleeps on the hill
Awakens and floats on the mist of the heath.
It is not the shade of a murdered man,
Who has rushed uncalled to the throne of his God,
And howls in the pause of the eddying storm.
This voice is low, cold, hollow, and chill,
'Tis not heard by the ear, but is felt in the soul.
'Tis more frightful far than the death-demon's scream,
Or the laughter of fiends when they howl o'er the corpse
Of a man who has sold his soul to hell.
It tells the approach of a mystic form,
A white courser bears the shadowy sprite;
More thin they are than the mists of the mountain,
When the clear moonlight sleeps on the waveless lake.
More pale *his* cheek than the snows of Nithona
When winter rides on the northern blast,
And howls in the midst of the leafless wood.
Yet when the fierce swell of the tempest is raving,
And the whirlwinds howl in the caves of Inisfallen,
Still secure 'mid the wildest war of the sky,
The phantom courser scours the waste,
And his rider howls in the thunder's roar.
O'er him the fierce bolts of avenging heaven
Pause, as in fear, to strike his head.

The meteors of midnight recoil from his figure,
Yet the wildered peasant that oft passes by,
With wonder beholds the blue flash thro' his form:
And his voice, though faint as the sighs of the dead,
The startled passenger shudders to hear,
More distinct than the thunder's wildest roar.
Then does the dragon, who chain'd in the caverns
To eternity, curses the champion of Erin,
Moan and yell loud at the lone hour of midnight,
And twine his vast wreathes round the forms of the demons;
Then in agony roll his death-swimming eye-balls,
Though wilder'd by death, yet never to die!
Then he shakes from his skeleton folds the nightmares,
Who, shrieking in agony, seek the couch
Of some fevered wretch who courts sleep in vain;
Then the tombless ghosts of the guilty dead
In horror pause on the fitful gale.
They float on the swell of the eddying tempest,
And scared seek the caves of gigantic * *
Where their thin forms pour unearthly sounds
On the blast that sweeps the breast of the lake,
And mingles its swell with the moonlight air.

MELODY TO A SCENE OF FORMER TIMES.

Art thou indeed for ever gone,
For ever, ever, lost to me?
Must this poor bosom beat alone,
Or beat at all, if not for thee?
Ah! why was love to mortals given,
To lift them to the height of heaven,
Or dash them to the depths of hell?
Yet I do not reproach thee dear!

Ah! no, the agonies that swell
This panting breast, this frenzied brain
Might wake my ———'s slumb'ring tear.
Oh! heaven is witness I did love,
And heaven does know I love thee still,
Does know the fruitless sick'ning thrill,
When reason's judgment vainly strove
To blot thee from my memory;
But which might never, never be.
Oh! I appeal to that blest day
When passion's wildest ecstacy
Was coldness to the joys I knew,
When every sorrow sunk away.
Oh! I had never liv'd before,
But now those blisses are no more.
And now I cease to live again,
I do not blame thee love; ah no!
The breast that feels this anguish'd woe
Throbs for thy happiness alone.
Two years of speechless bliss are gone,
I thank thee dearest for the dream.
'Tis night—what faint and distant scream
Comes on the wild and fitful blast?
It moans for pleasures that are past,
It moans for days that are gone by.
Oh! lagging hours how slow you fly!
I see a dark and lengthen'd vale,
The black view closes with the tomb;
But darker is the lowering gloom
That shades the intervening dale.
In visioned slumber for awhile
I seem again to share thy smile,
I seem to hang upon thy tone.
Again you say, "confide in me,

"For I am thine, and thine alone,
"And thine must ever, ever be."
But oh! awak'ning still anew,
Athwart my enanguish'd senses flew
A fiercer, deadlier agony!

FINIS.

The imprint of the *Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson* is as follows :—

Munday, Printer, Oxford.

STANZA: "TREMBLE, KINGS!"[1]

TREMBLE Kings despised of man!
Ye traitors to your Country
Tremble! Your parricidal plan
At length shall meet its destiny ...
We all are soldiers fit to fight
But if we sink in glory's night
Our mother EARTH will give ye new
The brilliant pathway to pursue
Which leads to DEATH or VICTORY ...

THE TEAR.[2]

I.

OH! take the pure gem to where southerly breezes,
Waft repose to some bosom as faithful as fair,
In which the warm current of love never freezes,
As it rises unmingled with selfishness there,

[1] This stanza is at the end of a letter to Shelley's friend Graham, in the possession of Mr. Frederick Locker, and has not, I believe, been previously published. The letter itself is a strange production conjuring Graham in terms of mock solemnity to render some promised assistance in an "endeavour to magnify, if magnification be possible, our Noble Royal Family." It is signed "Philobasileus," is not dated, and has no postmark. I should take it to have been written in 1810, probably before Shelley went to Oxford,—a time at which he was certainly in correspondence with Graham. It was after the Prince of Wales had been appointed Regent, but probably before the feast at Carlton House to which the fragment at p. 359 refers.

[2] These verses were sent to Hogg in a letter (*Life of Shelley*, Vol. I. p. 160) dated "Field Place, Jan. 6th, 1811."—a very feverish production in which Shelley speaks of having been "most of the night pacing a churchyard." The titles of this and the next two pieces were supplied by Mr. Rossetti.

Which, untainted by pride, unpolluted by care,
Might dissolve the dim icedrop, might bid it arise,
Too pure for these regions, to gleam in the skies.

II.

Or where the stern warrior, his country defending,
Dares fearless the dark-rolling battle to pour,
Or o'er the fell corpse of a dread tyrant bending,
Where patriotism red with his guilt-reeking gore
Plants liberty's flag on the slave-peopled shore,
With victory's cry, with the shout of the free,
Let it fly, taintless spirit, to mingle with thee.

III.

For I found the pure gem, when the daybeam returning,
Ineffectual gleams on the snow-covered plain,
When to others the wished-for arrival of morning
Brings relief to long visions of soul-racking pain;
But regret is an insult—to grieve is in vain:
And why should we grieve that a spirit so fair
Seeks Heaven to mix with its own kindred there?

IV.

But still 'twas some spirit of kindness descending
To share in the load of mortality's woe,
Who over thy lowly-built sepulchre bending
Bade sympathy's tenderest tear-drop to flow.
Not for *thee*, soft compassion, celestials did know,
But if *angels* can weep, sure *man* may repine,
May weep in mute grief o'er thy low-laid shrine.

V.

And did I then say, for the altar of glory,
That the earliest, the loveliest of flowers I'd entwine,

Tho' with millions of blood-reeking victims 'twas gory,
Tho' the tears of the widow polluted its shrine,
Tho' around it the orphans, the fatherless pine?
Oh! Fame, all thy glories I'd yield for a tear
To shed on the grave of a heart so sincere.

LOVE.[1]

WHY is it said thou canst not live
In a youthful breast and fair,
Since thou eternal life canst give,
Canst bloom for ever there?
Since withering pain no power possest,
Nor age, to blanch thy vermeil hue,
Nor time's dread victor, death, confess'd,
Though bathed with his poison dew,
Still thou retain'st unchanging bloom,
Fix'd tranquil, even in the tomb.
And oh! when on the blest reviving
The day-star dawns of love,
Each energy of soul surviving
More vivid, soars above,
Hast thou ne'er felt a rapturous thrill,
Like June's warm breath, athwart thee fly,
O'er each idea then to steal,
When other passions die?
Felt it in some wild noonday dream,
When sitting by the lonely stream,

[1] These verses are from a letter to Hogg, given in his *Life of Shelley* (Vol. I, p. 366), with the postmark "May 2, 1811." After some ordinary prose matter comes this scrap of rhyme, followed in turn by more prose, and, immediately, by the apology—"Excuse this strange momentary mania! I am now at Miss Westbrook's. She is reading Voltaire's Dictionnaire Philosophique. I am writing to you, but I broke off a page ago."

Where Silence says, Mine is the dell;
And not a murmur from the plain,
And not an echo from the fell,
Disputes her silent reign.

BIGOTRY'S VICTIM.[1]

I.

DARES the lama, most fleet of the sons of the wind,
The lion to rouse from his skull-covered lair?
When the tiger approaches can the fast-fleeting hind
Repose trust in his footsteps of air?
No! Abandon'd he sinks in a trance of despair,
The monster transfixes his prey,
On the sand flows his life-blood away;
Whilst India's rocks to his death-yells reply,
Protracting the horrible harmony.

II.

Yet the fowl of the desert, when danger encroaches,
Dares fearless to perish defending her brood,
Though the fiercest of cloud-piercing tyrants approaches,
Thirsting—aye, thirsting for blood;
And demands, like mankind, his brother for food;
Yet more lenient, more gentle than they;
For hunger, not glory, the prey
Must perish. Revenge does not howl in the dead,
Nor ambition with fame crown the murderer's head.

[1] From Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, Vol. I, p. 351. The letter in which it occurs is dated "Lincoln's Inn Fields, April 28, 1811." Shelley appears to have been staying with his cousin, Mr. Grove. The date may be accepted as that of the verses, for at the end of the letter we read—"There it is—a mad effusion of this morning!"

III.

Though weak, as the lama, that bounds on the mountains,
And endued not with fast-fleeting footsteps of air,
Yet, yet will I draw from the purest of fountains,
Though a fiercer than tiger is there.
Though more dreadful than death, it scatters despair,
Though its shadow eclipses the day,
And the darkness of deepest dismay
Spreads the influence of soul-chilling terror around,
And lowers on the corpses, that rot on the ground.

IV.

They came to the fountain to draw from its stream,
Waves too pure, too celestial, for mortals to see;
They bathed for a while in its silvery beam,
Then perish'd, and perish'd like me.
For in vain from the grasp of the Bigot I flee;
The most tenderly loved of my soul
Are slaves to his hated control.
He pursues me, he blasts me! 'Tis in vain that I fly:
What remains, but to curse him,—to curse him and die?

TO THE MOONBEAM.[1]

I.

MOONBEAM, leave the shadowy vale,
To bathe this burning brow.
Moonbeam, why art thou so pale,
As thou walkest o'er the dewy dale,

[1] From Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, Vol. I, p. 377, where it appears in a letter dated "Field Place, May 17, 1811," and is commented on by Shelley in the words, "There is a rhapsody!"

Where humble wild flowers grow ?
Is it to mimic me ?
But that can never be ;
For thine orb is bright,
And the clouds are light,
That at intervals shadow the star-studded night.

II.

Now all is deathy still on earth,
Nature's tired frame reposes,
And ere the golden morning's birth
Its radiant hues discloses,
Flies forth its balmy breath.
But mine is the midnight of Death,
And Nature's morn,
To my bosom forlorn,
Brings but a gloomier night, implants a deadlier thorn.

III.

Wretch! Suppress the glare of madness
Struggling in thine haggard eye,
For the keenest throb of sadness,
Pale Despair's most sickening sigh,
Is but to mimic me ;
And this must ever be,
When the twilight of care,
And the night of despair,
Seem in my breast but joys to the pangs, that wake there.

ON A FÊTE AT CARLTON HOUSE.[1]

(FRAGMENT).

By the mossy brink,
With me the Prince shall sit and think;
Shall muse in visioned Regency,
Rapt in bright dreams of dawning Royalty.

TO ———.[2]

O THOU
Whose dear love gleamed upon the gloomy path
Which this lone spirit travelled, drear and cold
But swiftly leading to those awful limits
Which mark the bounds of time, and of the space
When time shall be no more,—wilt thou not turn
Those spirit-beaming eyes, and look on me,
Until I be assured that earth is heaven,
And heaven is earth?

[1] This fragment was printed by Mr. Rossetti with the following note:

"This is the sole now known fragment from a poem of about fifty lines which Shelley wrote and printed on a fête which had taken place towards the beginning of the summer of 1811. A stream of water had been made to meander down a long table; and the extravagance of the affair generally had excited some murmurs. Shelley, it is said, 'amused himself with throwing copies of the poem into the carriages of persons going to Carlton House after the fête.'" Mr. Garnett took these remaining lines down "from the mouth of the Rev. Mr. Grove, a relative of Shelley."

[2] These lines were given by Mr. Rossetti from a transcript of Mr. Garnett's, taken from one of the Boscombe MSS. The date affixed by Mr. Rossetti is 1811.

TO A STAR.[1]

SWEET star, which gleaming o'er the darksome scene
Through fleecy clouds of silvery radiance flyest,
Spanglet of light on evening's shadowy veil,
Which shrouds the day-beam from the waveless lake,
Lighting the hour of sacred love; more sweet
Than the expiring morn-star's paly fires.
Sweet star! When wearied Nature sinks to sleep,
And all is hushed,—all, save the voice of Love,
Whose broken murmurings swell the balmy blast
Of soft Favonius, which at intervals
Sighs in the ear of stillness, art thou aught but
Lulling the slaves of interest to repose
With that mild, pitying gaze! Oh, I would look
In thy dear beam till every bond of sense
Became enamoured——

LOVE'S ROSE.

I.

HOPES, that swell in youthful breasts,
Live they this, the waste of time?
Love's rose a host of thorns invests;
Cold, ungenial is the clime,
Where its honours blow.

[1] This and the next effusion are from one of several undated letters in Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, Vol. I. They would seem to belong to the summer of 1811. These verses are preceded by the words—"I transcribe for you a strange melange of maddened stuff, which I wrote by the midnight moon last night." They are followed by the comment "*Oh! jam satis dementiæ!* I hear you exclaim." Mr. Rossetti supplied the titles.

Youth says, The purple flowers are mine,
Which die the while they glow.

II.

Dear the boon to Fancy given,
Retracted whilst it's granted:
Sweet the rose which lives in heaven,
Although on earth 'tis planted,
Where its honours blow,
While by earth's slaves the leaves are riven
Which die the while they glow.

III.

Age cannot Love destroy,
But perfidy can blast the flower,
Even when in most unwary hour
It blooms in Fancy's bower.
Age cannot Love destroy,
But perfidy can rend the shrine
In which its vermeil splendours shine.

TO MARY, WHO DIED IN THIS OPINION.[1]

I.

MAIDEN, quench the glare of sorrow
Struggling in thine haggard eye:
Firmness dare to borrow
From the wreck of destiny;

[1] This and the three poems which follow it were copied by Mr. Rossetti from letters written by Shelley to Miss Hitchener (the "brown demon" of Hogg's *Life*); but in whose hands these letters are, it is not stated. The letter containing this first of the four poems was written from Keswick, under date November 23, 1811, and is introduced by the words—"I transcribe a little poem I found this morning. It was written some

For the ray morn's bloom revealing
Can never boast so bright an hue
As that which mocks concealing,
And sheds its loveliest light on you.

II.

Yet is the tie departed
Which bound thy lovely soul to bliss?
Has it left thee broken hearted
In a world so cold as this!
Yet, though, fainting fair one,
Sorrow's self thy cup has given,
Dream thou'lt meet thy dear one,
Never more to part, in heaven.

III.

Existence would I barter
For a dream so dear as thine,
And smile to die a martyr
On affection's bloodless shrine.
Nor would I change for pleasure
That withered hand and ashy cheek,
If my heart enshrined a treasure
Such as forces thine to break.

time ago; but, as it appears to show what I then thought of eternal life, I send it." Mr. Rossetti suggests that this unknown Mary may be the "same person who is referred to in the phrase 'the vile female who destroyed Mary'—which occurs in a letter from Shelley to Hogg, dated the 8th May 1811, printed in Hogg's *Life*, Vol. I, p. 370."

MOTHER AND SON.[1]

I.

SHE was an agèd woman; and the years
Which she had numbered on her toilsome way
Had bowed her natural powers to decay.
She was an agèd woman; yet the ray
Which faintly glimmered through her starting tears,
Pressed into light by silent misery,
Hath soul's imperishable energy.
She was a cripple, and incapable
To add one mite to gold-fed luxury:
And therefore did her spirit dimly feel
That poverty, the crime of tainting stain,
Would merge her in its depths, never to rise again.

II.

One only son's love had supported her.
She long had struggled with infirmity,
Lingering to human life-scenes; for to die,
When fate has spared to rend some mental tie,
Would many wish, and surely fewer dare.
But, when the tyrant's bloodhounds forced the child
For his cursed power unhallowed arms to wield—
Bend to another's will—become a thing
More senseless than the sword of battle field—
Then did she feel keen sorrow's keenest sting;
And many years had passed ere comfort they would bring.

[1] The letter containing this was sent from Keswick on the 7th of January, 1812. Shelley says "The subject is not fictitious." Mr. Rossetti says it is "worthy of observation that this effusion, which bears traces of a Wordsworthian influence, was indited when Shelley was in habits of intercourse with Southey."

III.

For seven years did this poor woman live
In unparticipated solitude.
Thou mightst have seen her in the forest rude
Picking the scattered remnants of its wood.
If human, thou mightst then have learned to feel.
The gleanings of precarious charity
Her scantiness of food did scarce supply.
The proofs of an unspeaking sorrow dwelt
Within her ghastly hollowness of eye:
Each arrow of the season's change she felt.
Yet still she groans, ere yet her race were run,
One only hope: it was—once more to see her son.

IV.

It was an eve of June, when every star
Spoke peace from heaven.—
She rested on the moor. 'Twas such an eve
When first her soul began indeed to grieve:
Then he was there; now he is very far.
The sweetness of the balmy evening
A sorrow o'er her agèd soul did fling,
Yet not devoid of rapture's mingled tear:
A balm was in the poison of the sting.
This agèd sufferer for many a year
Had never felt such comfort. She suppressed
A sigh—and turning round, clasped William to her breast!

V.

And, though his form was wasted by the woe
Which tyrants on their victims love to wreak,
Though his sunk eyeballs and his faded cheek
Of slavery's violence and scorn did speak,
Yet did the agèd woman's bosom glow.
The vital fire seemed reillumed within

By this sweet unexpected welcoming.
Oh consummation of the fondest hope
That ever soared on fancy's wildest wing!
Oh tenderness that found'st so sweet a scope!
Prince who dost pride thee on thy mighty sway,
When *thou* canst feel such love, thou shalt be great as they!

VI.

Her son, compelled, the country's foes had fought,
Had bled in battle; and the stern control
Which ruled his sinews and coerced his soul
Utterly poisoned life's unmingled bowl,
And unsubduable evils on him brought.
He was the shadow of the lusty child
Who, when the time of summer season smiled,
Did earn for her a meal of honesty,
And with affectionate discourse beguiled
The keen attacks of pain and poverty;
Till Power, as envying her this only joy,
From her maternal bosom tore the unhappy boy.

VII.

And now cold charity's unwelcome dole
Was insufficient to support the pair;
And they would perish rather than would bear
The law's stern slavery, and the insolent stare
With which law loves to rend the poor man's soul—
The bitter scorn, the spirit-sinking noise
Of heartless mirth which women, men, and boys,
Wake in this scene of legal misery.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.[1]

I.

BROTHERS! between you and me
  Whirlwinds sweep and billows roar:
Yet in spirit oft I see
  On thy wild and winding shore
Freedom's bloodless banners wave,—
Feel the pulses of the brave
Unextinguished in the grave,—
  See them drenched in sacred gore,—
Catch the warrior's gasping breath
Murmuring "Liberty or death!"

II.

Shout aloud! Let every slave,
  Crouching at Corruption's throne,
Start into a man, and brave
  Racks and chains without a groan;
And the castle's heartless glow,
And the hovel's vice and woe,
Fade like gaudy flowers that blow—
  Weeds that peep, and then are gone;
Whilst, from misery's ashes risen,
Love shall burst the captive's prison.

[1] This poem and the next were sent to Miss Hitchener from Dublin, in a letter from which Mr. Rossetti extracts as follows:—"Have you heard a new republic is set up in Mexico? I have just written the following short tribute to its success... These are merely sent as lineaments in the picture of my mind on these two topics [the other topic being Ireland]. I find that I sometimes can write poetry when I feel, such as it is." As Mr. Rossetti dates this poem 14 February, 1812, I presume that is the date of the letter.

III.

Cotopaxi! bid the sound
Through thy sister mountains ring,
Till each valley smile around
At the blissful welcoming!
And O thou stern Ocean deep,
Thou whose foamy billows sweep
Shores where thousands wake to weep
Whilst they curse a villain king,
On the winds that fan thy breast
Bear thou news of Freedom's rest!

IV.

Ere the daystar dawn of love,
Where the flag of war unfurled
Floats with crimson stain above
The fabric of a ruined world—
Never but to vengeance driven
When the patriot's spirit shriven
Seeks in death its native heaven!
There, to desolation hurled,
Widowed love may watch thy bier,
Balm thee with its dying tear.

TO IRELAND.[1]

BEAR witness, Erin! when thine injured isle
Sees summer on its verdant pastures smile,
Its cornfields waving in the winds that sweep
The billowy surface of thy circling deep.

[1] Mr. Rossetti affixes the date "February, 1812," to this fragment.

Thou tree whose shadow o'er the Atlantic gave
Peace, wealth, and beauty, to its friendly wave,
its blossoms fade,
And blighted are the leaves that cast its shade;
Whilst the cold hand gathers its scanty fruit,
Whose chillness struck a canker to its root.

EYES.[1]

How eloquent are eyes!
Not the rapt poet's frenzied lay
When the soul's wildest feelings stray
Can speak so well as they.
How eloquent are eyes!
Not music's most impassioned note
On which love's warmest fervours float
Like them bids rapture rise,
Love, look thus again,—
That your look may lighten a waste of years,
Darting the beam that conquers cares
Through the cold shower of tears.
Love, look thus again!

[1] First given by Mr. Rossetti with the following note: "This poem is extracted by Mr. Garnett from a MS. book, and had never yet been published. He notes its date as not later than 1813: I have put 1812 conjecturally."

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.[1]

I.

SHALL we roam, my love,
To the twilight grove,
When the moon is rising bright;
Oh, I'll whisper there,
In the cool night-air,
What I dare not in broad day-light!

II.

I'll tell thee a part
Of the thoughts that start
To being when thou art nigh;
And thy beauty, more bright
Than the stars' soft light,
Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

III.

When the pale moonbeam
On tower and stream
Sheds a flood of silver sheen,

[1] Medwin published this poem as Shelley's in *The Shelley Papers;* and Mrs. Shelley received it into her first edition of 1839; but in the second she withdrew it with the following remarks:—"It was suggested that the Poem 'To the Queen of my Heart,' was falsely attributed to Shelley. I certainly find no trace of it among his papers, and as those of his intimate friends whom I have consulted never heard of it, I omit it." I do not feel justified in excluding it, finding this negative evidence quite insufficient for so judicial an occasion. It is to my mind almost inconceivable that even the careless Medwin can have "falsely attributed to Shelley" these verses, which, judged on their merits, are quite as good as most things to be found among the *Juvenilia*, and bear strong enough marks of Shelley's youthful hand. It was probably the appearance of the verses among the supreme lyrics of 1822 that induced the feeling of incongruity, and very naturally; but Medwin was not responsible for that, having published the poem without a date.

How I love to gaze
As the cold ray strays
O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen!

IV.

Wilt thou roam with me
To the restless sea,
And linger upon the steep,
And list to the flow
Of the waves below
How they toss and roar and leap?

V.

Those boiling waves
And the storm that raves
At night o'er their foaming crest,
Resemble the strife
That, from earliest life,
The passions have waged in my breast.

VI.

Oh, come then and rove
To the sea or the grove
When the moon is rising[1] bright,
And I'll whisper there
In the cool night-air
What I dare not in broad day-light.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's first edition of 1839 the word *shining* is here substituted for *rising*; but the change must have been a mere accident, seeing she had nothing but Medwin's version to go by.

THE DEVIL'S WALK,[1]

A BALLAD.

I.

ONCE, early in the morning,
Beelzebub arose,
With care his sweet person adorning,
He put on his Sunday clothes.

[1] *The Devil's Walk*, technically speaking, was published by Shelley in 1812,—that is to say, it was printed in the form of a broad-sheet and to some extent distributed in that year. The distribution must, however, have been very limited; and the poem did not become generally known (indeed I know of *no one* living who had heard of it) until Mr. Rossetti reprinted it in a valuable article entitled "Shelley in 1812-13," which appeared in *The Fortnightly Review* for January 1, 1871. The sheet measures 18⅛ by 14⅛ inches; and the ballad is printed in three columns, divided into stanzas as shewn in the text, but without numerals, which I have added for convenience of reference. The title is in large old-English characters. The punctuation is very characteristic of Shelley, and I retain it intact, except in two instances (specified) in which the printer was probably at fault. The circumstances under which this poem got preserved, and eventually filed in the Public Record Office, form an important episode in the early career of Shelley. It is sufficient to state here that the original broad-sheet was distributed together with the *Declaration of Rights*, with the aid of Shelley's servant, Daniel Hill, and a curious machinery of boxes and bottles for marine service, about the shores of North Devon. Shelley was living at Lynmouth at the time; but it was at Barnstaple that Daniel Hill was apprehended, convicted of distributing printed papers with no printer's name on them, and imprisoned. This poem of *The Devil's Walk* is by no means unimportant as a land-mark in the history of Shelley's poetic developement; and, as the honour of unearthing it belongs to Mr. Rossetti, I can do no better than quote the following remarks from the article already referred to. "Many readers will remember that there is a poem by Southey named *The Devil's Walk*, and also a poem by Coleridge named *The Devil's Thoughts*, the two being to a great extent identical. The original authorship of this joint composition has been much discussed; one statement is that Porson was the real inventor. However, I suppose that Southey's distinct assertion ought to be accepted: Southey himself started the idea, and wrote the larger part of the poem, in 1799; Coleridge wrote various stanzas; Porson had nothing to do with it. Shelley's poem is obviously, undisguisedly, founded on that of Southey and Coleridge: he has borrowed the idea, and written a different composition to develop it. There is only one stanza (that which begins 'Satan saw a lawyer a viper slay') that is directly appropriated from the earlier work,—as I gather, from Coleridge's portion of it; and even this is differently worded. Cole-

II.

He drew on a boot to hide his hoof,
He drew on a glove to hide his claw,
His horns were concealed by a *Bras Chapeau*,
And the Devil went forth as natty a *Beau*,
As Bond-street ever saw.

III.

He sate him down, in London town,
Before earth's morning ray,[1]
With a favourite imp he began to chat,
On religion, and scandal, this and that,
Until the dawn of day.

IV.

And then to St. James's court he went,
And St. Paul's Church he took on his way,
He was mighty thick with every Saint,
Tho' they were formal and he was gay.

V.

The Devil was an agriculturist,
And as bad weeds quickly grow,
In looking over his farm, I wist
He wouldn't find cause for woe.

ridge's production, read apart from Southey's, is no doubt better than Shelley's; but I think Shelley's compares creditably with the completed joint original. There are certainly some good points in his *Devil's Walk*; and it may safely receive this extremely qualified meed of praise, that it is the best now extant piece of poetry produced by the future author of *Prometheus Unbound* prior to the printing of *Queen Mab* (1813). Probably *The Devil's Walk* was written only a short time before Daniel Hill was commissioned to distribute it, in August, 1812; if so, Shelley had now already begun the writing of *Queen Mab*.—There is likewise a poem of Byron's, *The Devil's Drive*, modelled upon the same popular production of Southey and Coleridge: this cannot have been composed earlier than the close of 1813, and is consequently later than Shelley's." I may remark that the cognomen of the Devil, in the second line of the ballad as printed by Shelley, is *Beelzebub*, not *Beelzebuth* as in *The Fortnightly Review*.

[1] There is no stop here in the original.

VI.

He peeped in each hole, to each chamber stole,
His promising live-stock to view;
Grinning applause, he just showed them his claws,
And they shrunk with affright from his ugly sight,
Whose work they delighted to do.

VII.

Satan poked his red nose into crannies so small,
One would think that the innocents fair,
Poor lambkins! were just doing nothing at all,
But settling some dress or arranging some ball,
But the Devil saw deeper there.

VIII.

A Priest, at whose elbow the Devil[1] during prayer,
Sate familiarly, side by side,
Declared, that if the tempter were there,
His presence he would not abide.
Ah! Ah! thought Old Nick, that's a very stale trick,
For without the Devil, O! favourite of evil,
In your carriage you would not ride.

IX.

Satan next saw a brainless King,
Whose house was as hot as his own,
Many imps in attendance were there on the wing,
They flapped the pennon and twisted the sting,
Close by the very Throne.

X.

Ah, ha! thought Satan, the pasture is good,
My Cattle will here thrive better than others,

[1] Mr. Rossetti substitutes *he* for *the Devil.*

They dine on news of human blood,
They sup on the groans of the dying and dead,
And supperless never will go to bed;
Which will make them fat as their brothers.

XI.

Fat as the fiends that feed on blood,
Fresh and warm from the fields of Spain,
Where ruin ploughs her gory way,
When[1] the shoots of earth are nipped in the bud,
Where Hell is the Victor's prey,
Its glory the meed of the slain.

XII.

Fat—as the death-birds on Erin's shore,[2]
That glutted themselves in her dearest gore,
And flitted round Castlereagh,
When they snatched the Patriot's heart, that *his* grasp
Had torn from its widow's maniac clasp,[3]
And fled at the dawn of day.

XIII.

Fat—as the reptiles of the tomb,
That riot in corruption's spoil,
That fret their little hour in gloom,
And creep, and live the while.

XIV.

Fat as that Prince's maudlin brain,
Which addled by some gilded toy,
Tired, gives his sweetmeat, and again
Cries for it, like a humoured boy.

[1] Mr. Rossetti prints *Where* instead of *When*.

[2] In the *Fortnightly Review* version this line reads as follows: Fat as death-birds on Erin's shore, but in the original it is as I have given it.

[3] Misprinted *claps* in the original.

XV.

For he is fat, his waistcoat gay,
When strained upon a levee day,
  Scarce meets across his princely paunch,
And pantaloons are like half moons
    Upon each brawny haunch.

XVI.

How vast his stock of calf! when plenty
  Had filled his empty head and heart,
Enough to satiate foplings twenty,
  Could make his pantaloon seams[1] start.

XVII.

The Devil, (who sometimes is called nature,)
  For men of power provides thus well,
Whilst every change and every feature,
  Their great original can tell.

XVIII.

Satan saw a lawyer, a viper slay,
    That crawled up the leg of his table,
It reminded him most marvellously,
    Of the story of Cain and Abel.[2]

XIX.

The wealthy yeoman, as he wanders,
    His fertile fields among,
And on his thriving cattle ponders,
  Counts his sure gains, and hums a song;
Thus did the Devil, thro' earth walking,
    Hum low a hellish song.

[1] So in the original; but *pantaloon-seam* in *The Fortnightly Review*.

[2] Coleridge's corresponding stanza, referred to by Mr. Rossetti in the passage quoted in note 1, p. 371, is as follows:

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
  On a dunghill hard by his own stable;
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
  Of Cain and his brother Abel.

XX.

For they thrive well, whose garb of gore,
Is Satan's choicest livery,
And they thrive well, who from the poor,
Have snatched the bread of penury,
And heap the houseless wanderer's store,
On the rank pile of luxury.

XXI.

The Bishops thrive, tho' they are big,
The Lawyers thrive, tho' they are thin;
For every gown, and every wig,
Hides the safe thrift of Hell within.

XXII.

Thus pigs were never counted clean,
Altho' they dine on finest corn;
And cormorants are[1] sin-like lean,
Altho' they eat from night to morn.

XXIII.

Oh! why is the Father of Hell in such glee,
As he grins from ear to ear?
Why does he doff his clothes joyfully,
As he skips, and prances, and flaps his wing,
As he sidles,[2] leers, and twirls his sting,
And dares, as he is, to appear?

XXIV.

A statesman pass'd—alone to him,
The Devil dare his whole shape uncover,
To show each feature, every limb,
Secure of an unchanging lover.

[1] There is a comma after *are* in the original,—a printer's error, probably.

[2] So in the original; not *slides* as in *The Fortnightly Review*.

XXV.

At this known sign, a welcome sight,
The watchful demons sought their King,
And every fiend of the Stygian night,
Was in an instant on the wing.

XXVI.

Pale Loyalty, his guilt steeled brow,
With wreaths of gory laurel crowned:
The hell-hounds, Murder, Want and Woe,
For ever hungering flocked around;
From Spain had Satan sought their food,
'Twas human woe and human blood!

XXVII.

Hark the earthquake's crash I hear,
Kings turn pale, and Conquerors start,
Ruffians tremble in their fear,
For their Satan doth depart.

XXVIII.

This day fiends give to revelry,
To celebrate their King's return,
And with delight its sire to see,
Hell's adamantine limits burn.

XXIX.

But were the Devil's sight as keen
As Reason's penetrating eye,
His sulphurous Majesty I ween,
Would find but little cause for joy.

XXX.

For the sons of Reason see,
That ere fate consume the Pole,
The false Tyrant's cheek shall be,
Bloodless as his coward soul.

QUEEN MAB.

[In a letter to Mr. Thomas Hookham, dated the 18th of August, 1812, Shelley says "I enclose also, by way of specimen, all that I have written of a little poem begun since my arrival in England. I conceive I have matter enough for six more cantos. You will perceive that I have not attempted to temper my constitutional enthusiasm in that poem. Indeed, a poem is safe; the iron-souled Attorney-General would scarcely dare to attack. The Past, the Present, and the Future, are the grand and comprehensive topics of this poem. I have not yet half exhausted the second of them." The editor of the *Shelley Memorials*, wherein, at p. 39, this passage occurs, says "The poem here alluded to is (I conceive) *Queen Mab*." That assumption is almost certainly correct; for, even if we may trust that statement of Medwin (*Life of Shelley*, Vol. I, p. 153) which carries the commencement of the composition as far back as the autumn of 1809, we may be quite certain that anything sketched by Shelley in 1809 and resumed in 1812 would be entirely rewritten; and he might naturally speak of it as a newly-commenced work. The poem was finished in February, 1813; and the notes were put together after that date. He did not publish the book in the usual way, but printed it privately, in a crown octavo volume, of which the title-page is reproduced opposite. I should say the errors and irregularities of the press were comparatively few: in one instance (section II, line 132) *site* is spelt *scite*; and we meet both *gulf* and *gulph*. I have spelt the word with *ph*, throughout, according to Shelley's custom: no other changes are made without being specified either in the foot-notes or in the Appendix. The book was printed on fine paper, in the belief that though it would not be read by the aristocrats of that day, it might be by their sons and daughters; and the chances are that not a copy, of the 250 said to have been printed, was wasted. Carlile, one of the numerous publishers of piratical editions of *Queen Mab*, affords us a curious piece of evidence on this point: I have in my possession an advertisement issued by this man in 1822, shortly after Shelley's death, to the effect that he had on sale, with his own edition of *Queen Mab*, 180 copies of Shelley's edition; and looking at the rapidity with which pirated editions followed Carlile's, I should not doubt that he got rid of all of his. The subject of *Queen Mab* piracies, prosecutions, and bibliography, is far too wide to be entered on here: suffice it to say that the original privately-printed book has, beside the title-page, a dedication, pp. 1 to 122 of text, fly-title *Notes*, and pp. 125 to 240 of notes, and that Mr. Moxon was prosecuted as late as 1840 for republishing it.—H. B. F.]

QUEEN MAB;

A

PHILOSOPHICAL POEM:

WITH NOTES.

BY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ECRASEZ L'INFAME!

Correspondance de Voltaire.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fonteis;
Atque haurire: juvatque novos decerpere flores.
* * * * *
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.
Primum quod magnis doceo de rebus; et arctis
Religionum animos nodis exsolvere pergo.

Lucret. lib. iv.

Δος πα τω, και κοσμον κινησω.

Archimedes.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY P. B. SHELLEY.

23, Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square.

1813.

TO

HARRIET *****.[1]

WHOSE is the love that gleaming through the world,
Wards off the poisonous arrow of its scorn?
Whose is the warm and partial praise,
Virtue's most sweet reward?

Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul
Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow?
Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,
And loved mankind the more?

HARRIET! on thine:—thou wert my purer mind;
Thou wert the inspiration of my song;
Thine are these early wilding flowers,
Though garlanded by me.

Then press into thy breast this pledge of love;
And know, though time may change and years may roll,
Each floweret gathered in my heart
It consecrates to thine.

[1] Medwin says in his *Life of Shelley*, Vol. I, p. 68, after mentioning the poet's becoming enamoured of Harriet Grove in the summer of 1809, "Shelley's love, however, had taken deep root, as proved by the dedication to Queen Mab, written in the following year." Shelley on the other hand distinctly affirms that the dedication was to his first wife (Letter to Mr. Ollier, quoted in *Shelley Memorials*, p. 54). Still it is rash to assume hastily that Medwin's statement is baseless; and it seems to me far from improbable that Medwin actually saw a dedication to Harriet Grove affixed to the first sketch of the poem in 1810, and that Shelley left it standing as a dedication to his first wife, when he rewrote the poem. The number of asterisks, it will be observed, corresponds with the name of Grove; and they might have been left simply by oversight when the dedication went to press as for Harriett Shelley.

QUEEN MAB.

I.[1]

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn[2]
When throned on ocean's wave
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful![3]

Hath then the gloomy Power[4]
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view

[1] From this and the following section Shelley produced the revised fragment issued as *The Dæmon of the World* in the *Alastor* volume. The fragment having been reprinted (Vol. I, p. 61 *et seq.*), there is no need to shew the variations between it and the sections on which it is based; but any MS. variations from both Shelley's printed texts, shewn by the copy of *Queen Mab* in which the revision was made (see Vol. III, pp. 362, 367 *et seq.*, and 459 *et seq.*), I have of course noted.

[2] MS. reading, *day* for *morn*.

[3] Cancelled MS. reading, *dark* for *strange*, in the *Dæmon* version of this line, which is—

Yet both so passing strange and wonderful!

[4] In the revised copy, *Power* is altered to *Shadow* and the words finally adopted in *The Dæmon (iron-sceptred Skeleton)* do not appear.

Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight[1]
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
On which the lightest heart might moralize?
Or is it only a sweet slumber[2]
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life and rapture from her smile?

Yes! she will wake again,
Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
And silent those sweet lips,
Once breathing eloquence,
That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror.
Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,[3]

[1] In *The Dæmon* this passage reads thus—

Nor putrefaction's breath
Leave aught of this pure spectacle, &c.

Shelley had written *entrancing* instead of *pure*.

[2] In *The Dæmon* these lines are

Or is it but that downy-winged slumbers
Have charmed their nurse coy Silence near her lids
To watch their own repose?

The adjective in the first line, in the revised copy of *Queen Mab*, is *wanton*; at the bottom of the page the isolated words *downy pinioned* are written; and the last word of the second line is *lips*,—not *lids*.

[3] Shelley here inserts the line,

With unapparent fire,

in *The Dæmon*: in the revised *Queen Mab* there is a cancelled reading

With fire that is concealed.

The baby Sleep is pillowed:
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Hark! whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like the wondrous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening:
'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose strings[1]
The genii of the breezes sweep:
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall[2]
Through some cathedral window, but the teints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen!
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air;
Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,
And stop obedient to the reins of light:
These the Queen of spells drew in,
She spread a charm around the spot,
And leaning graceful from the etherial car,
Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid.

[1] This line, in *The Dæmon*, appears thus—
Which from the unseen lyres of dells and groves—
dells and groves having replaced *caves and woods* in the revised copy.

[2] In the revised copy we read—
Are like such rays as many coloured streams
Throw on the roof of some impending crag—
and at the opening of the next paragraph *Behold* is cancelled, and *Universal Queen* substituted for *Fairy Queen*.

Oh! not the visioned poet in his dreams,
When silvery clouds float through the wildered brain,[1]
When every sight of lovely, wild and grand
Astonishes, enraptures, elevates,
When fancy at a glance combines
The wondrous and the beautiful,—
So bright, so fair, so wild a shape
Hath ever yet beheld,
As that which reined the coursers of the air,
And poured the magic of her gaze
Upon the maiden's sleep.[2]

The broad and yellow moon
Shone dimly through her form—
That form of faultless symmetry;
The pearly and pellucid car
Moved not the moonlight's line:[3]
'Twas not an earthly pageant:
Those who had looked upon the sight,
Passing all human glory,
Saw not the yellow moon,
Saw not the mortal scene,
Heard not the night-wind's rush,
Heard not an earthly sound,
Saw but the fairy pageant,
Heard but the heavenly strains
That filled the lonely dwelling.

The Fairy's frame was slight, yon fibrous cloud,
That catches but the palest tinge of even,[4]

[1] In the revised copy we read
When silver clouds infold his floating form.

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions we read *sleeping maid* for *maiden's sleep*.

[3] In the revised copy, probably in connexion with some other imagined change, this line is altered to—
Move the still moonlight's line.

[4] In the revised copy, *day* for *even*.

And which the straining eye can hardly seize
When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,
Were scarce so thin, so slight; but the fair star
That gems the glittering coronet of morn,
Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,
As that which, bursting from the Fairy's form,
Spread a purpureal halo round the scene,
Yet with an undulating motion,
Swayed to her outline gracefully.

From her celestial car
The Fairy Queen descended,
And thrice she waved her wand
Circled with wreaths of amaranth:
Her thin and misty form
Moved with the moving air,
And the clear silver tones,
As thus she spoke, were such
As are unheard by all but gifted ear.

FAIRY.

Stars! your balmiest influence shed!
Elements! your wrath suspend!
Sleep, Ocean, in the rocky bounds
That circle thy domain!
Let not a breath be seen to stir
Around yon grass-grown ruin's height,
Let even the restless gossamer
Sleep on the moveless air!
Soul of Ianthe! thou,
Judged alone worthy of the envied boon,
That waits the good and the sincere; that waits
Those who have struggled, and with resolute will
Vanquished earth's pride and meanness, burst the chains,
The icy chains of custom, and have shone

The day-stars of their age;—Soul of Ianthe!
Awake! arise!

Sudden arose[1]
Ianthe's Soul; it stood
All beautiful in naked purity,
The perfect semblance of its bodily frame.
Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace,
Each stain of earthliness
Had passed away, it reassumed
Its native dignity, and stood
Immortal amid ruin.

Upon the couch the body lay
Wrapt in the depth of slumber:
Its features were fixed and meaningless,
Yet animal life was there,
And every organ yet performed
Its natural functions: 'twas a sight
Of wonder to behold the body and soul.
The self-same lineaments, the same
Marks of identity were there:
Yet, oh, how different! One aspires to Heaven,
Pants for its sempiternal heritage,
And ever-changing, ever-rising still,
Wantons in endless being.
The other, for a time the unwilling sport
Of circumstance and passion, struggles on;
Fleets through its sad duration rapidly:
Then like an[2] useless and worn-out machine,
Rots, perishes, and passes.

[1] In *The Dæmon* we read

It ceased, and from the mute and moveless frame
A radiant spirit arose,

and in the revised copy there is the single line,

From the mute frame a lovely ghost arose.

[2] We read *a* for *an* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

FAIRY.

Spirit! who hast dived so deep;
Spirit! who hast soared so high;
Thou the fearless, thou the mild,
Accept the boon thy worth hath earned,
Ascend the car with me.

SPIRIT.

Do I dream? Is this new feeling
But a visioned ghost of slumber?
If indeed I am a soul,
A free, a disembodied soul,
Speak again to me.

FAIRY.

I am the Fairy MAB: to me 'tis given
The wonders of the human world to keep:
The secrets of the immeasurable past,
In the unfailing consciences of men,
Those stern, unflattering chroniclers, I find:
The future, from the causes which arise
In each event, I gather: not the sting
Which retributive memory implants
In the hard bosom of the selfish man;
Nor that extatic and exulting throb
Which virtue's votary feels when he sums up
The thoughts and actions of a well-spent day
Are unforeseen, unregistered by me:
And it is yet permitted me, to rend
The veil of mortal frailty, that the spirit
Clothed in its changeless purity, may know
How soonest to accomplish the great end
For which it hath its being, and may taste
That peace, which in the end all life will share.

This is the meed of virtue; happy Soul,
Ascend the car with me!

The chains of earth's immurement
Fell from Ianthe's spirit;
They shrank and brake like bandages of straw[1]
Beneath a wakened giant's strength.
She knew her glorious change,
And felt in apprehension uncontrolled
New raptures opening round:
Each day-dream of her mortal life,
Each frenzied vision of the slumbers
That closed each well-spent day,
Seemed now to meet reality.

The Fairy and the Soul proceeded;
The silver clouds disparted;
And as the car of magic they ascended,
Again the speechless music swelled,
Again the coursers of the air
Unfurled their azure pennons, and the Queen
Shaking the beamy reins
Bade them pursue their way.

The magic car moved on.
The night was fair, and countless stars
Studded heaven's dark blue vault,—
Just o'er the eastern wave
Peeped the first faint smile of morn:—
The magic car moved on—
From the celestial hoofs
The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew,
And where the burning wheels

[1] In the revised copy
They brake like bandages of straw beneath
a wakened giant's strength.

Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak,
Was traced a line of lightning.
Now it flew far above a rock,
The utmost verge of earth,
The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow
Lowered o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's path,
Calm as a slumbering babe,
Tremendous Ocean lay.
The mirror of its stillness shewed
The pale and waning stars,
The chariot's fiery track,
And the grey light of morn
Tinging those fleecy clouds
That canopied the dawn.
Seemed it, that the chariot's way
Lay through the midst of an immense concave,[1]
Radiant with million constellations, tinged
With shades of infinite colour,
And semicircled with a belt
Flashing incessant meteors.

The magic car moved on.
As they approached their goal
The coursers seemed to gather speed;
The sea no longer was distinguished; earth
Appeared a vast and shadowy sphere;
The sun's unclouded orb
Rolled through the black concave;
Its rays of rapid light
Parted around the chariot's swifter course,
And fell, like ocean's feathery spray

[1] Cancelled MS. reading,
Thro' the hollow chasm of &c.
Shelley had written against the original *!! verse too long.*

Dashed from the boiling surge
Before a vessel's prow.

The magic car moved on.
Earth's distant orb appeared
The smallest light that twinkles in the heaven;[1]
Whilst round the chariot's way
Innumerable systems rolled,
And countless spheres diffused
An ever-varying glory.
It was a sight of wonder: some
Were hornèd like the crescent moon;
Some shed a mild and silver beam
Like Hesperus o'er the western sea;
Some dàsh'd athwart with trains of flame,
Like worlds to death and ruin driven;
Some shone like suns, and as the chariot passed,
Eclipsed all other light.

Spirit of Nature! here!
In this interminable wilderness
Of worlds, at whose immensity
Even soaring fancy staggers,
Here is thy fitting temple.
Yet not the lightest[2] leaf
That quivers to the passing breeze
Is less instinct with thee:
Yet not the meanest worm
That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead
Less shares thy eternal breath.
Spirit of Nature! thou!
Imperishable as this scene,
Here is thy fitting temple.

[1] In the revised copy
The smallest light that shines among the stars.

[2] So in the original edition and the second edition of 1839; but *slightest* in the first of that year.

II.

If solitude hath ever led thy steps
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,
And thou hast lingered there,
Until the sun's broad orb
Seemed resting on the burnished wave,
Thou must have marked the lines
Of purple gold, that motionless
Hung o'er the sinking sphere:
Thou must have marked the billowy clouds
Edged with intolerable radiancy
Towering like rocks of jet
Crowned with a diamond wreath.
And yet there is a moment,
When the sun's highest point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When those far clouds of feathery gold,
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
Like islands on a dark blue sea;
Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,
And furled its wearied wing
Within the Fairy's fane.

Yet not the golden islands
Gleaming in yon flood of light,
Nor the feathery curtains
Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch,
Nor the burnished ocean waves
Paving that gorgeous dome,
So fair, so wonderful a sight
As Mab's etherial palace could afford.

Yet likest evening's vault, that faery Hall!
As Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread
Its floors of flashing light,
Its vast and azure dome,
Its fertile golden islands
Floating on a silver sea;
Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted
Through clouds of circumambient darkness,
And pearly battlements around
Looked o'er the immense of Heaven.

The magic car no longer moved.
The Fairy and the Spirit
Entered the Hall of Spells:
Those golden clouds
That rolled in glittering billows
Beneath the azure canopy
With[1] the etherial footsteps, trembled not:
The light and crimson mists,
Floating to strains of thrilling melody
Through that unearthly dwelling,
Yielded to every movement of the will.
Upon their passive swell the Spirit leaned,
And, for the varied bliss that pressed around,
Used not the glorious privilege
Of virtue and of wisdom.

Spirit! the Fairy said,
And pointed to the gorgeous dome,
This is a wondrous sight
And mocks all human grandeur;
But, were it virtue's only meed, to dwell
In a celestial palace, all resigned
To pleasurable impulses, immured

[1] In the revised copy *To* is substituted for *With*.

Within the prison of itself, the will
Of changeless nature would be unfulfilled.
Learn to make others happy. Spirit, come!
This is thine high reward:—the past shall rise;
Thou shalt behold the present; I will teach
The secrets of the future.

The Fairy and the Spirit
Approached the overhanging battlement.—
Below lay stretched the universe!
There, far as the remotest line
That bounds imagination's flight,
Countless and unending orbs
In mazy motion intermingled,
Yet still fulfilled immutably
Eternal nature's law.
Above, below, around
The circling systems formed
A wilderness of harmony;
Each with undeviating aim,
In eloquent silence, through the depths of space
Pursued its wondrous way.

There was a little light
That twinkled in the misty distance:
None but a spirit's eye
Might ken that rolling orb;
None but a spirit's eye,
And in no other place
But that celestial dwelling, might behold
Each action of this earth's inhabitants.
But matter, space and time
In those aërial mansions cease to act;
And all-prevailing wisdom, when it reaps
The harvest of its excellence, o'erbounds

Those obstacles, of which an earthly soul
Fears to attempt the conquest.

The Fairy pointed to the earth.
The Spirit's intellectual eye
Its kindred beings recognized.
The thronging thousands, to a passing view,
Seemed like an anthill's citizens.
How wonderful! that even
The passions, prejudices, interests,
That sway the meanest being, the weak touch
That moves the finest nerve,
And in one human brain
Causes the faintest thought, becomes a link
In the great chain of nature.

Behold, the Fairy cried,
Palmyra's ruined palaces!—
Behold! where grandeur frowned;
Behold! where pleasure smiled;
What now remains?—the memory
Of senselessness and shame—
What is immortal there?
Nothing—it stands to tell
A melancholy tale, to give
An awful warning: soon
Oblivion will steal silently
The remnant of its fame.
Monarchs and conquerors there
Proud o'er prostrate millions trod—
The earthquakes of the human race;
Like them, forgotten when the ruin
That marks their shock is past.

Beside the eternal Nile,
The Pyramids have risen.

Nile shall pursue his changeless way:
Those pyramids shall fall;
Yea! not a stone shall stand to tell
The spot whereon they stood!
Their very site shall be forgotten,
As is their builder's name!

Behold yon sterile spot;
Where now the wandering Arab's tent
Flaps in the desart-blast.
There once old Salem's haughty fane
Reared high to heaven its thousand golden domes,
And in the blushing face of day
Exposed its shameful glory.
Oh! many a widow, many an orphan cursed
The building of that fane; and many a father,
Worn out with toil and slavery, implored
The poor man's God to sweep it from the earth,
And spare his children the detested task
Of piling stone on stone, and poisoning
The choicest days of life,
To soothe a dotard's vanity.
There an inhuman and uncultured race
Howled hideous praises to their Demon-God;
They rushed to war, tore from the mother's womb
The unborn child,—old age and infancy
Promiscuous perished; their victorious arms
Left not a soul to breathe. Oh! they were fiends:
But what was he who taught them that the God
Of nature and benevolence hath given
A special sanction to the trade of blood?
His name and theirs are fading, and the tales
Of this barbarian nation, which imposture
Recites till terror credits, are pursuing
Itself into forgetfulness.

Where Athens, Rome, and Sparta stood,
There is a moral desart now:
The mean and miserable huts,
The yet more wretched palaces,
Contrasted with those antient fanes,
Now crumbling to oblivion;
The long and lonely colonnades,
Through which the ghost of Freedom stalks,
Seem like a well-known tune,
Which, in some dear scene we have loved to hear,
Remembered now in sadness.
But, oh! how much more changed,
How gloomier is the contrast
Of human nature there!
Where Socrates expired, a tyrant's slave,
A coward and a fool, spreads death around—
Then, shuddering, meets his own.
Where Cicero and Antoninus lived,
A cowled and hypocritical monk
Prays, curses and deceives.

Spirit! ten thousand years
Have scarcely past away,
Since, in the waste where now the savage drinks
His enemy's blood, and aping Europe's sons,
Wakes the unholy song of war,
Arose a stately city,
Metropolis of the western continent:
There, now, the mossy column-stone,
Indented by time's unrelaxing grasp,
Which once appeared to brave
All, save its country's ruin;
There the wide forest scene,
Rude in the uncultivated loveliness
Of gardens long run wild,

Seems, to the unwilling sojourner, whose steps
Chance in that desart has delayed,
Thus to have stood since earth was what it is.
Yet once it was the busiest haunt,
Whither, as to a common centre, flocked
Strangers, and ships, and merchandize:
Once peace and freedom blest
The cultivated plain:
But wealth, that curse of man,
Blighted the bud of its prosperity:
Virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty,
Fled, to return not, until man shall know
That they alone can give the bliss
Worthy a soul that claims
Its kindred with eternity.

There's not one atom of yon earth
But once was living man;
Nor the minutest drop of rain,
That hangeth in its thinnest cloud,
But flowed in human veins:
And from the burning plains
Where Lybian monsters yell,
From the most gloomy glens
Of Greenland's sunless clime,
To where the golden fields
Of fertile England spread
Their harvest to the day,
Thou canst not find one spot
Whereon no city stood.

How strange is human pride!
I tell thee that those living things,
To whom the fragile blade of grass,
That springeth in the morn
And perisheth ere noon,

Is an unbounded world;
I tell thee that those viewless beings,
Whose mansion is the smallest particle
Of the impassive atmosphere,
Think, feel and live like man;
That their affections and antipathies,
Like his, produce the laws
Ruling their moral state;
And the minutest throb
That through their frame diffuses
The slightest, faintest motion,
Is fixed and indispensable
As the majestic laws
That rule yon rolling orbs.

The Fairy paused. The Spirit,
In extacy of admiration, felt
All knowledge of the past revived; the events
Of old and wondrous times,
Which dim tradition interruptedly
Teaches the credulous vulgar, were unfolded
In just perspective to the view;
Yet dim from their infinitude.
The Spirit seemed to stand
High on an isolated pinnacle;
The flood of ages combating below,
The depth of the unbounded universe
Above, and all around
Nature's unchanging harmony.[1]

[1] In the revised copy eight lines are written at the end of this section :

None dare relate what fearful mysteries
The spirit saw, nor the portentous groan
Which when the flood was still, the living world
Sent in complaint to that divinest fane.
While from the deep a multitudinous throng
Of motley shapes, the envious Present leads
Who raging horribly their armed hands
Hurl high, where inaccessibly serene . . .

In the second line *voice* has been cancelled in favour of *groan*, and in the seventh *Which* in favour of *Who*. The whole eight lines are then crossed through. It will be remembered that in *The Dæmon of the World* the poet *did* after all "dare relate" somewhat of these "fearful mysteries." See the conclusion of Part I. (Vol. I, p. 69).

III.

FAIRY! the Spirit said,
And on the Queen of spells
Fixed her etherial eyes,
I thank thee. Thou hast given
A boon which I will not resign, and taught
A lesson not to be unlearned. I know
The past, and thence I will essay to glean
A warning for the future, so that man
May profit by his errors, and derive
Experience from his folly:
For, when the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven.

MAB.

Turn thee, surpassing Spirit!
Much yet remains unscanned.
Thou knowest how great is man,
Thou knowest his imbecility:
Yet learn thou what he is;
Yet learn the lofty destiny
Which restless time prepares
For every living soul.

Behold a gorgeous palace, that, amid
Yon populous city, rears its thousand towers
And seems itself a city. Gloomy troops
Of centinels, in stern and silent ranks,
Encompass it around: the dweller there
Cannot be free and happy; hearest thou not
The curses of the fatherless, the groans

Of those who have no friend? He passes on:
The King, the wearer of a gilded chain
That binds his soul to abjectness, the fool
Whom courtiers nickname monarch, whilst a slave
Even to the basest appetites—that man
Heeds not the shriek of penury; he smiles
At the deep curses which the destitute
Mutter in secret, and a sullen joy
Pervades his bloodless heart when thousands groan
But for those morsels which his wantonness
Wastes in unjoyous revelry, to save
All that they love from famine: when he hears
The tale of horror, to some ready-made face
Of hypocritical assent he turns,
Smothering the glow of shame, that, spite of him,
Flushes his bloated cheek.

Now to the meal
Of silence, grandeur, and excess, he drags
His palled unwilling appetite. If gold,
Gleaming around, and numerous viands culled
From every clime, could force the loathing sense
To overcome satiety,—if wealth
The spring it draws from poisons not,—or vice,
Unfeeling, stubborn vice, converteth not
Its food to deadliest venom; then that king
Is happy; and the peasant who fulfils
His unforced task, when he returns at even,
And by the blazing faggot meets again
Her welcome for whom all his toil is sped,
Tastes not a sweeter meal.

Behold him now
Stretched on the gorgeous couch; his fevered brain
Reels dizzily awhile: but ah! too soon

The slumber of intemperance subsides,
And conscience, that undying serpent, calls
Her venomous brood to their nocturnal task.
Listen! he speaks! oh! mark that frenzied eye—
Oh! mark that deadly visage.

KING.

No cessation!
Oh! must this last for ever! Awful death,
I wish, yet fear to clasp thee!—Not one moment
Of dreamless sleep! O dear and blessèd peace!
Why dost thou shroud thy vestal purity
In penury and dungeons? wherefore lurkest
With danger, death, and solitude; yet shun'st
The palace I have built thee? Sacred peace!
Oh visit me but once, but pitying shed
One drop of balm upon my withered soul.

Vain man! that palace is the virtuous heart,
And peace defileth not her snowy robes
In such a shed as thine. Hark! yet he mutters;
His slumbers are but varied agonies,
They prey like scorpions on the springs of life.
There needeth not the hell that bigots frame
To punish those who err: earth in itself
Contains at once the evil and the cure;
And all-sufficing nature can chastise
Those who transgress her law,—she only knows
How justly to proportion to the fault
The punishment it merits.

Is it strange
That this poor wretch should pride him in his woe?
Take pleasure in his abjectness, and hug

The scorpion that consumes him? Is it strange
That, placed on a conspicuous throne of thorns,
Grasping an iron sceptre, and immured
Within a splendid prison, whose stern bounds
Shut him from all that's good or dear on earth,
His soul asserts not its humanity?
That man's mild nature rises not in war
Against a king's employ? No—'tis not strange.
He, like the vulgar, thinks, feels, acts and lives
Just as his father did; the unconquered powers
Of precedent and custom interpose
Between a *king* and virtue. Stranger yet,
To those who know not nature, nor deduce
The future from the present, it may seem,
That not one slave, who suffers from the crimes
Of this unnatural being; not one wretch,
Whose children famish, and whose nuptial bed
Is earth's unpitying bosom, rears an arm
To dash him from his throne!

Those gilded flies
That, basking in the sunshine of a court,
Fatten on its corruption!—what are they?
—The drones of the community; they feed
On the mechanic's labour: the starved hind
For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield
Its unshared harvests; and yon squalid form,
Leaner than fleshless misery, that wastes
A sunless life in the unwholesome mine,
Drags out in labour a protracted death,
To glut their grandeur; many faint with toil,
That few may know the cares and woe of sloth.

Whence, thinkest thou, kings and parasites arose?
Whence that unnatural line of drones, who heap

Toil and unvanquishable penury
On those who build their palaces, and bring
Their daily bread?—From vice, black loathsome vice;
From rapine, madness, treachery, and wrong;
From all that genders misery, and makes
Of earth this thorny wilderness; from lust,
Revenge, and murder.....And when reason's voice,
Loud as the voice of nature, shall have waked
The nations; and mankind perceive that vice
Is discord, war, and misery; that virtue
Is peace, and happiness and harmony;
When man's maturer nature shall disdain
The playthings of its childhood;—kingly glare
Will lose its power to dazzle; its authority
Will silently pass by; the gorgeous throne
Shall stand unnoticed in the regal hall,
Fast falling to decay; whilst falsehood's trade
Shall be as hateful and unprofitable
As that of truth is now.

Where is the fame
Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth
Seek to eternize? Oh! the faintest sound
From time's light footfall, the minutest wave
That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing
The unsubstantial bubble. Aye! to-day
Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the gaze
That flashes desolation, strong the arm
That scatters multitudes. To-morrow comes!
That mandate is a thunder-peal that died
In ages past; that gaze, a transient flash
On which the midnight closed, and on that arm
The worm has made his meal.

The virtuous man,

Who, great in his humility, as kings
Are little in their grandeur; he who leads
Invincibly a life of resolute good,
And stands amid the silent dungeon-depths
More free and fearless than the trembling judge,
Who, clothed in venal power, vainly strove
To bind the impassive spirit;—when he falls,
His mild eye beams benevolence no more:
Withered the hand outstretched but to relieve;
Sunk reason's simple eloquence, that rolled
But to appal the guilty. Yes! the grave
Hath quenched that eye, and death's relentless frost
Withered that arm: but the unfading fame
Which virtue hangs upon its votary's tomb;
The deathless memory of that man, whom kings
Call to their mind and tremble; the remembrance
With which the happy spirit contemplates
Its well-spent pilgrimage on earth,
Shall never pass away.

Nature rejects the monarch, not the man;
The subject, not the citizen: for kings
And subjects, mutual foes, for ever play
A losing game into each other's hands,
Whose stakes are vice and misery. The man
Of virtuous soul commands not, nor obeys.
Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes what'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and, of the human frame,
A mechanized automaton.

When Nero,
High over flaming Rome, with savage joy

Lowered like a fiend, drank with enraptured ear
The shrieks of agonizing death, beheld
The frightful desolation spread, and felt
A new created sense within his soul
Thrill to the sight, and vibrate to the sound;
Thinkest thou his grandeur had not overcome
The force of human kindness? and, when Rome,
With one stern blow, hurled not the tyrant down,
Crushed not the arm red with her dearest blood,
Had not submissive abjectness destroyed
Nature's suggestions?

Look on yonder earth:
The golden harvests spring; the unfailing sun
Sheds light and life; the fruits, the flowers, the trees,
Arise in due succession; all things speak
Peace, harmony, and love. The universe,
In nature's silent eloquence, declares
That all fulfil the works of love and joy,—
All but the outcast man. He fabricates
The sword which stabs his peace; he cherisheth
The snakes that gnaw his heart; he raiseth up
The tyrant, whose delight is in his woe,
Whose sport is in his agony. Yon sun,
Lights it the great alone? Yon silver beams,
Sleep they less sweetly on the cottage thatch,
Than on the dome of kings? Is mother earth
A step-dame to her numerous sons, who earn
Her unshared gifts with unremitting toil;
A mother only to those puling babes
Who, nursed in ease and luxury, make men
The playthings of their babyhood, and mar,
In self-important childishness, that peace
Which men alone appreciate?

Spirit of Nature! no.
The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs
Alike in every human heart.
Thou, aye, erectest there
Thy throne of power unappealable:
Thou art the judge beneath whose nod
Man's brief and frail authority.
Is powerless as the wind
That passeth idly by.
Thine the tribunal which surpasseth
The shew of human justice,
As God surpasses man.

Spirit of Nature! thou
Life of interminable multitudes;
Soul of those mighty spheres
Whose changeless paths thro' Heaven's deep silence lie;
Soul of that smallest being,
The dwelling of whose life
Is one faint April sun-gleam;—
Man, like these passive things,
Thy will unconsciously fulfilleth:
Like theirs, his age of endless peace,
Which time is fast maturing,
Will swiftly, surely come;
And the unbounded frame, which thou pervadest,
Will be without a flaw
Marring its perfect symmetry.

IV.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day,
In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field
Sinks sweetly smiling: not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day;
And vesper's image on the western main
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;

Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pityless fiend,
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns,—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jaggèd gulph.

Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round:
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deaf'ning peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar
Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage:—loud, and more loud
The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud.—Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sun-set there;
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The grey morn
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke

Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsallying victors: far behind,
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day,
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

I see thee shrink,
Surpassing Spirit!—wert thou human else?
I see a shade of doubt and horror fleet
Across thy stainless features: yet fear not;
This is no unconnected misery,
Nor stands uncaused, and irretrievable.
Man's evil nature, that apology
Which kings who rule, and cowards who crouch, set up
For their unnumbered crimes, sheds not the blood
Which desolates the discord-wasted land.
From kings, and priests, and statesmen, war arose,
Whose safety is man's deep unbettered woe,
Whose grandeur his debasement. Let the axe
Strike at the root, the poison-tree will fall;
And where its venomed exhalations spread
Ruin, and death, and woe, where millions lay
Quenching the serpent's famine, and their bones
Bleaching unburied in the putrid blast,
A garden shall arise, in loveliness
Surpassing fabled Eden.

Hath Nature's soul,
That formed this world so beautiful, that spread

Earth's lap with plenty, and life's smallest chord
Strung to unchanging unison, that gave
The happy birds their dwelling in the grove,
That yielded to the wanderers of the deep
The lovely silence of the unfathomed main,
And filled the meanest worm that crawls in dust
With spirit, thought, and love; on Man alone,
Partial in causeless malice, wantonly
Heaped ruin, vice, and slavery; his soul
Blasted with withering curses; placed afar
The meteor-happiness, that shuns his grasp,
But serving on the frightful gulph to glare,
Rent wide beneath his footsteps?

Nature!—no!
Kings, priests, and statesmen, blast the human flower.
Even in its tender bud; their influence darts
Like subtle poison through the bloodless veins
Of desolate society. The child,
Ere he can lisp his mother's sacred name,
Swells with the unnatural pride of crime, and lifts
His baby-sword even in a hero's mood.
This infant-arm becomes the bloodiest scourge
Of devastated earth; whilst specious names,
Learnt in soft childhood's unsuspecting hour,
Serve as the sophisms with which manhood dims
Bright reason's ray, and sanctifies the sword
Upraised to shed a brother's innocent blood.
Let priest-led slaves cease to proclaim that man
Inherits vice and misery, when force
And falsehood hang even o'er the cradled babe,
Stifling with rudest grasp all natural good.

Ah! to the stranger-soul, when first it peeps
From its new tenement, and looks abroad

For happiness and sympathy, how stern
And desolate a tract is this wide world!
How withered all the buds of natural good!
No shade, no shelter from the sweeping storms
Of pityless power! On its wretched frame,
Poisoned, perchance, by the disease and woe
Heaped on the wretched parent whence it sprung
By morals, law, and custom, the pure winds
Of heaven, that renovate the insect tribes,
May breathe not. The untainting light of day
May visit not its longings. It is bound
Ere it has life: yea, all the chains are forged
Long ere its being: all liberty and love
And peace is torn from its defencelessness;
Cursed from its birth, even from its cradle doomed
To abjectness and bondage!

Throughout this varied and eternal world
Soul is the only element, the block
That for uncounted ages has remained.
The moveless pillar of a mountain's weight
Is active, living spirit. Every grain
Is sentient both in unity and part,
And the minutest atom comprehends
A world of loves and hatreds; these beget
Evil and good: hence truth and falsehood spring;
Hence will and thought and action, all the germs
Of pain or pleasure, sympathy or hate,
That variegate the eternal universe.
Soul is not more polluted than the beams
Of heaven's pure orb, ere round their rapid lines
The taint of earth-born atmospheres arise.

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds
Of high resolve, on fancy's boldest wing

To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn
The keenest pangs to peacefulness, and taste
The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield.
Or he is formed for abjectness and woe,
To grovel on the dunghill of his fears,
To shrink at every sound, to quench the flame
Of natural love in sensualism, to know
That hour as blest when on his worthless days
The frozen hand of death shall set its seal,
Yet fear the cure, though hating the disease.
The one is man that shall hereafter be;
The other, man as vice has made him now.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,
And, to those royal murderers, whose mean thrones
Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore,
The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean.
Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, surround
Their palaces, participate the crimes
That force defends, and from a nation's rage
Secure[1] the crown, which all the curses reach
That famine, frenzy, woe and penury breathe.
These are the hired bravos who defend
The tyrant's throne—the bullies of his fear:
These are the sinks and channels of worst vice,
The refuse of society, the dregs
Of all that is most vile: their cold hearts blend
Deceit with sternness, ignorance with pride,
All that is mean and villainous, with rage
Which hopelessness of good, and self-contempt,
Alone might kindle; they are decked in wealth,
Honour and power, then are sent abroad

[1] In Shelley's edition, *Secures*; in Mrs. Shelley's, *Secure*.

To do their work. The pestilence that stalks
In gloomy triumph through some eastern land
Is less destroying. They cajole with gold,
And promises of fame, the thoughtless youth
Already crushed with servitude: he knows
His wretchedness too late, and cherishes
Repentance for his ruin, when his doom
Is sealed in gold and blood!
Those too the tyrant serve, who, skilled to snare
The feet of justice in the toils of law,
Stand, ready to oppress the weaker still;
And, right or wrong, will vindicate for gold,
Sneering at public virtue, which beneath
Their pityless tread lies torn and trampled, where
Honour sits smiling at the sale of truth.

Then grave and hoary-headed hypocrites,[1]
Without a hope, a passion, or a love,
Who, through a life of luxury and lies,
Have crept by flattery to the seats of power,
Support the system whence their honours flow....
They have three words:—well tyrants know their use,
Well pay them for the loan, with usury
Torn from a bleeding world!—God, Hell, and Heaven.
A vengeful, pityless, and almighty fiend,
Whose mercy is a nick-name for the rage
Of tameless tigers[2] hungering for blood.
Hell, a red gulph[3] of everlasting fire,
Where poisonous and undying worms prolong
Eternal misery to those hapless slaves
Whose life has been a penance for its crimes.

[1] This passage, from line 203 to line 220, is omitted from the first edition of 1839, but restored in the second.

[2] In Shelley's edition, *tygers*, with *y*, as in the case of *tygress*, VIII, 79, and *tyger*, I, 35.

[3] In Shelley's edition, *gulf* in this case, contrary to his usual practice.

And Heaven, a meed for those who dare belie
Their human nature, quake, believe, and cringe
Before the mockeries of earthly power.

These tools the tyrant tempers to his work,
Wields in his wrath, and as he wills destroys,
Omnipotent in wickedness: the while
Youth springs, age moulders, manhood tamely does
His bidding, bribed by short-lived joys to lend
Force to the weakness of his trembling arm.

They rise, they fall; one generation comes
Yielding its harvest to destruction's scythe.
It fades, another blossoms: yet behold!
Red glows the tyrant's stamp-mark on its bloom,[1]
Withering and cankering deep its passive prime.
He has invented lying words and modes,
Empty and vain as his own coreless heart;
Evasive meanings, nothings of much sound,
To lure the heedless victim to the toils
Spread round the valley of its paradise.

Look to thyself, priest, conqueror, or prince!
Whether thy trade is falsehood, and thy lusts
Deep wallow in the earnings of the poor,
With whom thy master was:—or thou delightst
In numbering o'er the myriads of thy slain,
All misery weighing nothing in the scale
Against thy short-lived fame: or thou dost load
With cowardice and crime the groaning land,
A pomp-fed king. Look to thy wretched self!
Aye, art thou not the veriest slave that e'er
Crawled on the loathing earth? Are not thy days

[1] Lines 230 to 236 are struck out in Shelley's revised copy.

Days of unsatisfying listlessness?
Dost thou not cry, ere night's long rack is o'er,
When will the morning come? Is not thy youth
A vain and feverish dream of sensualism?
Thy manhood blighted with unripe disease?
Are not thy views of unregretted death
Drear, comfortless, and horrible? Thy mind,
Is it not morbid as thy nerveless frame,
Incapable of judgment, hope, or love?
And dost thou wish the errors to survive
That bar thee from all sympathies of good,
After the miserable interest
Thou holdst in their protraction? When the grave
Has swallowed up thy memory and thyself,
Dost thou desire the bane that poisons earth
To twine its roots around thy coffined clay,
Spring from thy bones, and blossom on thy tomb,
That of its fruit thy babes may eat and die?

V.

THUS do the generations of the earth
Go to the grave, and issue from the womb,
Surviving still the imperishable change
That renovates the world; even as the leaves
Which the keen frost-wind of the waning year
Has scattered on the forest soil, and heaped
For many seasons there,[1] though long they choke,
Loading with loathsome rottenness the land,
All germs of promise. Yet when the tall trees
From which they fell, shorn of their lovely shapes,
Lie level with the earth to moulder there,
They fertilize the land they long deformed,[2]
Till from the breathing lawn a forest springs
Of youth, integrity, and loveliness,
Like that which gave it life, to spring and die.
Thus suicidal selfishness, that blights
The fairest feelings of the opening heart,
Is destined to decay, whilst from the soil
Shall spring all virtue, all delight, all love,
And judgment cease to wage unnatural war
With passion's unsubduable array.
Twin-sister of religion, selfishness!

[1] Instead of this passage, from *Which the keen frost-wind*, we read in Shelley's revised copy

Which countless autumn storms have scattering heaped
In wild dells of the tangled wilderness
Thro' many waning years.

[2] The next three lines are cancelled in Shelley's copy; and an interpolation is made in three detachments which seem to be meant to read thus

Till o'er the lawns a forest waves again.
The canker stains more faint,—from each decay
Its buds unfold more brightly, till no more
Or frost or shower or change of seasons mar
The lustre of its cup of healing dew—
The freshness of its amaranthine leaves.
The monstrous nurse of loveliness again
Invests the waste with hues of vital bloom,
Again deep groves wave in the wind, and flowers
Gleam in the dark fens of the tangled woods,
And many a bird and many an insect keeps
Its dwelling in the shade, and Man doth bend
His lonely steps to meet my Angels there.

Rival in crime and falsehood, aping all
The wanton horrors of her bloody play;
Yet frozen, unimpassioned, spiritless,
Shunning the light, and owning not its name,
Compelled, by its deformity, to screen
With flimsy veil of justice and of right,
Its unattractive lineaments, that scare
All, save the brood of ignorance: at once
The cause and the effect of tyranny;
Unblushing, hardened, sensual, and vile;
Dead to all love but of its abjectness,
With heart impassive by more noble powers
Than unshared pleasure, sordid gain, or fame;
Despising its own miserable being,
Which still it longs, yet fears to disenthrall.

Hence commerce springs, the venal interchange
Of all that human art or nature yield;
Which wealth should purchase not, but want demand,
And natural kindness hasten to supply
From the full fountain of its boundless love,
For ever stifled, drained, and tainted now.
Commerce! beneath whose poison-breathing shade
No solitary virtue dares to spring,
But poverty and wealth with equal hand
Scatter their withering curses, and unfold
The doors of premature and violent death,
To pining famine and full-fed disease,
To all that shares the lot of human life,
Which poisoned body and soul, scarce drags the chain,
That lengthens as it goes and clanks behind.

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness,
The signet of its all-enslaving power

Upon a shining ore, and called it gold:
Before whose image bow the vulgar great,
The vainly rich, the miserable proud,
The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings,
And with blind feelings reverence the power
That grinds them to the dust of misery.
But in the temple of their hireling hearts
Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn
All earthly things but virtue.

Since tyrants, by the sale of human life,
Heap luxuries to their sensualism, and fame
To their wide-wasting and insatiate pride,
Success has sanctioned to a credulous world
The ruin, the disgrace, the woe of war.
His hosts of blind and unresisting dupes
The despot numbers; from his cabinet
These puppets of his schemes he moves at will,
Even as the slaves by force or famine driven,
Beneath a vulgar master, to perform
A task of cold and brutal drudgery;—
Hardened to hope, insensible to fear,
Scarce living pullies of a dead machine,
Mere wheels of work and articles of trade,
That grace the proud and noisy pomp of wealth!

The harmony and happiness of man
Yields[1] to the wealth of nations; that which lifts
His nature to the heaven of its pride,
Is bartered for the poison of his soul;
The weight that drags to earth his towering hopes,
Blighting all prospect but of selfish gain,
Withering all passion but of slavish fear,

[1] So in Shelley's edition, probably by preference, though Mrs. Shelley substitutes *Yield*.

Extinguishing all free and generous love
Of enterprize and daring, even the pulse
That fancy kindles in the beating heart
To mingle with sensation, it destroys,—
Leaves nothing but the sordid lust of self,
The groveling hope of interest and gold,
Unqualified, unmingled, unredeemed
Even by hypocrisy.

And statesmen boast
Of wealth! The wordy eloquence that lives
After the ruin of their hearts, can gild
The bitter poison of a nation's woe,
Can turn the worship of the servile mob
To their corrupt and glaring idol fame,
From virtue, trampled by its iron tread,
Although its dazzling pedestal be raised
Amid the horrors of a limb-strewn field,
With desolated dwellings smoking round.
The man of ease, who, by his warm fire-side,
To deeds of charitable intercourse
And bare fulfilment of the common laws
Of decency and prejudice, confines
The struggling nature of his human heart,
Is duped by their cold sophistry; he sheds
A passing tear perchance upon the wreck
Of earthly peace, when near his dwelling's door
The frightful waves are driven,—when his son
Is murdered by the tyrant, or religion
Drives his wife raving mad. But the poor man,
Whose life is misery, and fear, and care;
Whom the morn wakens but to fruitless toil;
Who ever hears his famished offspring's[1] scream,

[1] In Shelley's edition we read *offsprings*; but although it is not inconceivable that he meant to use that form of plural, it is so very unlikely, that Mrs. Shelley was certainly justified in substituting *offspring's*.

Whom their pale mother's uncomplaining gaze
For ever meets, and the proud rich man's eye
Flashing command, and the heart-breaking scene
Of thousands like himself;—he little heeds
The rhetoric of tyranny; his hate
Is quenchless as his wrongs; he laughs to scorn
The vain and bitter mockery of words,
Feeling the horror of the tyrant's deeds,
And unrestrained but by the arm of power,
That knows and dreads his enmity.

The iron rod of penury still compels
Her wretched slave to bow the knee to wealth,
And poison, with unprofitable toil,
A life too void of solace to confirm
The very chains that bind him to his doom.
Nature, impartial in munificence,
Has gifted man with all-subduing will.
Matter, with all its transitory shapes,
Lies subjected and plastic at his feet,
That, weak from bondage, tremble as they tread.
How many a rustic Milton has past by,
Stifling the speechless longings of his heart,
In unremitting drudgery and care!
How many a vulgar Cato has compelled
His energies, no longer tameless then,
To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail!
How many a Newton, to whose passive ken
Those mighty spheres that gem infinity
Were only specks of tinsel, fixed in heaven
To light the midnights of his native town!

Yet every heart contains perfection's germ:
The wisest of the sages of the earth,

That ever from the stores of reason drew
Science and truth, and virtue's dreadless tone,
Were but a weak and inexperienced boy,
Proud, sensual, unimpassioned, unimbued
With pure desire and universal love,
Compared to that high being, of cloudless brain,
Untainted passion, elevated will,
Which death (who even would linger long in awe
Within his noble presence, and beneath
His changeless eyebeam,) might alone subdue.
Him, every slave now dragging through the filth
Of some corrupted city his sad life,
Pining with famine, swoln with luxury,
Blunting the keenness of his spiritual sense
With narrow schemings and unworthy cares,
Or madly rushing through all violent crime,
To move the deep stagnation of his soul,—
Might imitate and equal.

But mean lust
Has bound its chains so tight around the earth,
That all within it but the virtuous man
Is venal: gold or fame will surely reach
The price prefixed by selfishness, to all
But him of resolute and unchanging will;
Whom, nor the plaudits of a servile crowd,
Nor the vile joys of tainting luxury,
Can bribe to yield his elevated soul
To tyranny or falsehood, though they wield
With blood-red hand the sceptre of the world.

All things are sold: the very light of heaven
Is venal; earth's unsparing gifts of love,
The smallest and most despicable things

That lurk in the abysses of the deep,
All objects of our life, even life itself,
And the poor pittance which the laws allow
Of liberty, the fellowship of man,
Those duties which his heart of human love
Should urge him to perform instinctively,
Are bought and sold as in a public mart
Of undisguising selfishness, that sets
On each its price, the stamp-mark of her reign.
Even love is sold; the solace of all woe
Is turned to deadliest agony, old age
Shivers in selfish beauty's loathing arms,
And youth's corrupted impulses prepare
A life of horror from the blighting bane
Of commerce; whilst the pestilence that springs
From unenjoying sensualism, has filled
All human life with hydra-headed woes.

Falsehood demands but gold to pay the pangs
Of outraged conscience; for the slavish priest
Sets no great value on his hireling faith:
A little passing pomp, some servile souls,
Whom cowardice itself might safely chain,
Or the spare mite of avarice could bribe
To deck the triumph of their languid zeal,
Can make him minister to tyranny.
More daring crime requires a loftier meed:
Without a shudder, the slave-soldier lends
His arm to murderous deeds, and steels his heart,
When the dread eloquence of dying men,
Low mingling on the lonely field of fame,
Assails that nature, whose applause he sells
For the gross blessings of a patriot mob,
For the vile gratitude of heartless kings,
And for a cold world's good word,—viler still!

There is a nobler glory, which survives
Until our being fades, and, solacing
All human care, accompanies its change;
Deserts not virtue in the dungeon's gloom,
And, in the precincts of the palace, guides
Its footsteps through that labyrinth of crime;
Imbues his lineaments with dauntlessness,
Even when, from power's avenging hand, he takes
Its sweetest, last and noblest title—death;
—The consciousness of good, which neither gold,
Nor sordid fame, nor hope of heavenly bliss,
Can purchase; but a life of resolute good,
Unalterable will, quenchless desire
Of universal happiness, the heart
That beats with it in unison, the brain,
Whose ever wakeful wisdom toils to change
Reason's rich stores for its eternal weal.

This commerce of sincerest virtue needs
No mediative signs of selfishness,
No jealous intercourse of wretched gain,
No balancings of prudence, cold and long;
In just and equal measure all is weighed,
One scale contains the sum of human weal,
And one, the good man's heart.

How vainly seek
The selfish for that happiness denied
To aught but virtue! Blind and hardened, they,
Who hope for peace amid the storms of care,
Who covet power they know not how to use,
And sigh for pleasure they refuse to give,—
Madly they frustrate still their own designs;
And, where they hope that quiet to enjoy

Which virtue pictures, bitterness of soul,
Pining regrets, and vain repentances,
Disease, disgust, and lassitude, pervade
Their valueless and miserable lives.

But hoary-headed selfishness has felt
Its death-blow, and is tottering to the grave:
A brighter morn awaits the human day,
When every transfer of earth's natural gifts
Shall be a commerce of good words and works;
When poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame,
The fear of infamy, disease and woe,
War with its million horrors, and fierce hell
Shall live but in the memory of time,
Who, like a penitent libertine, shall start,
Look back, and shudder at his younger years.

VI.

All touch, all eye, all ear,
The Spirit felt the Fairy's burning speech.
O'er the thin texture of its frame,
The varying periods painted changing glows,
As on a summer even,
When soul-enfolding music floats around,
The stainless mirror of the lake
Re-images the eastern gloom,
Mingling convulsively its purple hues
With sunset's burnished gold.

Then thus the Spirit spoke:
It is a wild and miserable world!
Thorny, and full of care,
Which every fiend can make his prey at will.
O Fairy! in the lapse of years,
Is there no hope in store?
Will yon vast suns roll on
Interminably, still illuming
The night of so many wretched souls,
And see no hope for them?
Will not the universal Spirit e'er
Revivify this withered limb of Heaven?

The Fairy calmly smiled
In comfort, and a kindling gleam of hope
Suffused the Spirit's lineaments.
Oh! rest thee tranquil; chase those fearful doubts,
Which ne'er could rack an everlasting soul,
That sees the chains which bind it to its doom.

Yes! crime and misery are in yonder earth,
Falsehood, mistake, and lust;
But the eternal world
Contains at once the evil and the cure.
Some eminent in virtue shall start up,
Even in perversest time:
The truths of their pure lips, that never die,
Shall bind the scorpion falsehood with a wreath
Of ever-living flame,
Until the monster sting itself to death.

How sweet a scene will earth become!
Of purest spirits, a pure dwelling-place,
Symphonious with the planetary spheres;
When man, with changeless nature coalescing,
Will undertake regeneration's work,
When its ungenial poles no longer point
To the red and baleful sun
That faintly twinkles there.

Spirit! on yonder earth,
Falsehood now triumphs; deadly power
Has fixed its seal upon the lip of truth!
Madness and misery are there!
The happiest is most wretched! Yet confide,
Until pure health-drops, from the cup of joy,
Fall like a dew of balm upon the world.[1]
Now, to the scene I shew, in silence turn,
And read the blood-stained charter of all woe,
Which nature soon, with recreating hand,
Will blot in mercy from the book of earth.

[1] The rest of this section of *Queen Mab*, and the whole of Section VII, are omitted from the first edition of 1839, but restored in the second,—in the Postscript to the Preface of which, Mrs. Shelley states that this restoration was made by the publisher at her request.

How bold the flight of passion's wandering wing,
How swift the step of reason's firmer tread,
How calm and sweet the victories of life,
How terrorless the triumph of the grave!
How powerless were the mightiest monarch's arm,
Vain his loud threat, and impotent his frown!
How ludicrous the priest's dogmatic roar!
The weight of his exterminating curse,
How light! and his affected charity,
To suit the pressure of the changing times,
What palpable deceit!—but for thy aid,
Religion! but for thee, prolific fiend,
Who peoplest earth with demons, hell with men,
And heaven with slaves!

Thou taintest all thou lookest upon!—the stars,
Which on thy cradle beamed so brightly sweet,
Were gods to the distempered playfulness
Of thy untutored infancy: the trees,
The grass, the clouds, the mountains, and the sea,
All living things that walk, swim, creep, or fly,
Were gods: the sun had homage, and the moon
Her worshipper. Then thou becamest, a boy,
More daring in thy frenzies: every shape,
Monstrous or vast, or beautifully wild,
Which, from sensation's relics, fancy culls;
The spirits of the air, the shuddering ghost,
The genii of the elements, the powers
That give a shape to nature's varied works,
Had life and place in the corrupt belief
Of thy blind heart: yet still thy youthful hands
Were pure of human blood. Then manhood gave
Its strength and ardour to thy frenzied brain;
Thine eager gaze scanned the stupendous scene,

Whose wonders mocked the knowledge of thy pride:
Their everlasting and unchanging laws
Reproached thine ignorance. Awhile thou stoodst
Baffled and gloomy; then thou didst sum up
The elements of all that thou didst know;
The changing seasons, winter's leafless reign,
The budding of the heaven-breathing trees,
The eternal orbs that beautify the night,
The sun-rise, and the setting of the moon,
Earthquakes and wars, and poisons and disease,
And all their causes, to an abstract point,
Converging, thou didst bend and called it God!
The self-sufficing, the omnipotent,
The merciful, and the avenging God!
Who, prototype of human misrule, sits
High in heaven's realm, upon a golden throne,
Even like an earthly king; and whose dread work,
Hell, gapes for ever for the unhappy slaves
Of fate, whom he created, in his sport,
To triumph in their torments when they fell!
Earth heard the name; earth trembled, as the smoke
Of his revenge ascended up to heaven,
Blotting the constellations; and the cries
Of millions, butchered in sweet confidence
And unsuspecting peace, even when the bonds
Of safety were confirmed by wordy oaths
Sworn in his dreadful name, rung through the land;
Whilst innocent babes writhed on thy stubborn spear,
And thou didst laugh to hear the mother's shriek
Of maniac gladness, as the sacred steel
Felt cold in her torn entrails!

Religion! thou wert then in manhood's prime:
But age crept on: one God would not suffice

For senile puerility; thou framedst
A tale to suit thy dotage, and to glut
Thy misery-thirsting soul, that the mad fiend
Thy wickedness had pictured, might afford
A plea for sating the unnatural thirst
For murder, rapine, violence, and crime,
That still consumed thy being, even when
Thou heardst the step of fate;—that flames might light
Thy funeral scene, and the shrill horrent shrieks
Of parents dying on the pile that burned
To light their children to thy paths, the roar
Of the encircling flames, the exulting cries
Of thine apostles, loud commingling there,
Might sate thine[1] hungry ear
Even on the bed of death!

But now contempt is mocking thy grey hairs;
Thou art descending to the darksome grave,
Unhonoured and unpitied, but by those
Whose pride is passing by like thine, and sheds,
Like thine, a glare that fades before the sun
Of truth, and shines but in the dreadful night
That long has lowered above the ruined world.

Throughout these infinite orbs of mingling light,
Of which yon earth is one, is wide diffused
A spirit of activity and life,
That knows no term, cessation, or decay;
That fades not when the lamp of earthly life,
Extinguished in the dampness of the grave,
Awhile there slumbers, more than when the babe
In the dim newness of its being feels
The impulses of sublunary things,

[1] Mrs. Shelley substitutes *thy* for *thine* in the second edition of 1839.

And all is wonder to unpractised sense:
But, active, stedfast, and eternal, still
Guides the fierce whirlwind, in the tempest roars,
Cheers in the day, breathes in the balmy groves,
Strengthens in health, and poisons in disease;
And in the storm of change, that ceaselessly
Rolls round the eternal universe, and shakes
Its undecaying battlement, presides,
Apportioning with irresistible law
The place each spring of its machine shall fill;
So that when waves on waves tumultuous heap
Confusion to the clouds, and fiercely driven
Heaven's lightnings scorch the uprooted ocean-fords,
Whilst, to the eye of shipwrecked mariner,
Lone sitting on the bare and shuddering rock,
All seems unlinked contingency and chance:
No atom of this turbulence fulfils
A vague and unnecessitated task,
Or acts but as it must and ought to act.
Even the minutest molecule of light,
That in an April sunbeam's fleeting glow
Fulfills its destined, though invisible work,
The universal Spirit guides; nor less,
When merciless ambition, or mad zeal,
Has led two hosts of dupes to battle-field,
That, blind, they there may dig each other's graves,
And call the sad work glory, does it rule
All passions: not a thought, a will, an act,
No working of the tyrant's moody mind,
Nor one misgiving of the slaves who boast
Their servitude, to hide the shame they feel,
Nor the events enchaining every will,
That from the depths of unrecorded time
Have drawn all-influencing virtue, pass

Unrecognized, or unforeseen by thee,
Soul of the Universe! eternal spring
Of life and death, of happiness and woe,
Of all that chequers the phantasmal scene
That floats before our eyes in wavering light,
Which gleams but on the darkness of our prison,
Whose chains and massy walls
We feel, but cannot see.

Spirit of Nature! all-sufficing Power,
Necessity! thou mother of the world!
Unlike the God of human error, thou
Requirest no prayers or praises; the caprice
Of man's weak will belongs no more to thee
Than do the changeful passions of his breast
To thy unvarying harmony: the slave,
Whose horrible lusts spread misery o'er the world,
And the good man, who lifts, with virtuous pride,
His being, in the sight of happiness,
That springs from his own works; the poison-tree,
Beneath whose shade all life is withered up,
And the fair oak, whose leafy dome affords
A temple where the vows of happy love
Are registered, are equal in thy sight:
No love, no hate thou cherishest; revenge
And favoritism, and worst desire of fame
Thou knowest not: all that the wide world contains
Are but thy passive instruments, and thou
Regardst them all with an impartial eye,
Whose joy or pain thy nature cannot feel,
Because thou hast not human sense,
Because thou art not human mind.

Yes! when the sweeping storm of time
Has sung its death-dirge o'er the ruined fanes

And broken altars of the almighty fiend,
Whose name usurps thy honors, and the blood
Through centuries clotted there, has floated down
The tainted flood of ages, shalt thou live
Unchangeable! A shrine is raised to thee,
Which, nor the tempest breath of time,
Nor the interminable flood,
Over earth's slight pageant rolling,
Availeth to destroy,—
The sensitive extension of the world.
That wonderous[1] and eternal fane,
Where pain and pleasure, good and evil join,
To do the will of strong necessity,
And life, in multitudinous shapes,
Still pressing forward where no term can be,
Like hungry and unresting flame
Curls round the eternal columns of its strength.

[1] Although this unusual orthography is not adopted elsewhere in *Queen Mab* (see line 64 of the next section, p. 439), it is not impossible that it was here preferred for rhythmical reasons.

VII.

SPIRIT.

I WAS an infant when my mother went
To see an atheist burned. She took me there:
The dark-robed priests were met around the pile;
The multitude was gazing silently;
And as the culprit passed with dauntless mien,
Tempered disdain in his unaltering eye,
Mixed with a quiet smile, shone calmly forth:
The thirsty fire crept round his manly limbs;
His resolute eyes were scorched to blindness soon;
His death-pang rent my heart! the insensate mob
Uttered a cry of triumph, and I wept.
Weep not, child! cried my mother, for that man
Has said, There is no God.

FAIRY.

There is no God!
Nature confirms the faith his death-groan sealed:
Let heaven and earth, let man's revolving race,
His ceaseless generations tell their tale;
Let every part depending on the chain
That links it to the whole, point to the hand
That grasps its term! let every seed that falls
In silent eloquence unfold its store
Of argument: infinity within,
Infinity without, belie creation;
The exterminable spirit it contains
Is nature's only God; but human pride
Is skilful to invent most serious names
To hide its ignorance.

The name of God
Has fenced about all crime with holiness,
Himself the creature of his worshippers,
Whose names and attributes and passions change,
Seeva, Buddh, Foh, Jehovah, God, or Lord,
Even with the human dupes who build his shrines,
Still serving o'er the war-polluted world
For desolation's watch-word; whether hosts
Stain his death-blushing chariot-wheels, as on
Triumphantly they roll, whilst Brahmins raise
A sacred hymn to mingle with the groans;
Or countless partners of his power divide
His tyranny to weakness; or the smoke
Of burning towns, the cries of female helplessness,
Unarmed old age, and youth, and infancy,
Horribly massacred, ascend to heaven
In honour of his name; or, last and worst,
Earth groans beneath religion's iron age,
And priests dare babble of a God of peace,
Even whilst their hands are red with guiltless blood,
Murdering the while, uprooting every germ
Of truth, exterminating, spoiling all,
Making the earth a slaughter-house!

O Spirit! through the sense
By which thy inner nature was apprised
Of outward shews, vague dreams have rolled,
And varied reminiscences have waked
Tablets that never fade;
All things have been imprinted there,
The stars, the sea, the earth, the sky,
Even the unshapeliest lineaments
Of wild and fleeting visions
Have left a record there
To testify of earth.

These are my empire, for to me is given
The wonders of the human world to keep,
And fancy's thin creations to endow
With manner, being, and reality;
Therefore a wondrous phantom, from the dreams
Of human error's dense and purblind faith,
I will evoke, to meet thy questioning.
Ahasuerus, rise!

A strange and woe-worn wight
Arose beside the battlement,
And stood unmoving there.
His inessential figure cast no shade
Upon the golden floor;
His port and mien bore mark of many years,
And chronicles of untold ancientness
Were legible within his beamless eye:
Yet his cheek bore the mark of youth;
Freshness and vigor knit his manly frame;
The wisdom of old age was mingled there
With youth's primæval dauntlessness;
And inexpressible woe,
Chastened by fearless resignation, gave
An awful grace to his all-speaking brow.

SPIRIT.

Is there a God?

AHASUERUS.

Is there a God!—aye, an almighty God,
And vengeful as almighty! Once his voice
Was heard on earth: earth shuddered at the sound;
The fiery-visaged firmament expressed
Abhorrence, and the grave of nature yawned

To swallow all the dauntless and the good
That dared to hurl defiance at his throne,
Girt as it was with power. None but slaves
Survived,—cold-blooded slaves, who did the work
Of tyrannous omnipotence; whose souls
No honest indignation ever urged
To elevated daring, to one deed
Which gross and sensual self did not pollute.
These slaves built temples for the omnipotent fiend,
Gorgeous and vast: the costly altars smoked
With human blood, and hideous pæans rung
Through all the long-drawn aisles. A murderer heard
His voice in Egypt, one whose gifts and arts
Had raised him to his eminence in power,
Accomplice of omnipotence in crime,
And confidant of the all-knowing one.
These were Jehovah's words.

From an eternity of idleness
I, God, awoke; in seven days' toil made earth
From nothing; rested, and created man:
I placed him in a paradise, and there
Planted the tree of evil, so that he
Might eat and perish, and my soul procure
Wherewith to sate its malice, and to turn,
Even like a heartless conqueror of the earth,
All misery to my fame. The race of men
Chosen to my honour, with impunity
May sate the lusts I planted in their heart.
Here I command thee hence to lead them on,
Until, with hardened feet, their conquering troops
Wade on the promised soil through woman's blood,
And make my name be dreaded through the land.
Yet ever burning flame and ceaseless woe

Shall be the doom of their eternal souls,
With every soul on this ungrateful earth,
Virtuous or vicious, weak or strong,—even all
Shall perish, to fulfill the blind revenge
(Which you, to men, call justice) of their God.

The murderer's brow
Quivered with horror.

God omnipotent,
Is there no mercy? must our punishment
Be endless? will long ages roll away,
And see no term? Oh! wherefore hast thou made
In mockery and wrath this evil earth?
Mercy becomes the powerful—be but just:
O God! repent and save.

One way remains:
I will beget a son, and he shall bear
The sins of all the world; he shall arise
In an unnoticed corner of the earth,
And there shall die upon a cross, and purge
The universal crime; so that the few
On whom my grace descends, those who are marked
As vessels to the honor of their God,
May credit this strange sacrifice, and save
Their souls alive: millions shall live and die,
Who ne'er shall call upon their Saviour's name,
But, unredeemed, go to the gaping grave.
Thousands shall deem it an old woman's tale,
Such as the nurses frighten babes withal:
These in a gulph of anguish and of flame
Shall curse their reprobation endlessly,
Yet tenfold pangs shall force them to avow,
Even on their beds of torment, where they howl,

My honor, and the justice of their doom.
What then avail their virtuous deeds, their thoughts
Of purity, with radiant genius bright,
Or lit with human reason's earthly ray?
Many are called, but few will I elect.
Do thou my bidding, Moses!

Even the murderer's cheek
Was blanched with horror, and his quivering lips
Scarce faintly uttered—O almighty one,
I tremble and obey!

O Spirit! centuries have set their seal
On this heart of many wounds, and loaded brain,
Since the Incarnate came: humbly he came,
Veiling his horrible Godhead in the shape
Of man, scorned by the world, his name unheard,
Save by the rabble of his native town,
Even as a parish demagogue. He led
The crowd; he taught them justice, truth, and peace,
In semblance; but he lit within their souls
The quenchless flames of zeal, and blest the sword
He brought on earth to satiate with the blood
Of truth and freedom his malignant soul.
At length his mortal frame was led to death.
I stood beside him: on the torturing cross
No pain assailed his unterrestrial sense;
And yet he groaned. Indignantly I summed
The massacres and miseries which his name
Had sanctioned in my country, and I cried,
Go! go! in mockery.
A smile of godlike malice reillumined[1]
His fading lineaments.—I go, he cried,

[1] So in Shelley's edition; but *reillumed* in Mrs. Shelley's second edition of 1839.

But thou shalt wander o'er the unquiet earth
Eternally.———The dampness of the grave
Bathed my imperishable front. I fell,
And long lay tranced upon the charmèd soil.
When I awoke hell burned within my brain,
Which staggered on its seat; for all around
The mouldering relics of my kindred lay,
Even as the Almighty's ire arrested them,
And in their various attitudes of death
My murdered children's mute and eyeless sculls
Glared ghastily[1] upon me.

But my soul,
From sight and sense of the polluting woe
Of tyranny, had long learned to prefer
Hell's freedom to the servitude of heaven.
Therefore I rose, and dauntlessly began
My lonely and unending pilgrimage,
Resolved to wage unweariable war
With my almighty tyrant, and to hurl
Defiance at his impotence to harm
Beyond the curse I bore. The very hand
That barred my passage to the peaceful grave
Has crushed the earth to misery, and given
Its empire to the chosen of his slaves.
These have I seen, even from the earliest dawn
Of weak, unstable and precarious power;
Then preaching peace, as now they practise war,
So, when they turned but from the massacre
Of unoffending infidels, to quench
Their thirst for ruin in the very blood
That flowed in their own veins, and pityless zeal
Froze every human feeling, as the wife

[1] So in Shelley's edition; but *ghastly* in Mrs. Shelley's second of 1839.

Sheathed in her husband's heart the sacred steel,
Even whilst its hopes were dreaming of her love;
And friends to friends, brothers to brothers stood
Opposed in bloodiest battle-field, and war,
Scarce satiable by fate's last death-draught waged,
Drunk from the winepress of the Almighty's wrath;
Whilst the red cross, in mockery of peace,
Pointed to victory! When the fray was done,
No remnant of the exterminated faith
Survived to tell its ruin, but the flesh,
With putrid smoke poisoning the atmosphere,
That rotted on the half-extinguished pile.

Yes! I have seen God's worshippers unsheathe
The sword of his revenge, when grace descended,
Confirming all unnatural impulses,
To sanctify their desolating deeds;
And frantic priests waved the ill-omened cross
O'er the unhappy earth: then shone the sun
On showers of gore from the upflashing steel
Of safe assassination, and all crime
Made stingless by the spirits[1] of the Lord,
And blood-red rainbows canopied the land.

Spirit! no year of my eventful being
Has passed unstained by crime and misery,
Which flows from God's own faith. I've marked his slaves
With tongues whose lies are venomous, beguile
The insensate mob, and, whilst one hand was red
With murder, feign to stretch the other out
For brotherhood and peace; and that they now
Babble of love and mercy, whilst their deeds
Are marked with all the narrowness and crime

[1] Mr. Rossetti substitutes *Spirit* for *spirits*: I incline to think *spirits* is right.

That freedom's young arm dare[1] not yet chastise,
Reason may claim our gratitude, who now
Establishing the imperishable throne
Of truth, and stubborn virtue, maketh vain
The unprevailing malice of my foe,
Whose bootless rage heaps torments for the brave,
Adds impotent eternities to pain,
Whilst keenest disappointment racks his breast
To see the smiles of peace around them play,
To frustrate or to sanctify their doom.

Thus have I stood,—through a wild waste of years
Struggling with whirlwinds of mad agony,
Yet peaceful, and serene, and self-enshrined,
Mocking my powerless tyrant's horrible curse
With stubborn and unalterable will,
Even as a giant oak, which heaven's fierce flame
Had scathèd in the wilderness, to stand
A monument of fadeless ruin there;
Yet peacefully and movelessly it braves
The midnight conflict of the wintry storm,
As in the sun-light's calm it spreads
Its worn and withered arms on high
To meet the quiet of a summer's noon.

The Fairy waved her wand:
Ahasuerus fled
Fast as the shapes of mingled shade and mist,
That lurk in the glens of a twilight grove,
Flee from the morning beam:
The matter of which dreams are made
Not more endowed with actual life
Than this phantasmal portraiture
Of wandering human thought.

[1] Mrs. Shelley reads *dares* in the second edition of 1839; but the word is *dare* in Shelley's edition.

VIII.

THE present and the past thou hast beheld:
It was a desolate sight. Now, Spirit, learn
The secrets of the future.—Time!
Unfold the brooding pinion of thy gloom,
Render thou up thy half-devoured babes,
And from the cradles of eternity,
Where millions lie lulled to their portioned sleep
By the deep murmuring stream of passing things,
Tear thou that gloomy shroud.—Spirit, behold
Thy glorious destiny!

Joy to the Spirit came.
Through the wide rent in Time's eternal veil,
Hope was seen beaming through the mists of fear:
Earth was no longer hell;
Love, freedom, health, had given
Their ripeness to the manhood of its prime,
And all its pulses beat
Symphonious to the planetary spheres:
Then dulcet music swelled
Concordant with the life-strings of the soul;
It throbbed in sweet and languid beatings there,
Catching new life from transitory death,—
Like the vague sighings of a wind at even,
That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea
And dies on the creation of its breath,
And sinks and rises, fails and swells by fits:
Was the pure stream of feeling
That sprung from these sweet notes,

And o'er the Spirit's human sympathies
With mild and gentle motion calmly flowed.

Joy to the Spirit came,—
Such joy as when a lover sees
The chosen of his soul in happiness,
And witnesses her peace
Whose woe to him were bitterer than death,
Sees her unfaded cheek
Glow mantling in first luxury of health,
Thrills with her lovely eyes,
Which like two stars amid the heaving main
Sparkle through liquid bliss.

Then in her triumph spoke the Fairy Queen:[1]
I will not call the ghost of ages gone
To unfold the frightful secrets of its lore;
The present now is past,
And those events that desolate the earth
Have faded from the memory of Time,
Who dares not give[2] reality to that
Whose being I annul. To me is given
The wonders of the human world to keep,
Space, matter, time, and mind. Futurity
Exposes now its treasure; let the sight
Renew and strengthen all thy failing hope.
O human Spirit! spur thee to the goal

[1] In the revised copy this line is specially struck out, the whole page in which it stands being afterwards cancelled, and portions of it reintroduced in *The Dæmon of the World*, as shewn in Vol. III. In the margin Shelley had written the disjointed words *sudden from*, and *a voice arose*, *came forth*, and again *Then from* and *mighty shape*. Probably he meant the line to read thus—

Then from the mighty shape a voice came forth.

[2] In the revised copy
celled and *lend* written in
while in line 52, *failing* is
and *suspended* substituted
reading been retained, *al*
bably have been cancelle
read

Renew and strengthen thy su

But in working the line
of *The Dæmon of the Wo*
left it in its original form

Where virtue fixes universal peace,
And midst the ebb and flow of human things,
Shew somewhat stable, somewhat certain still,
A lighthouse o'er the wild of dreary waves.

The habitable earth is full of bliss;
Those wastes of frozen billows that were hurled
By everlasting snow-storms round the poles,
Where matter dared not vegetate or[1] live,
But ceaseless frost round the vast solitude
Bound its broad zone of stillness, are unloosed;
And fragrant zephyrs there from spicy isles
Ruffle the placid ocean-deep, that rolls
Its broad, bright surges to the sloping sand,
Whose roar is wakened into echoings sweet
To murmur through the heaven-breathing groves
And melodize with man's blest nature there.

Those deserts of immeasurable sand,
Whose age-collected fervors scarce allowed
A bird to live, a blade of grass to spring,
Where the shrill chirp of the green lizard's love
Broke on the sultry silentness alone,
Now teem with countless rills and shady woods,
Corn-fields and pastures and white cottages;
And where the startled wilderness beheld
A savage conqueror stained in kindred blood,
A tigress sating with the flesh of lambs,
The unnatural famine of her toothless cubs,
Whilst[2] shouts and howlings through the desert rang,
Sloping and smooth the daisy-spangled lawn,
Offering sweet incense to the sun-rise, smiles

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions *nor* is substituted for *or*. In *The Dæmon of the World*, Part II, Shelley altered the form to *dared nor vegetate nor live*.

[2] In the editions of 1839 *While*; but *Whilst* in Shelley's edition.

To see a babe before his mother's door,
Sharing his morning's meal
With the green and golden basilisk
That comes to lick his feet.

Those trackless deeps, where many a weary sail
Has seen above the illimitable plain,
Morning on night, and night on morning rise,
Whilst still no land to greet the wanderer spread
Its shadowy mountains on the sun-bright sea,
Where the loud roarings of the tempest-waves
So long have mingled with the gusty wind
In melancholy loneliness, and swept
The desert of those ocean solitudes,
But vocal to the sea-bird's harrowing shriek,
The bellowing monster, and the rushing storm,
Now to the sweet and many-mingling[1] sounds
Of kindliest human impulses respond.
Those lonely realms bright garden-isles begem,
With lightsome clouds and shining seas between,
And fertile vallies, resonant with bliss,
Whilst green woods overcanopy the wave,
Which like a toil-worn labourer leaps to shore,
To meet the kisses of the flowrets there.

All things are recreated, and the flame
Of consentaneous love inspires all life:
The fertile bosom of the earth gives suck
To myriads, who still grow beneath her care,
Rewarding her with their pure perfectness:
The balmy breathings of the wind inhale
Her virtues, and diffuse them all abroad:
Health floats amid the gentle atmosphere,

[1] There is no hyphen in Shelley's edition; but see note at p. 371 of Vol. III.

Glows in the fruits, and mantles on the stream:
No storms deform the beaming brow of heaven,
Nor scatter in the freshness of its pride
The foliage of the ever verdant trees;
But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,
And autumn proudly bears her matron grace,
Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of spring,
Whose virgin bloom beneath the ruddy fruit
Reflects its tint and blushes into love.

The lion now forgets to thirst for blood:
There might you see him sporting in the sun
Beside the dreadless kid; his claws are sheathed,
His teeth are harmless, custom's force has made
His nature as the nature of a lamb.
Like passion's fruit, the nightshade's tempting bane
Poisons no more the pleasure it bestows:
All bitterness is past; the cup of joy
Unmingled mantles to the goblet's brim,
And courts the thirsty lips it fled before.

But chief, ambiguous man, he that can know
More misery, and dream more joy than all;
Whose keen sensations thrill within his breast
To mingle with a loftier instinct there,
Lending their power to pleasure and to pain,
Yet raising, sharpening, and refining each;
Who stands amid the ever-varying world,
The burthen or the glory of the earth;
He chief perceives the change, his being notes
The gradual renovation, and defines
Each movement of its progress on his mind.

Man, where the gloom of the long polar night
Lowers o'er the snow-clad rocks and frozen soil,

Where scarce the hardiest herb that braves the fro
Basks in the moonlight's ineffectual glow,
Shrank with the plants, and darkened with the nig
His chilled and narrow energies, his heart,
Insensible to courage, truth, or love,
His stunted stature and imbecile frame,
Marked him for some abortion of the earth,
Fit compeer of the bears that roamed around,
Whose habits and enjoyments were his own:
His life a feverish dream of stagnant woe,
Whose meagre wants but scantily fulfilled,
Apprised him ever of the joyless length
Which his short being's wretchedness had reached;
His death a pang which famine, cold and toil
Long on the mind, whilst yet the vital spark
Clung to the body stubbornly, had brought:
All was inflicted here that earth's revenge
Could wreak on the infringers of her law;
One curse alone was spared—the name of God.[1]

Nor where the tropics bound the realms of day
With a broad belt of mingling cloud and flame,
Where blue mists through the unmoving atmospher
Scattered the seeds of pestilence, and fed
Unnatural vegetation, where the land
Teemed with all earthquake, tempest and disease,
Was man a nobler being; slavery
Had crushed him to his country's bloodstained dust
Or he was bartered for the fame of power,
Which all internal impulses destroying,
Makes human will an article of trade;
Or he was changed with Christians for their gold,[2]

[1] This line is omitted in the first edition of 1839, without any sign of omission: it is restored in the second edition of the same year.

[2] Before cancelling this passa *The Dæmon of the World*, Shell

And dragged to distant isles, where to the sound
Of the flesh-mangling scourge, he does the work
Of all-polluting luxury and wealth,
Which doubly visits on the tyrants' heads
The long-protracted fulness of their woe;
Or he was led to legal butchery,
To turn to worms beneath that burning sun,
Where kings first leagued against the rights of men,
And priests first traded with the name of God.[1]

Even where the milder zone afforded man
A seeming shelter, yet contagion there,
Blighting his being with unnumbered ills,
Spread like a quenchless fire; nor truth till late
Availed to arrest its progress, or create
That peace which first in bloodless victory waved
Her snowy standard o'er this favoured clime:
There man was long the train-bearer of slaves,
The mimic of surrounding misery,
The jackal of ambition's lion-rage,
The bloodhound of religion's hungry zeal.

Here now the human being stands adorning
This loveliest earth with taintless body and mind;
Blest from his birth with all bland impulses,
Which gently in his noble bosom wake
All kindly passions and all pure desires.
Him, still from hope to hope the bliss pursuing,
Which from the exhaustless lore of human weal
Draws[2] on the virtuous mind, the thoughts that rise

written between this line and the next—

Their perfidy, their poisons and their creed,

misspelling *their*, as he often did, *thier*, in all three cases.

[1] This and the two preceding lines being cancelled, Shelley had begun something fresh in their place, thus—

A banquet for the vultures and the worms,
Beneath that sun, where...

and this in turn was cancelled.

[2] In placing this passage at the head of the corresponding note, Shelley substitutes *Dawns* for *Draws*. Mr. Rossetti, on this authority, gives *Dawns* in the text.

In time-destroying infiniteness, gift
With self-enshrined eternity, that mocks
The unprevailing hoariness of age,
And man, once fleeting o'er the transient scene
Swift as an unremembered vision, stands
Immortal upon earth: no longer now
He slays the lamb that looks him in the face,
And horribly devours his mangled flesh,
Which still avenging nature's broken law,
Kindled all putrid humours in his frame,
All evil passions, and all vain belief,
Hatred, despair, and loathing in his mind,
The germs of misery, death, disease, and crime.
No longer now the wingèd habitants,
That in the woods their sweet lives sing away,
Flee from the form of man; but gather round,
And prune their sunny feathers on the hands
Which little children stretch in friendly sport
Towards these dreadless partners of their play.
All things are void of terror: man has lost
His terrible prerogative, and stands
An equal amidst equals: happiness
And science dawn though late upon the earth;
Peace cheers the mind, health renovates the frame;
Disease and pleasure cease to mingle here,
Reason and passion cease to combat there;
Whilst each unfettered o'er the earth extend
Their all-subduing energies, and wield[1]
The sceptre of a vast dominion there;
Whilst every shape and mode of matter lends
Its force to the omnipotence of mind,
Which from its dark mine drags the gem of truth
To decorate its paradise of peace.

[1] Mrs. Shelley reads—

extends
Its all-subduing energies, and wields...

IX.

O HAPPY Earth! reality of Heaven!
To which those restless souls that ceaselessly
Throng through the human universe, aspire;
Thou consummation of all mortal hope!
Thou glorious prize of blindly-working will!
Whose rays, diffused throughout all space and time,
Verge to one point and blend for ever there:
Of purest spirits thou pure dwelling-place!
Where care and sorrow, impotence and crime,
Languor, disease, and ignorance dare not come:
O happy Earth, reality of Heaven!

Genius has seen thee in her passionate dreams,
And dim forebodings of thy loveliness
Haunting the human heart, have there entwined
Those rooted hopes of some sweet place of bliss
Where friends and lovers meet to part no more.
Thou art the end of all desire and will,
The product of all action; and the souls
That by the paths of an aspiring change
Have reached thy haven of perpetual peace,
There rest from the eternity of toil
That framed the fabric of thy perfectness.

Even Time, the conqueror, fled thee in his fear;
That hoary giant, who, in lonely pride,
So long had ruled the world, that nations fell
Beneath his silent footstep. Pyramids,
That for millenniums[1] had withstood the tide

[1] In Shelley's edition, *milleniums*.

Of human things, his storm-breath drove in sand
Across that desert where their stones survived
The name of him whose pride had heaped them there.
Yon monarch, in his solitary pomp,
Was but the mushroom of a summer day,
That his light-wingèd footstep pressed to dust:
Time was the king of earth: all things gave way
Before him, but the fixed and virtuous will,
The sacred sympathies of soul and sense,
That mocked his fury and prepared his fall.

Yet slow and gradual dawned the morn of love;
Long lay the clouds of darkness o'er the scene,
Till from its native heaven they rolled away:
First, crime triumphant o'er all hope careered
Unblushing, undisguising, bold and strong;
Whilst falsehood, tricked in virtue's attributes,
Long sanctified all deeds of vice and woe,
Till done by her own venomous sting to death,
She left the moral world without a law,
No longer fettering passion's fearless wing,
Nor searing reason with the brand of God.[1]
Then steadily the happy ferment worked;
Reason was free; and wild though passion went
Through tangled glens and wood-embosomed meads,
Gathering a garland of the strangest flowers,
Yet like the bee returning to her queen,
She bound the sweetest on her sister's brow,
Who meek and sober kissed the sportive child,
No longer trembling at the broken rod.

Mild was the slow necessity of death:
The tranquil spirit[2] failed beneath its grasp,

[1] This line is omitted from Mrs. Shelley's editions, without any mark of omission.

[2] *Spirit* has a capital *s* in *Queen Mab*; but a small one is substituted in the revised copy.

Without a groan, almost without a fear,
Calm as a voyager to some distant land,
And full of wonder, full of hope as he.
The deadly germs of languor and disease
Died in the human frame, and purity
Blest with all gifts her earthly worshippers.
How vigorous then the athletic form of age!
How clear its open and unwrinkled brow!
Where neither avarice, cunning, pride, or care,
Had stamped the seal of grey deformity
On all the mingling lineaments of time.
How lovely the intrepid front of youth!
Which meek-eyed courage decked with freshest grace;
Courage of soul, that dreaded not a name,
And elevated will, that journeyed on
Through life's phantasmal scene in fearlessness,
With virtue, love, and pleasure, hand in hand.

Then, that sweet bondage which is freedom's self,
And rivets with sensation's softest tie[1]
The kindred sympathies of human souls,
Needed no fetters of tyrannic law:
Those delicate and timid impulses
In nature's primal modesty arose,
And with undoubted confidence disclosed
The growing longings of its dawning love,[2]
Unchecked by dull and selfish chastity,
That virtue of the cheaply virtuous,
Who pride themselves in senselessness and frost.
No longer prostitution's venomed bane
Poisoned the springs of happiness and life;
Woman and man, in confidence and love,

[1] There is a cancelled MS. reading of this passage—

That mental bondage which is freedom's self
And borrows from sensation's purest tie.

[2] In the revised copy of *Queen Mab* all this paragraph is cancelled; but the *v* in *love* has been touched with the pen, apparently, though not certainly, to turn it into an *r*: *lore* seems to me to make better sense than *love*.

Equal and free and pure together trod
The mountain-paths of virtue, which no more
Were stained with blood from many a pilgrim's feet.

Then, where, through distant ages, long in pride
The palace of the monarch-slave had mocked
Famine's faint groan, and penury's silent tear,
A heap of crumbling ruins stood, and threw
Year after year their stones upon the field,[1]
Wakening a lonely echo; and the leaves
Of the old thorn, that on the topmost tower
Usurped the royal ensign's grandeur, shook
In the stern storm that swayed the topmost tower
And whispered strange tales in the whirlwind's ear.

Low through the lone cathedral's roofless aisles
The melancholy winds a death-dirge sung:
It were a sight of awfulness to see
The works of faith and slavery, so vast,
So sumptuous, yet so perishing withal!
Even as the corpse that rests beneath its wall.
A thousand mourners deck the pomp of death
To-day, the breathing marble glows above
To decorate its memory, and tongues
Are busy of its life: to-morrow, worms
In silence and in darkness seize their prey.

Within the massy prison's mouldering courts,
Fearless and free the ruddy children played,
Weaving gay chaplets for their innocent brows
With the green ivy and the red wall-flower,

[1] In the revised copy *waste* is here substituted for *field*. The whole paragraph is crossed out with the pen; but, as if Shelley had observed the repetition of *topmost tower*, and meant to rectify the passage, the words

that on the topmost tower
Usurped the royal ensign's grandeur, shook

are specially struck out.

That mock the dungeon's unavailing gloom;
The ponderous chains, and gratings of strong iron,
There rusted amid heaps of broken stone
That mingled slowly with their native earth:
There the broad beam of day, which feebly once
Lighted the cheek of lean captivity
With a pale and sickly glare, then freely shone
On the pure smiles of infant playfulness:
No more the shuddering voice of hoarse despair
Pealed through the echoing vaults, but soothing notes
Of ivy-fingered winds and gladsome birds
And merriment were resonant around.

These ruins soon left not a wreck behind:
Their elements, wide scattered o'er the globe,
To happier shapes were moulded, and became
Ministrant to all blissful impulses:
Thus human things were perfected, and earth,
Even as a child beneath its mother's love,
Was strengthened in all excellence, and grew
Fairer and nobler with each passing year.

Now Time his dusky pennons o'er the scene
Closes in stedfast darkness, and the past[1]
Fades from our charmèd sight. My task is done:
Thy lore is learned. Earth's wonders are thine own,
With all the fear and all the hope they bring.
My spells are past: the present now recurs.
Ah me! a pathless wilderness remains
Yet unsubdued by man's reclaiming hand.

[1] Mr. Rossetti substitutes *future* for *past*, on the ground that nothing "can be more unquestionable than that Shelley wrote or meant to write, 'the future.'" I do not feel by any means sure of this, especially as Shelley went carefully over all this part of the poem, in revising it for *The Dæmon of the World*, and made no such alteration in the revised copy.

Yet, human Spirit, bravely hold thy course,
Let virtue teach thee firmly to pursue
The gradual paths of an aspiring change:
For birth and life and death, and that strange st
Before the naked soul has found its home,
All tend to perfect happiness, and urge
The restless wheels of being on their way,
Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite life,
Bicker and burn to gain their destined goal:
For birth but wakes the spirit to the sense
Of outward shews, whose unexperienced shape
New modes of passion to its frame may lend;
Life is its state of action, and the store
Of all events is aggregated there
That variegate the eternal universe;
Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom,
That leads to azure isles and beaming skies
And happy regions of eternal hope.
Therefore, O Spirit! fearlessly bear on:
Though storms may break the primrose on its st
Though frosts may blight the freshness of its blo
Yet spring's awakening breath will woo the earth
To feed with kindliest dews its favorite flower,
That blooms in mossy banks and darksome glens,
Lighting the green wood with its sunny smile.

Fear not then, Spirit, death's disrobing hand,
So welcome when the tyrant is awake,
So welcome when the bigot's hell-torch burns;
'Tis but the voyage of a darksome hour,
The transient gulph-dream of a startling sleep.
Death is no foe to virtue: earth has seen
Love's brightest roses on the scaffold bloom,
Mingling with freedom's fadeless laurels there,
And presaging the truth of visioned bliss.

Are there not hopes within thee, which this scene
Of linked and gradual being has confirmed?
Whose stingings bade thy heart look further still,
When to the moonlight walk by Henry led,
Sweetly and sadly thou didst talk of death?
And wilt thou rudely tear them from thy breast,
Listening supinely to a bigot's creed,
Or tamely crouching to the tyrant's rod,
Whose iron thongs are red with human gore?
Never: but bravely bearing on, thy will
Is destined an eternal war to wage
With tyranny and falsehood, and uproot
The germs of misery from the human heart.
Thine is the hand whose piety would soothe
The thorny pillow of unhappy crime,
Whose impotence an easy pardon gains,
Watching its wanderings as a friend's disease:
Thine is the brow whose mildness would defy
Its fiercest rage, and brave its sternest will,
When fenced by power and master of the world.
Thou art sincere and good; of resolute mind,
Free from heart-withering custom's cold control,
Of passion lofty, pure and unsubdued.
Earth's pride and meanness could not vanquish thee,
And therefore art thou worthy of the boon
Which thou hast now received: virtue shall keep
Thy footsteps in the path that thou hast trod,
And many days of beaming hope shall bless
Thy spotless life of sweet and sacred love.
Go, happy one, and give that bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life and rapture from thy smile.

The Fairy waves her wand of charm.
Speechless with bliss the Spirit mounts the car,

That rolled beside the battlement,
Bending her beamy eyes in thankfulness.
Again the enchanted steeds were yoked,
Again the burning wheels inflame
The steep descent of heaven's untrodden way.
Fast and far the chariot flew:
The vast and fiery globes that rolled
Around the Fairy's palace-gate
Lessened by slow degrees, and soon appeared
Such tiny twinklers as the planet orbs
That there attendant on the solar power
With borrowed light pursued their narrower way.

Earth floated then below:
The chariot paused a moment there;
The Spirit then descended:
The restless coursers pawed the ungenial soil,
Snuffed the gross air, and then, their errand done,
Unfurled their pinions to the winds of heaven.

The Body and the Soul united then,
A gentle start convulsed Ianthe's frame:
Her veiny eyelids quietly unclosed;
Moveless awhile the dark blue orbs remained:
She looked around in wonder and beheld
Henry, who kneeled in silence by her couch,
Watching her sleep with looks of speechless love,
And the bright beaming stars
That through the casement shone.

NOTES.

[TO QUEEN MAB.]

[My aim has been to make these notes as nearly as practicable a *verbatim et literatim* reprint of those in Shelley's edition of *Queen Mab*, and to avoid any such changes as would necessitate foot-notes in addition to Shelley's own. In the following pages, therefore, it may be assumed, without the words *Shelley's Note* being affixed as elsewhere, that all the foot-notes are his.—H. B. F.]

NOTES.

I.—Page 393.

> The sun's unclouded orb
> Rolled through the black concave.

Beyond our atmosphere the sun would appear a rayless orb of fire in the midst of a black concave. The equal diffusion of its light on earth is owing to the refraction of the rays by the atmosphere, and their reflection from other bodies. Light consists either of vibrations propagated through a subtle medium, or of numerous minute particles repelled in all directions from the luminous body. Its velocity greatly exceeds that of any substance with which we are acquainted: observations on the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites have demonstrated that light takes up no more than 8′ 7″ in passing from the sun to the earth, a distance of 95,000,000 miles.—Some idea may be gained of the immense distance of the fixed stars, when it is computed that many years would elapse before light could reach this earth from the nearest of them; yet in one year light travels 5,422,400,000,000 miles, which is a distance 5,707,600 times greater than that of the sun from the earth.

I.—Page 394.

Whilst round the chariot's way
Innumerable systems rolled.

The plurality of worlds,—the indefinite immensity of the universe is a most awful subject of contemplation. He who rightly feels its mystery and grandeur, is in no danger of seduction from the falsehoods of religious systems, or of deifying the principle of the universe. It is impossible to believe that the Spirit that prevades this infinite machine, begat a son upon the body of a Jewish woman; or is angered at the consequences of that necessity, which is a synonym of itself. All that miserable tale of the Devil, and Eve, and an Intercessor, with the childish mummeries of the God of the Jews, is irreconcileable with the knowledge of the stars. The works of his fingers have borne witness against him.

The nearest of the fixed stars is inconceivably distant from the earth, and they are probably proportionably distant from each other. By a calculation of the velocity of light, Sirius is supposed to be at least 54,224,000,000,000 miles from the earth.[1] That which appears only like a thin and silvery cloud streaking the heaven, is in effect composed of innumerable clusters of suns, each shining with its own light, and illuminating numbers of planets that revolve around them. Millions and millions of suns are ranged around us, all attended by innumerable worlds, yet calm, regular, and harmonious, all keeping the paths of immutable necessity.

[1] See Nicholson's Encyclopedia, art. Light.

IV.—Page 416

> These are the hired bravos who defend
> The tyrant's throne.

To employ murder as a means of justice, is an idea which a man of an enlightened mind will not dwell upon with pleasure. To march forth in rank and file, and all the pomp of streamers and trumpets, for the purpose of shooting at our fellow-men as a mark; to inflict upon them all the variety of wound and anguish; to leave them weltering in their blood; to wander over the field of desolation, and count the number of the dying and the dead,—are employments which in thesis we may maintain to be necessary, but which no good man will contemplate with gratulation and delight. A battle we suppose is won:—thus truth is established, thus the cause of justice is confirmed! It surely requires no common sagacity to discern the connection between this immense heap of calamities and the assertion of truth or the maintenance of justice.

Kings, and ministers of state, the real authors of the calamity, sit unmolested in their cabinet, while those against whom the fury of the storm is directed are, for the most part, persons who have been trepanned into the service, or who are dragged unwillingly from their peaceful homes into the field of battle. A soldier is a man whose business it is to kill those who never offended him, and who are the innocent martyrs of other men's iniquities. Whatever may become of the abstract question of the justifiableness of war, it seems impossible that the soldier should not be a depraved and unnatural being.

To these more serious and momentous considerations it may be proper to add a recollection of the ridiculousness

of the military character. Its first constituent is obedience: a soldier is, of all descriptions of men, the most completely a machine; yet his profession inevitably teaches him something of dogmatism, swaggering, and self-consequence: he is like the puppet of a showman, who, at the very time he is made to strut and swell and display the most farcical airs, we perfectly know cannot assume the most insignificant gesture, advance either to the right or the left, but as he is moved by his exhibitor.—*Godwin's Enquirer, Essay* v.

I will here subjoin a little poem, so strongly expressive of my abhorrence of despotism and falsehood, that I fear lest it never again may be depictured so vividly. This opportunity is perhaps the only one that ever will occur of rescuing it from oblivion.

FALSEHOOD AND VICE:

A DIALOGUE.

WHILST monarchs laughed upon their thrones
To hear a famished nation's groans,
And hugged the wealth wrung from the woe
That makes its eyes and veins o'erflow,—
Those thrones, high built upon the heaps
Of bones where frenzied famine sleeps,
Where slavery wields her scourge of iron,
Red with mankind's unheeded gore,
And war's mad fiends the scene environ,
Mingling with skrieks a drunken roar,
There Vice and Falsehood took their stand,
High raised above the unhappy land.

FALSEHOOD.

Brother! arise from the dainty fare,

Which thousands have toiled and bled to bestow;
A finer feast for thy hungry ear
Is the news that I bring of human woe.

VICE.

And, secret one, what hast thou done,
To compare, in thy tumid pride, with me?
I, whose career, through the blasted year,
Has been tracked by despair and agony.

FALSEHOOD.

What have I done!——I have torn the robe
From baby truth's unsheltered form,
And round the desolated globe
Borne safely the bewildering charm:
My tyrant-slaves to a dungeon-floor
Have bound the fearless innocent,
And streams of fertilizing gore
Flow from her bosom's hideous rent,
Which this unfailing dagger gave.....
I dread that blood!—no more—this day
Is ours, though her eternal ray
  Must shine upon our grave.
Yet know, proud Vice, had I not given
To thee the robe I stole from heaven,
Thy shape of ugliness and fear
Had never gained admission here.

VICE.

And know, that had I disdained to toil,
But sate in my loathsome cave the while,
And ne'er to these hateful sons of heaven,
GOLD, MONARCHY, and MURDER, given;
Hadst thou with all thine art essayed

One of thy games then to have played,
With all thine overweening boast,
Falsehood! I tell thee thou hadst lost!—
Yet wherefore this dispute?—we tend,
Fraternal, to one common end;
In this cold grave beneath my feet,
Will our hopes, our fears, and our labours, meet.

FALSEHOOD.

I brought my daughter, RELIGION, on earth:
She smothered Reason's babes in their birth;
But dreaded their mother's eye severe,—
So the crocodile slunk off slily in fear,
And loosed her bloodhounds from the den....
They started from dreams of slaughtered men,
And, by the light of her poison eye,
Did her work o'er the wide earth frightfully:
The dreadful stench of her torches' flare,
Fed with human fat, polluted the air:
The curses, the shrieks, the ceaseless cries
Of the many-mingling miseries,
As on she trod, ascended high
And trumpeted my victory!—
Brother, tell what thou hast done.

VICE.

I have extinguished the noon-day sun,
In the carnage-smoke of battles won:
Famine, murder, hell and power
Were glutted in that glorious hour
Which searchless fate had stamped for me
With the seal of her security.....
For the bloated wretch on yonder throne
Commanded the bloody fray to rise.

Like me he joyed at the stifled moan
Wrung from a nation's miseries;
While the snakes, whose slime even him *defiled*,
In ecstacies of malice smiled:
They thought 'twas theirs,—but mine the deed!
Theirs is the toil, but mine the meed—
Ten thousand victims madly bleed.
They dream that tyrants goad them there
With poisonous war to taint the air:
These tyrants, on their beds of thorn,
Swell with the thoughts of murderous fame,
And with their gains to lift my name
Restless they plan from night to morn:
I—I do all; without my aid
Thy daughter, that relentless maid,
Could never o'er a death-bed urge
The fury of her venomed scourge.

FALSEHOOD.

Brother, well:—the world is ours;
And whether thou or I have won,
The pestilence expectant lours
On all beneath yon blasted sun.
Our joys, our toils, our honors meet
In the milk-white and wormy winding-sheet:
A short-lived hope, unceasing care,
Some heartless scraps of godly prayer,
A moody curse, and a frenzied sleep
Ere gapes the grave's unclosing deep,
A tyrant's dream, a coward's start,
The ice that clings to a priestly heart,
A judge's frown, a courtier's smile,
Make the great whole for which we toil;
And, brother, whether thou or I

Have done the work of misery,
It little boots: thy toil and pain,
Without my aid, were more than vain;
And but for thee I ne'er had sate
The guardian of heaven's palace gate.

V.—Page 420.

Thus do the generations of the earth
Go to the grave and issue from the womb.

One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth for ever. The sun also ariseth and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. The wind goeth toward the south and turneth about unto the north, it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place whence the rivers come, thither shall they return again.

Ecclesiastes, chap. i.

V.—Page 420.

Even as the leaves
Which the keen frost-wind of the waning year
Has scattered on the forest soil.

Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεὴ, τοιήδε καὶ ανδρῶν.
Φύλλα τὰ μέν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέει, ἄλλα δέ θ' ὕλη
Τηλεθόωσα φύει, ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη·
Ὣς ἀνδρῶν γενεὴ, ἡ μὲν φύει, ἡδ' ἀπολήγει.

ΙΛΙΑΔ. Ζ'. l. 146.

V.—Page 422.

The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quemquam 'st jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave 'st.
Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri,
Per campos instructa, tua sine parte pericli;
Sed nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;
Despicere unde queas alios, passim que videre
Errare atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ;
Certare ingenio; contendere nobilitate;
Nocteis atque dies niti præstante labore
Ad summas emergere opes, rerum que potiri.
O miseras hominum menteis! O pectora cæca!

Luc. lib. ii.

V.—Page 423.

And statesmen boast
Of wealth!

There is no real wealth but the labour of man. Were the mountains of gold and the vallies of silver, the world would not be one grain of corn the richer; no one comfort would be added to the human race. In consequence of our consideration for the precious metals, one man is

enabled to heap to himself luxuries at the expence of the necessaries of his neighbour; a system admirably fitted to produce all the varieties of disease and crime, which never fail to characterize the two extremes of opulence and penury. A speculator takes pride to himself as the promoter of his country's prosperity, who employs a number of hands in the manufacture of articles avowedly destitute of use, or subservient only to the unhallowed cravings of luxury and ostentation. The nobleman, who employs the peasants of his neighbourhood in building his palaces, until "*jam pauca aratro jugera, regiæ moles relinquunt,*" flatters himself that he has gained the title of a patriot by yielding to the impulses of vanity. The shew and pomp of courts adduce the same apology for its continuance; and many a fête has been given, many a woman has eclipsed her beauty by her dress, to benefit the labouring poor and to encourage trade. Who does not see that this is a remedy which aggravates, whilst it palliates the countless diseases of society? The poor are set to labour,—for what? Not the food for which they famish: not the blankets for want of which their babes are frozen by the cold of their miserable hovels: not those comforts of civilization without which civilized man is far more miserable than the meanest savage; oppressed as he is by all its insidious evils, within the daily and taunting prospect of its innumerable benefits assiduously exhibited before him:—no; for the pride of power, for the miserable isolation of pride, for the false pleasures of the hundredth part of society. No greater evidence is afforded of the wide extended and radical mistakes of civilized man than this fact: those arts which are essential to his very being are held in the greatest contempt; employments are lucrative in an inverse ratio to their usefulness[1]: the jeweller, the toyman, the

[1] See Rousseau, "De l'Inegalité parmi les Hommes," note 7.

actor gains fame and wealth by the exercise of his useless and ridiculous art; whilst the cultivator of the earth, he without whom society must cease to subsist, struggles through contempt and penury, and perishes by that famine which, but for his unceasing exertions, would annihilate the rest of mankind.

I will not insult common sense by insisting on the doctrine of the natural equality of man. The question is not concerning its desirableness, but its practicability: so far as it is practicable, it is desirable. That state of human society which approaches nearer to an equal partition of its benefits and evils should, *cæteris paribus*, be preferred: but so long as we conceive that a wanton expenditure of human labour, not for the necessities, not even for the luxuries of the mass of society, but for the egotism and ostentation of a few of its members, is defensible on the ground of public justice, so long we neglect to approximate to the redemption of the human race.

Labour is required for physical, and leisure for moral improvement: from the former of these advantages the rich, and from the latter the poor, by the inevitable conditions of their respective situations, are precluded. A state which should combine the advantages of both, would be subjected to the evils of neither. He that is deficient in firm health, or vigorous intellect, is but half a man: hence it follows, that, to subject the labouring classes to unnecessary labour, is wantonly depriving them of any opportunities of intellectual improvement; and that the rich are heaping up for their own mischief the disease, lassitude and ennui by which their existence is rendered an intolerable burthen.

English reformers exclaim against sinecures,—but the true pension list is the rent-roll of the landed proprietors:

wealth is a power usurped by the few, to compel the many to labour for their benefit. The laws which support this system derive their force from the ignorance and credulity of its victims: they are the result of a conspiracy of the few against the many, who are themselves obliged to purchase this pre-eminence by the loss of all real comfort.

The commodities that substantially contribute to the subsistence of the human species form a very short catalogue: they demand from us but a slender portion of industry. If these only were produced, and sufficiently produced, the species of man would be continued. If the labour necessarily required to produce them were equitably divided among the poor, and, still more, if it were equitably divided among all, each man's share of labour would be light, and his portion of leisure would be ample. There was a time when this leisure would have been of small comparative value: it is to be hoped that the time will come, when it will be applied to the most important purposes. Those hours which are not required for the production of the necessaries of life, may be devoted to the cultivation of the understanding, the enlarging our stock of knowledge, the refining our taste, and thus opening to us new and more exquisite sources of enjoyment.

* * * * * * * *

It was perhaps necessary that a period of monopoly and oppression should subsist, before a period of cultivated equality could subsist. Savages perhaps would never have been excited to the discovery of truth and the invention of art, but by the narrow motives which such a period affords. But surely, after the savage state has ceased, and men have set out in the glorious career of discovery and

invention, monopoly and oppression cannot be necessary to prevent them from returning to a state of barbarism.—*Godwin's Enquirer, Essay II. See also Pol. Jus., book VIII. chap. II.*

It is a calculation of this admirable author, that all the conveniences of civilized life might be produced, if society would divide the labour equally among its members, by each individual being employed in labour two hours during the day.

V.—Page 423.

or religion
Drives his wife raving mad.

I am acquainted with a lady of considerable accomplishments, and the mother of a numerous family, whom the Christian religion has goaded to incurable insanity. A parallel case is, I believe, within the experience of every physician.

Nam jam sæpe homines patriam, carosque parentes
Prodiderunt, vitare Acherusia templa petentes.

Lucretius.

V.—Page 426.

Even love is sold.

Not even the intercourse of the sexes is exempt from the despotism of positive institution. Law pretends even

to govern the indisciplinable wanderings of passion, to put fetters on the clearest deductions of reason, and, by appeals to the will, to subdue the involuntary affections of our nature. Love is inevitably consequent upon the perception of loveliness. Love withers under constraint: its very essence is liberty: it is compatible neither with obedience, jealousy, nor fear: it is there most pure, perfect, and unlimited, where its votaries live in confidence, equality, and unreserve.

How long then ought the sexual connection to last? what law ought to specify the extent of the grievances which should limit its duration? A husband and wife ought to continue so long united as they love each other: any law which should bind them to cohabitation for one moment after the decay of their affection, would be a most intolerable tyranny, and the most unworthy of toleration. How odious an usurpation of the right of private judgment should that law be considered, which should make the ties of friendship indissoluble, in spite of the caprices, the inconstancy, the fallibility, and capacity for improvement of the human mind. And by so much would the fetters of love be heavier and more unendurable than those of friendship, as love is more vehement and capricious, more dependent on those delicate peculiarities of imagination, and less capable of reduction to the ostensible merits of the object.

The state of society in which we exist is a mixture of feudal savageness and imperfect civilization. The narrow and unenlightened morality of the Christian religion is an aggravation of these evils. It is not even until lately that mankind have admitted that happiness is the sole end of the science of ethics, as of all other sciences; and that the fanatical idea of mortifying the flesh for the love of God has been discarded. I have heard, indeed, an

ignorant collegian adduce, in favour of Christian hostility to every worldly feeling![1]

But if happiness be the object of morality, of all unions and disunions; if the worthiness of every is to be estimated by the quantity of pleasurable se it is calculated to produce, then the connection sexes is so long sacred as it contributes to the con the parties, and is naturally dissolved when its e greater than its benefits. There is nothing imm this separation. Constancy has nothing virtuous in independently of the pleasure it confers, and part the temporizing spirit of vice in proportion as it tamely moral defects of magnitude in the object indiscreet choice. Love is free: to promise for love the same woman, is not less absurd than to to believe the same creed: such a vow, in both ca cludes us from all enquiry. The language of the is this: The woman I now love may be infinitely to many others; the creed I now profess may be of errors and absurdities; but I exclude myself f future information as to the amiability of the one truth of the other, resolving blindly, and in spite of tion, to adhere to them. Is this the language of and reason? Is the love of such a frigid heart o worth than its belief?

The present system of constraint does no more, majority of instances, than make hypocrites or op mies. Persons of delicacy and virtue, unhappily

[1] The first Christian emperor made a law by which seduction was with death: if the female pleaded her own consent, she also was with death; if the parents endeavoured to screen the criminals, banished and their estates were confiscated; the slaves who might be were burned alive, or forced to swallow melted lead. The very offsp illegal love were involved in the consequences of the sentence.- *Decline and Fall, &c.* vol. ii., page 210. See also, for the hatred of t tive Christians to love and even marriage, page 269.

to one whom they find it impossible to love, spend the loveliest season of their life in unproductive efforts to appear otherwise than they are, for the sake of the feelings of their partner or the welfare of their mutual offspring: those of less generosity and refinement openly avow their disappointment, and linger out the remnant of that union, which only death can dissolve, in a state of incurable bickering and hostility. The early education of their children takes its colour from the squabbles of the parents; they are nursed in a systematic school of ill humour, violence, and falsehood. Had they been suffered to part at the moment when indifference rendered their union irksome, they would have been spared many years of misery: they would have connected themselves more suitably, and would have found that happiness in the society of more congenial partners which is for ever denied them by the despotism of marriage. They would have been separately useful and happy members of society, who, whilst united, were miserable, and rendered misanthropical by misery. The conviction that wedlock is indissoluble holds out the strongest of all temptations to the perverse: they indulge without restraint in acrimony, and all the little tyrannies of domestic life, when they know that their victim is without appeal. If this connection were put on a rational basis, each would be assured that habitual ill temper would terminate in separation, and would check this vicious and dangerous propensity.

Prostitution is the legitimate offspring of marriage and its accompanying errors. Women, for no other crime than having followed the dictates of a natural appetite, are driven with fury from the comforts and sympathies of society. It is less venial than murder; and the punishment which is inflicted on her who destroys her child to escape reproach, is lighter than the life of agony

and disease to which the prostitute is irrecoverably doomed. Has a woman obeyed the impulse of unerring nature;—society declares war against her, pityless and eternal war: she must be the tame slave, she must make no reprisals; theirs is the right of persecution, hers the duty of endurance. She lives a life of infamy: the loud and bitter laugh of scorn scares her from all return. She dies of long and lingering disease: yet *she* is in fault, *she* is the criminal, *she* the froward and untameable child,—and society, forsooth, the pure and virtuous matron, who casts her as an abortion from her undefiled bosom! Society avenges herself on the criminals of her own creation; she is employed in anathematizing the vice to-day, which yesterday she was the most zealous to teach. Thus is formed one tenth of the population of London: meanwhile the evil is twofold. Young men, excluded by the fanatical idea of chastity from the society of modest and accomplished women, associate with these vicious and miserable beings, destroying thereby all those exquisite and delicate sensibilities whose existence cold-hearted wordlings have denied; annihilating all genuine passion, and debasing that to a selfish feeling which is the excess of generosity and devotedness. Their body and mind alike crumble into a hideous wreck of humanity; idiotcy and disease become perpetuated in their miserable offspring, and distant generations suffer for the bigotted morality of their forefathers. Chastity is a monkish and evangelical superstition, a greater foe to natural temperance even than unintellectual sensuality; it strikes at the root of all domestic happiness, and consigns more than half of the human race to misery, that some few may monopolize according to law. A system could not well have been devised more studiously hostile to human happiness than marriage.

I conceive that, from the abolition of marriage, the fit and natural arrangement of sexual connection would result. I by no means assert that the intercourse would be promiscuous: on the contrary; it appears, from the relation of parent to child, that this union is generally of long duration, and marked above all others with generosity and self-devotion. But this is a subject which it is perhaps premature to discuss. That which will result from the abolition of marriage, will be natural and right; because choice and change will be exempted from restraint.

In fact, religion and morality, as they now stand, compose a practical code of misery and servitude: the genius of human happiness must tear every leaf from the accursed book of God, ere man can read the inscription on his heart. How would morality, dressed up in stiff stays and finery, start from her own disgusting image, should she look in the mirror of nature!

VI.—PAGE 430.

To the red and baleful sun
That faintly twinkles there.

The north polar star, to which the axis of the earth, in its present state of obliquity, points. It is exceedingly probable, from many considerations, that this obliquity will gradually diminish, until the equator coincides with the ecliptic: the nights and days will then become equal on the earth throughout the year, and probably the seasons also. There is no great extravagance in presuming that the progress of the perpendicularity of the poles

may be as rapid as the progress of intellect; or that there should be a perfect identity between the moral and physical improvement of the human species. It is certain that wisdom is not compatible with disease, and that, in the present state of the climates of the earth, health, in the true and comprehensive sense of the word, is out of the reach of civilized man. Astronomy teaches us that the earth is now in its progress, and that the poles are every year becoming more and more perpendicular to the ecliptic. The strong evidence afforded by the history of mythology, and geological researches, that some event of this nature has taken place already, affords a strong presumption that this progress is not merely an oscillation, as has been surmised by some late astronomers.[1] Bones of animals peculiar to the torrid zone have been found in the north of Siberia, and on the banks of the river Ohio. Plants have been found in the fossil state in the interior of Germany, which demand the present climate of Hindostan for their production.[2] The researches of M. Bailly[3] establish the existence of a people who inhabited a tract in Tartary 49° north latitude, of greater antiquity than either the Indians, the Chinese, or the Chaldeans, from whom these nations derived their sciences and theology. We find, from the testimony of antient writers, that Britain, Germany and France were much colder than at present, and that their great rivers were annually frozen over. Astronomy teaches us also, that since this period the obliquity of the earth's position has been considerably diminished.

[1] Laplace, Systême du Monde.

[2] Cabanis, Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme, vol. ii. page 406.

[3] Lettres sur les Sciences, à Voltaire. Bailly.

VI.—Page 434.

No atom of this turbulence fulfils
A vague and unnecessitated task,
Or acts but as it must and ought to act.

Deux exemples serviront à nous rendre plus sensible le principe qui vient d'être posé; nous emprunterons l'une du physique et l'autre du moral. Dans un tourbillon de poussière qu'éleve un vent impetueux, quelque confus qu'il paroisse à nos yeux; dans la plus affreuse tempête excité par des vents opposés qui soulèvent les flots, il n'y a pas une seule molécule de poussière ou d'eau qui soit placé au *hazard*, qui n'ait sa cause suffisante pour occuper le lieu où elle se trouve, et qui n'agisse rigoureusement de la manière dont elle doit agir. Une géomètre qui connoîtroit exactement les différentes forces qui agissent dans ces deux cas, et les propriétés des molécules qui sont mues, demontreroit que d'après des causes donnés, chaque molécule agit précisément comme elle doit agir, et ne peut agir autrement qu'elle ne fait.

Dans les convulsions terribles qui agitent quelquefois les sociétés politiques, et qui produisent souvent le renversement d'un empire, il n'y a pas une seule action, une seule parole, une seule pensée, une seule volonté, une seule passion dans les agens qui concourent à la révolution comme destructeurs ou comme victimes, qui ne soit nécessaire, qui n'agisse comme elle doit agir, qui n'opère infalliblement les effets qu'elle doit opérer, suivant la place qu'occupent ces agens dans ce tourbillon moral. Cela paroîtroit évident pour une intelligence qui sera en état de saisir et d'apprécier toutes les actions et reactions

des esprits et des corps de ceux qui contribuent à cette révolution.

Systême de la Nature, vol i. page 44.

VI.—Page 435.

Necessity, thou mother of the world!

He who asserts the doctrine of Necessity, means that, contemplating the events which compose the moral and material universe, he beholds only an immense and uninterrupted chain of causes and effects, no one of which could occupy any other place than it does occupy, or acts in any other place than it does act. The idea of necessity is obtained by our experience of the connection between objects, the uniformity of the operations of nature, the constant conjunction of similar events, and the consequent inference of one from the other. Mankind are therefore agreed in the admission of necessity, if they admit that these two circumstances take place in voluntary action. Motive is, to voluntary action in the human mind, what cause is to effect in the material universe. The word liberty, as applied to mind, is analogous to the word chance as applied to matter: they spring from an ignorance of the certainty of the conjunction of antecedents and consequents.

Every human being is irresistibly impelled to act precisely as he does act: in the eternity which preceded his birth a chain of causes was generated, which, operating under the name of motives, make it impossible that any thought of his mind, or any action of his life, should be otherwise than it is. Were the doctrine of Necessity false, the human mind would no longer be a legitimate object of

science; from like causes it would be in vain that we should expect like effects; the strongest motive would no longer be paramount over the conduct; all knowledge would be vague and undeterminate; we could not predict with any certainty that we might not meet as an enemy tomorrow him with whom we have parted in friendship tonight; the most probable inducements and the clearest reasonings would lose the invariable influence they possess. The contrary of this is demonstrably the fact. Similar circumstances produce the same unvariable effects. The precise character and motives of any man on any occasion being given, the moral philosopher could predict his actions with as much certainty as the natural philosopher could predict the effects of the mixture of any particular chemical substances. Why is the aged husbandman more experienced than the young beginner? Because there is a uniform, undeniable necessity in the operations of the material universe. Why is the old statesman more skilful than the raw politician? Because, relying on the necessary conjunction of motive and action, he proceeds to produce moral effects, by the application of those moral causes which experience has shown to be effectual. Some actions may be found to which we can attach no motives, but these are the effects of causes with which we are unacquainted. Hence the relation which motive bears to voluntary action is that of cause to effect; nor, placed in this point of view, is it, or ever has it been the subject of popular or philosophical dispute. None but the few fanatics who are engaged in the herculean task of reconciling the justice of their God with the misery of man, will longer outrage common sense by the supposition of an event without a cause, a voluntary action without a motive. History, politics, morals, criticism, all grounds of reasonings, all principles of science, alike assume the truth

of the doctrine of Necessity. No farmer carrying his corn to market doubts the sale of it at the market price. The master of a manufactory no more doubts that he can purchase the human labour necessary for his purposes, than that his machinery will act as they have been accustomed to act.

But, whilst none have scrupled to admit necessity as influencing matter, many have disputed its dominion over mind. Independently of its militating with the received ideas of the justice of God, it is by no means obvious to a superficial enquiry. When the mind observes its own operations, it feels no connection of motive and action: but as we know "nothing more of causation than the constant conjunction of objects and the consequent inference of one from the other, as we find that these two circumstances are universally allowed to have place in voluntary action, we may be easily led to own that they are subjected to the necessity common to all causes." The actions of the will have a regular conjunction with circumstances and characters; motive is, to voluntary action, what cause is to effect. But the only idea we can form of causation is a constant conjunction of similar objects, and the consequent inference of one from the other: wherever this is the case necessity is clearly established.

The idea of liberty, applied metaphorically to the will, has sprung from a misconception of the meaning of the word power. What is power?—*id quod potest*, that which can produce any given effect. To deny power, is to say that nothing can or has the power to be or act. In the only true sense of the word power, it applies with equal force to the loadstone as to the human will. Do you think these motives, which I shall present, are powerful enough to rouse him? is a question just as common as, Do you think this lever has the power of raising this

weight? The advocates of free-will assert that the will has the power of refusing to be determined by the strongest motive: but the strongest motive is that which, overcoming all others, ultimately prevails; this assertion therefore amounts to a denial of the will being ultimately determined by that motive which does determine it, which is absurd. But it is equally certain that a man cannot resist the strongest motive, as that he cannot overcome a physical impossibility.

The doctrine of Necessity tends to introduce a great change into the established notions of morality, and utterly to destroy religion. Reward and punishment must be considered, by the Necessarian, merely as motives which he would employ in order to procure the adoption or abandonment of any given line of conduct. Desert, in the present sense of the word, would no longer have any meaning; and he, who should inflict pain upon another for no better reason than that he deserved it, would only gratify his revenge under pretence of satisfying justice. It is not enough, says the advocate of free-will, that a criminal should be prevented from a repetition of his crime: he should feel pain, and his torments, when justly inflicted, ought precisely to be proportioned to his fault. But utility is morality; that which is incapable of producing happiness is useless; and though the crime of Damiens must be condemned, yet the frightful torments which revenge, under the name of justice, inflicted on this unhappy man, cannot be supposed to have augmented, even at the long run, the stock of pleasurable sensation in the world. At the same time, the doctrine of Necessity does not in the least diminish our disapprobation of vice. The conviction which all feel, that a viper is a poisonous animal, and that a tiger is constrained, by the inevitable condition of his existence, to devour men, does not induce us to avoid

them less sedulously, or, even more, to hesitate in destroying them: but he would surely be of a hard heart, who, meeting with a serpent on a desart island, or in a situation where it was incapable of injury, should wantonly deprive it of existence. A Necessarian is inconsequent to his own principles, if he indulges in hatred or contempt; the compassion which he feels for the criminal is unmixed with a desire of injuring him: he looks with an elevated and dreadless composure upon the links of the universal chain as they pass before his eyes; whilst cowardice, curiosity and inconsistency only assail him in proportion to the feebleness and indistinctness with which he has perceived and rejected the delusions of free-will.

Religion is the perception of the relation in which we stand to the principle of the universe. But if the principle of the universe be not an organic being, the model and prototype of man, the relation between it and human beings are absolutely none. Without some insight into its will respecting our actions, religion is nugatory and vain. But will is only a mode of animal mind; moral qualities also are such as only a human being can possess; to attribute them to the principle of the universe, is to annex to it properties incompatible with any possible definition of its nature. It is probable that the word God was originally only an expression denoting the unknown cause of the known events which men perceived in the universe. By the vulgar mistake of a metaphor for a real being, of a word for a thing, it became a man, endowed with human qualities and governing the universe as an earthly monarch governs his kingdom. Their addresses to this imaginary being, indeed, are much in the same style as those of subjects to a king. They acknowledge his benevolence, deprecate his anger, and supplicate his favour.

But the doctrine of Necessity teaches us, that in no case

could any event have happened otherwise than it did happen, and that, if God is the author of good, he is also the author of evil; that, if he is entitled to our gratitude for the one, he is entitled to our hatred for the other; that, admitting the existence of this hypothetic being, he is also subjected to the dominion of an immutable necessity. It is plain that the same arguments which prove that God is the author of food, light, and life, prove him also to be the author of poison, darkness, and death. The wide-wasting earthquake, the storm, the battle, and the tyranny, are attributable to this hypothetic being in the same degree as the fairest forms of nature, sunshine, liberty, and peace.

But we are taught, by the doctrine of Necessity, that there is neither good nor evil in the universe, otherwise than as the events to which we apply these epithets have relation to our own peculiar mode of being. Still less than with the hypothesis of a God, will the doctrine of Necessity accord with the belief of a future state of punishment. God made man such as he is, and then damned him for being so: for to say that God was the author of all good, and man the author of all evil, is to say that one man made a straight line and a crooked one, and another man made the incongruity.

A Mahometan story, much to the present purpose, is recorded, wherein Adam and Moses are introduced disputing before God in the following manner. Thou, says Moses, art Adam, whom God created, and animated with the breath of life, and caused to be worshipped by the angels, and placed in Paradise, from whence mankind have been expelled for thy fault. Whereto Adam answered, Thou art Moses, whom God chose for his apostle, and entrusted with his word, by giving thee the tables of the law, and

whom he vouchsafed to admit to discourse with himself. How many years dost thou find the law was written before I was created? Says Moses, Forty. And dost thou not find, replied Adam, these words therein, And Adam rebelled against his Lord and transgressed? Which Moses confessing, Dost thou therefore blame me, continued he, for doing that which God wrote of me that I should do, forty years before I was created, nay, for what was decreed concerning me fifty thousand years before the creation of heaven and earth?—*Sale's Prelim. Disc. to the Koran, page* 164.

VII.—Page 437.

There is no God!

This negation must be understood solely to affect a creative Deity. The hypothesis of a pervading Spirit coeternal with the universe, remains unshaken.

A close examination of the validity of the proofs adduced to support any proposition, is the only secure way of attaining truth, on the advantages of which it is unnecessary to descant: our knowledge of the existence of a Deity is a subject of such importance, that it cannot be too minutely investigated; in consequence of this conviction we proceed briefly and impartially to examine the proofs which have been adduced. It is necessary first to consider the nature of belief.

When a proposition is offered to the mind, it perceives the agreement or disagreement of the ideas of which it is composed. A perception of their agreement is termed *belief*. Many obstacles frequently prevent this perception from being immediate; these the mind attempts to remove in order that the perception may be distinct. The mind

is active in the investigation, in order to perfect the state of perception of the relation which the component ideas of the proposition bear to each, which is passive: the investigation being confused with the perception, has induced many falsely to imagine that the mind is active in belief,—that belief is an act of volition,—in consequence of which it may be regulated by the mind. Pursuing, continuing this mistake, they have attached a degree of criminality to disbelief; of which, in its nature, it is incapable: it is equally incapable of merit.

Belief, then, is a passion, the strength of which, like every other passion, is in precise proportion to the degrees of excitement.

The degrees of excitement are three.

The senses are the sources of all knowledge to the mind; consequently their evidence claims the strongest assent.

The decision of the mind, founded upon our own experience, derived from these sources, claims the next degree.

The experience of others, which addresses itself to the former one, occupies the lowest degree.

(A graduated scale, on which should be marked the capabilities of propositions to approach to the test of the senses, would be a just barometer of the belief which ought to be attached to them.)

Consequently no testimony can be admitted which is contrary to reason; reason is founded on the evidence of our senses.

Every proof may be referred to one of these three divisions: it is to be considered what arguments we receive from each of them, which should convince us of the existence of a Deity.

1st. The evidence of the senses. If the Deity should

appear to us, if he should convince our senses of his existence, this revelation would necessarily command belief. Those to whom the Deity has thus appeared have the strongest possible conviction of his existence. But the God of Theologians is incapable of local visibility.

2d. Reason. It is urged that man knows that whatever is, must either have had a beginning, or have existed from all eternity: he also knows, that whatever is not eternal must have had a cause. When this reasoning is applied to the universe, it is necessary to prove that it was created: until that is clearly demonstrated, we may reasonably suppose that it has endured from all eternity. We must prove design before we can infer a designer. The only idea which we can form of causation is derivable from the constant conjunction of objects, and the consequent inference of one from the other. In a case where two propositions are diametrically opposite, the mind believes that which is least incomprehensible;—it is easier to suppose that the universe has existed from all eternity, than to conceive a being beyond its limits capable of creating it: if the mind sinks beneath the weight of one, is it an alleviation to increase the intolerability of the burthen?

The other argument, which is founded on a man's knowledge of his own existence, stands thus. A man knows not only that he now is, but that once he was not; consequently there must have been a cause. But our idea of causation is alone derivable from the constant conjunction of objects and the consequent inference of one from the other; and, reasoning experimentally, we can only infer from effects, causes exactly adequate to those effects. But there certainly is a generative power which is effected by certain instruments: we cannot prove that it is inherent in these instruments; nor is

the contrary hypothesis capable of demonstration: we admit that the generative power is incomprehensible; but to suppose that the same effect is produced by an eternal, omniscient, omnipotent being, leaves the cause in the same obscurity, but renders it more incomprehensible.

3d. Testimony. It is required that testimony should not be contrary to reason. The testimony that the Deity convinces the senses of men of his existence can only be admitted by us, if our mind considers it less probable that these men should have been deceived, than that the Deity should have appeared to them. Our reason can never admit the testimony of men, who not only declare that they were eye-witnesses of miracles, but that the Deity was irrational; for he commanded that he should be believed, he proposed the highest rewards for faith, eternal punishments for disbelief. We can only command voluntary actions; belief is not an act of volition; the mind is even passive, or involuntarily active; from this it is evident that we have no sufficient testimony, or rather that testimony is insufficient to prove the being of a God. It has been before shown that it cannot be deduced from reason. They alone, then, who have been convinced by the evidence of the senses, can believe it.

Hence it is evident that, having no proofs from either of the three sources of conviction, the mind *cannot* believe the existence of a creative God: it is also evident, that, as belief is a passion of the mind, no degree of criminality is attachable to disbelief; and that they only are reprehensible who neglect to remove the false medium through which their mind views any subject of discussion. Every reflecting mind must acknowledge that there is no proof of the existence of a Deity.

God is an hypothesis, and, as such, stands in need of proof: the *onus probandi* rests on the theist. Sir Isaac Newton says: *Hypotheses non fingo, quicquid enim ex phænomenis non deducitur, hypothesis vocanda est, et hypothesis vel metaphysicæ, vel physicæ, vel qualitatum occultarum, seu mechanicæ, in philosophiâ locum non habent.* To all proofs of the existence of a creative God apply this valuable rule. We see a variety of bodies possessing a variety of powers: we merely know their effects; we are in a state of ignorance with respect to their essences and causes. These Newton calls the phenomena of things; but the pride of philosophy is unwilling to admit its ignorance of their causes. From the phenomena, which are the objects of our senses, we attempt to infer a cause, which we call God, and gratuitously endow it with all negative and contradictory qualities. From this hypothesis we invent this general name, to conceal our ignorance of causes and essences. The being called God by no means answers with the conditions prescribed by Newton; it bears every mark of a veil woven by philosophical conceit, to hide the ignorance of philosophers even from themselves. They borrow the threads of its texture from the anthropomorphism of the vulgar. Words have been used by sophists for the same purposes, from the occult qualities of the peripatetics to the *effluvium* of Boyle and the *crinities* or *nebulæ* of Herschel. God is represented as infinite, eternal, incomprehensible; he is contained under every prædicate in non that the logic of ignorance could fabricate. Even his worshippers allow that it is impossible to form any idea of him: they exclaim with the French poet,

Pour dire ce qu'il est, il faut être lui-même.

Lord Bacon says, that "atheism leaves to man reason, philosophy, natural piety, laws, reputation, and every thing that can serve to conduct him to virtue; but superstition destroys all these, and erects itself into a tyranny over the understandings of men: hence atheism never disturbs the government, but renders man more clear-sighted, since he sees nothing beyond the boundaries of the present life."

Bacon's Moral Essays.

La première théologie de l'homme lui fit d'abord craindre et adorer les élémens même, des objets matériels et grossiers; il rendit ensuite ses hommages à des agens présidens aux élémens, à des génies inférieurs, à des héros, ou à des hommes doués de grands qualités. A force de réfléchir il crut simplifier les choses en soumettant la nature entière à un seul agent, à un esprit, à une âme universelle, qui mettoit cette nature et ses parties en mouvement. En remontant des causes en causes, les mortels ont fini par ne rien voir; et c'est dans cette obscurité qu'ils ont placé leur Dieu; c'est dans cette abîme ténébreux que leur imagination inquiète travaille toujours à se fabriquer des chimères, que les affligeront jusqu'à ce que la connoissance de la nature les détrompe des phantômes qu'ils ont toujours si vainement adorés.

Si nous voulons nous rendre compte de nos idées sur la Divinité, nous serons obligés de convenir que, par le mot *Dieu*, les homme n'ont jamais pu désigner que la cause la plus cachée, la plus éloignée, la plus inconnue des effets qu'ils voyoient: ils ne font usage de ce mot, que lorsque le jeu des causes naturelles et connues cesse d'être visible pour eux; dès qu'ils perdent le fil de ces causes, ou dès que leur esprit ne peut plus en suivre la

chaîne, ils tranchent leur difficulté, et terminent leur recherches en appellant Dieu la dernière des causes, c'est-à-dire celle qui est au-delà de toutes les causes qu'ils connoissent; ainsi ils ne font qu'assigner une dénomination vague à une cause ignorée, à laquelle leur paresse ou les bornes de leurs connoissances les forcent de s'arrêter. Toutes les fois qu'on nous dit que Dieu est l'auteur de quelque phénomène, cela signifie qu'on ignore comment un tel phénomène a pu s'opérer par le sécours des forces ou des causes que nous connoissons dans la nature. C'est ainsi que le commun des hommes, dont l'ignorance est la partage, attribue à la Divinité non seulement les effets inusités que les frappent, mais encore les événemens les plus simples, dont les causes sont les plus faciles à connoître pour quiconque a pu les méditer. En un mot, l'homme a toujours respecté les causes inconnues des effets surprenans, que son ignorance l'empêchoit de démêler. Ce fut sur les debus de la nature que les hommes élevèrent le colosse imaginaire de la Divinité.

Si l'ignorance de la nature donna la naissance aux dieux, la connoissance de la nature est faite pour les detruire. A mésure que l'homme s'instruit, ses forces et ses ressources augmentent avec ses lumières; les sciences, les arts conservateurs, l'industrie, lui fournissent des secours; l'expérience le rassûre ou lui procure des moyens de résister aux efforts de biens des causes qui cessent de l'alarmer dès qu'il les a connues. En un mot, ses terreurs se dissipent dans la même proportion que son esprit s'éclaire. L'homme instruit cesse d'être superstitieux.

Ce n'est jamais que sur parole que des peuples entiers adorent le Dieu de leurs pères et de leurs prêtres: l'autorité, la confiance, la soumission, et l'habitude leur tiennent lieu de conviction et de preuves; ils se prosternent

et prient, parce que leurs pères leur ont appris à se prosterner et prier: mais pourquoi ceux-ci se sont-ils mis à genoux? C'est que dans les temps éloignés leurs legislateurs et leurs guides leur en ont fait un devoir. "Adorez et croyez," ont-ils dit, "des dieux que vous ne pouvez comprendre; rapportez-vous en à notre sagesse profonde; nous en savons plus que vous sur la divinité." Mais pourquoi m'en rapporterai-je à vous? C'est que Dieu le veut ainsi, c'est que Dieu vous punira si vous osez résister. Mais ce Dieu n'est-il donc pas la chose en question? Cependant les hommes se sont toujours payés de ce cercle vicieux; la paresse de leur esprit leur fit trouver plus court de s'en rapporter au jugement des autres. Toutes les notions religieuses sont fondées uniquement sur l'autorité; toutes les religions du monde défendent l'examen et ne veulent pas que l'on raisonne; c'est l'autorité qui veut qu'on croie en Dieu; ce Dieu n'est lui-même fondé que sur l'autorité de quelques hommes qui prétendent le connoître, et venir de sa part pour l'annoncer à la terre. Un Dieu fait par les hommes, a sans doutes besoin des hommes pour se faire connoître aux hommes.

Ne seroit-ce donc que pour des prêtres des inspirés, des metaphysiciens que seroit reservée la conviction de l'existence d'un Dieu, que l'on dit neanmoins si necessaire à tout le genre-humain? Mais trouvons-nous de l'harmonie entre les opinions théologiques des différens inspirés, ou des penseurs repandus sur la terre? Ceux même que font profession d'adorer le même Dieu, sont-ils d'accord sur son compte? Sont-ils contents des preuves que leurs collègues apportent de son existence? Souscrivent-ils unanimement aux idées qu'ils présentent sur sa nature, sur sa conduite, sur la façon d'entendre ses prétendus oracles? Est-il une contrée sur la terre, où la science de

Dieu se soit réellement perfectionnée ? A-t-elle pris quelque part la consistence et l'uniformité que nous voyons prendre aux connoissances humaines, aux arts les plus futiles, aux métiers les plus meprisés ? des mots *d'esprit d'immatérialité*, de *création*, de *prédestination*, de *grace ;* cette foule de distinctions subtiles dont la théologie s'est partout remplie dans quelques pays, ces inventions si ingénieuses, imaginées par des penseurs que se sont succédés depuis tant de siècles, n'ont fait, helas ! qu'embrouilles les choses, et jamais le science le plus nécessaire aux hommes n'a jusqu'ici pu acquérir la moindre fixité. Depuis des milliers d'années, ces reveurs oisifs se sont perpétuellement relayés pour méditer la Divinité, pour deviner ses voies cachées, pour inventer des hypotheses propres à développer cette enigme importante. Leur peu de succés n'a point découragé la vanité théologique ; toujours on a parlé de Dieu : on s'est égorgé pour lui, et cet être sublime demeure toujours le plus ignoré et le plus discuté.

Les hommes auroient été trop heureux, si, se bornant aux objets visibles qui les intéressent, ils eussent employé à perfectionner leurs sciences réelles, leurs loix, leur morale, leur éducation, la moitié des efforts qu'ils ont mis dans leurs recherches sur la Divinité. Ils auroient été bien plus sages encore, et plus fortunés, s'ils eussent pu consentir à laisser leurs guides désœuvrés se quereller entre eux, et sonder des profondeurs capables de les étourdir, sans se mêler de leurs disputes insensées. Mais il est de l'essence de l'ignorance d'attacher de l'importance à ce qu'elle ne comprend pas. La vanité humaine fait que l'esprit se roidit contre des difficultés. Plus un objet se derobe à nos yeux, plus nous faisons d'efforts pour le saisir, parce que dès-lors il aiguillone notre orgueil, il excite notre curiosité, il nous paroît intéressant. En

combattant pour son Dieu chacun ne combattit en effet que pour les intérêts de sa propre vanité, qui de toutes les passions produits par la mal organization de la societé, est la plus prompte à s'allarmer, et la plus propre à produire des tres grands folies.

Si écartant pour un moment les idées facheuses que la théologie nous donne d'un Dieu capricieux, dont les décrets partiaux et despotiques décident du sort des humains, nous ne voulons fixer nos yeux que sur la bonté prétendue, que tous les hommes, même en tremblant devant ce Dieu, s'accordent à lui donner; si nous lui supposons le projet qu'on lui prête, de n'avoir travaillé que pour sa propre gloire, d'exiger les hommages des êtres intelligens; de ne chercher dans ses œuvres que le bien-être du genre-humain; comment concilier ces vues et ces dispositions avec l'ignorance vraiment invincible dans laquelle ce Dieu, si glorieux et si bon, laisse la plupart des hommes sur son compte? Si Dieu veut être connu, chéri, remercié, que ne se montre-t-il sous des traits favorables à tous ces êtres intelligens dont il veut être aimé et adoré? Pourquoi ne point se manifester à toute la terre d'une façon non équivoque, bien plus capable de nous convaincre, que ces révélations particuliers qui semblent accuser la Divinité d'une partialité facheuse pour quelqu'uns de ses créatures? Le tout-puissant n'auroit-il donc pas des moyens plus convainquans de se montrer aux hommes que ces métamorphoses ridicules, ces incarnations prétendues, qui nous sont attestées par des écrivains si peu d'accord entre eux dans les récits qu'ils en font? Au lieu de tant de miracles, inventés pour prouver la mission divine de tant de législateurs, révérés par les différens peuples du monde, le souverain des esprits ne pouvoit-il pas convaincre tout d'un coup l'esprit humain des choses qu'il a voulu lui

faire connoître? Au lieu de suspendre un soleil dans la voûte du firmament; au lieu de repandre sans ordre les étoiles, et les constellations qui remplissent l'espace, n'eut-il pas été plus conforme aux vues d'un Dieu si jaloux de sa gloire et si bien intentionné pour l'homme; d'écrire d'une façon non sujette à dispute, son nom, ses attributs, ses volontés permanentes en caractères ineffaçables, et lisibles également pour tous les habitants de la terre? Personne alors n'auroit pu douter de l'existence d'un Dieu, de ses volontés claires, de ses intentions visibles. Sous les yeux de ce Dieu si terrible personne n'auroit eu l'audace de violer ses ordonnances; nul mortel n'eût osé se mettre dans le cas d'attirer sa colère: enfin nul homme n'eût eu le front d'en imposer en son nom, ou d'interpréter ses volontés suivant ses propres phantasies.

En effet, quand même on admetteroit l'existence du Dieu théologique, et la réalité des attributs si discordans qu'on lui donne, l'on ne peut en rien conclure, pour autorizer la conduite ou les cultes qu'on prescrit de lui rendre. La théologie est vraiment *le tonneau des Danaïdes*. A force de qualités contradictoires et d'assertions hazardées, elle a, pour ainsi dire, tellement garroté son Dieu qu'elle l'a mis dans l'impossibilité d'agir. S'il est infiniment bon quelle raison aurions-nous de le craindre? S'il est infiniment sage, de quoi nous inquiéter sur notre sort? S'il sait tout, pourquoi l'avertir de nos besoins, et le fatiguer de nos prières? S'il est partout, pourquoi lui élever des temples? S'il est maître de tout, pourquoi lui faire des sacrifices et des offrandes? S'il est juste, comment croire qu'il punisse des créatures qu'il a rempli de foiblesses? Si la grace fait tout en elles, quelle raison auroit-il de les recompenser? S'il est tout-puissant, comment l'offenser, comment lui resister? S'il est raisonnable comment se mettroit-il en colère contre des aveugles, à

qui il a laissé la liberté de déraisonner? S'il est immuable, de quel droit prétendrions-nous faire changer ses decrets? S'il est inconcevable, pourquoi nous en occuper? S'IL A PARLE', POURQUOI L'UNIVERS N'EST-IL PAS CONVAINCU? Si la connoissance d'un Dieu est la plus necessaire, pourquoi n'est-elle pas la plus évidente, et la plus claire.

Système de la Nature, London, 1781.

The enlightened and benevolent Pliny thus publicly professes himself an atheist:—Quapropter effigiem Dei, formamque quærere, imbecillitatis humanæ reor. Quisquis est Deus (si modo est alius) et quacunque in parte, totus est sensus, totus est visus, totus auditus, totus animæ, totus animi, totus sui. * * * * * Imperfectæ vero in homine naturæ præcipua solatia ne deum quidem posse omnia. Namque nec sibi potest mortem consciscere, si velit, quod homini dedit optimum in tantis vita pœnis: nec mortales æternitate donare, aut revocare defunctos; nec facere ut qui vixit non vixerit, qui honores gessit non gesserit, nullumque habere in præteritum jus, præterquam oblivionis, atque (ut facetis quoque argumentis societas hæc cum deo copuletur) ut bis dena viginta non sint, et multa similiter efficere non posse.—Per quæ, declaratur haud dubie, naturæ potentiam id quoque esse, quod Deum vocamus.

Plin. Nat. His. cap. de Deo.

The consistent Newtonian is necessarily an atheist. See *Sir W. Drummond's Academical Questions, chap.* iii. —Sir W. seems to consider the atheism to which it leads, as a sufficient presumption of the falsehood of the system of gravitation: but surely it is more consistent

with the good faith of philosophy to admit a deduction from facts than an hypothesis incapable of proof, although it might militate with the obstinate preconceptions of the mob. Had this author, instead of inveighing against the guilt and absurdity of atheism, demonstrated its falsehood, his conduct would have been more suited to the modesty of the sceptic and the toleration of the philosopher.

Omnia enim per Dei potentiam facta sunt: imo, quia natura potentia nulla est nisi ipsa Dei potentia, artem est nos catemus Dei potentiam non intelligere, quatemus causas naturales ignoramus; adeoque stulte ad eandem Dei potentiam recurritur, quando rei alicujus, causam naturalem, sive est, ipsam Dei potentiam ignoramus.

Spinosa, Tract. Theologico-Pol. chap. i. *page* 14.

VII.—Page 439.

Ahasuerus, rise!

Ahasuerus the Jew crept forth from the dark cave of Mount Carmel. Near two thousand years have elapsed since he was first goaded by never-ending restlessness to rove the globe from pole to pole. When our Lord was wearied with the burthen of his ponderous cross, and wanted to rest before the door of Ahasuerus, the unfeeling wretch drove him away with brutality. The Saviour of mankind staggered, sinking under the heavy load, but uttered no complaint. An angel of death appeared before

Ahasuerus, and exclaimed indignantly, "Barbarian! thou hast denied rest to the Son of Man: be it denied thee also, until he comes to judge the world."

A black demon, let loose from hell upon Ahasuerus, goads him now from country to country; he is denied the consolation which death affords, and precluded from the rest of the peaceful grave.

Ahasuerus crept forth from the dark cave of Mount Carmel—he shook the dust from his beard—and taking up one of the sculls heaped there, hurled it down the eminence: it rebounded from the earth in shivered atoms. This was my father! roared Ahasuerus. Seven more sculls rolled down from rock to rock; while the infuriate Jew, following them with ghastly looks, exclaimed—And these were my wives! He still continued to hurl down scull after scull, roaring in dreadful accents —And these, and these, and these were my children! They *could die;* but I! reprobate wretch, alas! I cannot die! Dreadful beyond conception is the judgment that hangs over me. Jerusalem fell—I crushed the sucking babe, and precipitated myself into the destructive flames. I cursed the Romans—but, alas! alas! the restless curse held me by the hair,—and I could not die!

Rome the giantess fell—I placed myself before the falling statue—she fell, and did not crush me. Nations sprung up and disappeared before me;—but I remained and did not die. From cloud-encircled cliffs did I precipitate myself into the ocean; but the foaming billows cast me upon the shore, and the burning arrow of existence pierced my cold heart again. I leaped into Etna's flaming abyss, and roared with the giants for ten long months, polluting with my groans the Mount's sulphureous mouth—ah! ten long months. The volcano fermented, and in a fiery stream of lava cast me up. I

lay torn by the torture-snakes of hell amid the glowing cinders, and yet continued to exist.—A forest was on fire: I darted on wings of fury and despair into the crackling wood. Fire dropped upon me from the trees, but the flames only singed my limbs; alas! it could not consume them.—I now mixed with the butchers of mankind, and plunged in the tempest of the raging battle. I roared defiance to the infuriate Gaul, defiance to the victorious German; but arrows and spears rebounded in shivers from my body. The Saracen's flaming sword broke upon my scull: balls in vain hissed upon me: the lightnings of battle glared harmless around my loins: in vain did the elephant trample on me, in vain the iron hoof of the wrathful steed! The mine, big with destructive power, burst upon me, and hurled me high in the air —I fell on heaps of smoking limbs, but was only singed. The giant's steel club rebounded from my body; the executioner's hand could not strangle me, the tiger's tooth could not pierce me, nor would the hungry lion in the circus devour me. I cohabited with poisonous snakes, and pinched the red crest of the dragon.—The serpent stung, but could not destroy me. The dragon tormented, but dared not to devour me.—I now provoked the fury of tyrants: I said to Nero, Thou art a bloodhound! I said to Christiern, Thou art a bloodhound! I said to Muley Ismail, Thou art a bloodhound!—The tyrants invented cruel torments, but did not kill me. ——————Ha! not to be able to die—not to be able to die —not to be permitted to rest after the toils of life—to be doomed to be imprisoned for ever in the clay-formed dungeon—to be for ever clogged with this worthless body, its load of diseases and infirmities—to be condemned to hold for millenniums that yawning monster Sameness, and Time, that hungry hyena, ever bearing children, and

ever devouring again her offspring!—Ha! not to be permitted to die! Awful avenger in heaven, hast thou in thine armoury of wrath a punishment more dreadful? then let it thunder upon me, command a hurricane to sweep me down to the foot of Carmel, that I there may lie extended; may pant, and writhe, and die!

This fragment is the translation of part of some German work, whose title I have vainly endeavoured to discover. I picked it up, dirty and torn, some years ago, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

VII.—Page 441.

I will beget a Son, and he shall bear
The sins of all the world.

A book is put into our hands when children, called the Bible, the purport of whose history is briefly this: That God made the earth in six days, and there planted a delightful garden, in which he placed the first pair of human beings. In the midst of the garden he planted a tree, whose fruit, although within their reach, they were forbidden to touch. That the Devil, in the shape of a snake, persuaded them to eat of this fruit; in consequence of which God condemned both them and their posterity yet unborn, to satisfy his justice by their eternal misery. That, four thousand years after these events, (the human race in the meanwhile having gone unredeemed to perdition,) God engendered with the betrothed wife of a carpenter in Judea (whose virginity was nevertheless uninjured), and begat a Son, whose name was Jesus Christ; and who was crucified and died, in order that no

more men might be devoted to hell-fire, he bearing the burthen of his Father's displeasure by proxy. The book states, in addition, that the soul of whoever disbelieves this sacrifice will be burned with everlasting fire.

During many ages of misery and darkness this story gained implicit belief; but at length men arose who suspected that it was a fable and imposture, and that Jesus Christ, so far from being a God, was only a man like themselves. But a numerous set of men, who derived and still derive immense emoluments from this opinion, in the shape of a popular belief, told the vulgar, that, if they did not believe in the Bible, they would be damned to all eternity; and burned, imprisoned, and poisoned all the unbiassed and unconnected enquirers who occasionally arose. They still oppress them, so far as the people, now become more enlightened, will allow.

The belief in all that the Bible contains, is called Christianity. A Roman governor of Judea, at the instances of a priest-led mob, crucified a man called Jesus eighteen centuries ago. He was a man of pure life, who desired to rescue his countrymen from the tyranny of their barbarous and degrading superstitions. The common fate of all who desire to benefit mankind awaited him. The rabble, at the instigation of the priests, demanded his death, although his very judge made public acknowledgment of his innocence. Jesus was sacrificed to the honour of that God with whom he was afterwards confounded. It is of importance, therefore, to distinguish between the pretended character of this being as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, and his real character as a man, who, for a vain attempt to reform the world, paid the forfeit of his life to that overbearing tyranny which has since so long desolated the universe in his name. Whilst the one is a hypocritical

demon, who announces himself as the God of compassion and peace, even whilst he stretches forth his blood-red hand with the sword of discord to waste the earth, having confessedly devised this scheme of desolation from eternity; the other stands in the foremost list of those true heroes, who have died in the glorious martyrdom of liberty, and have braved torture, contempt, and poverty, in the cause of suffering humanity.[1]

The vulgar, ever in extremes, became persuaded that the crucifixion of Jesus was a supernatural event. Testimonies of miracles, so frequent in unenlightened ages, were not wanting to prove that he was something divine. This belief, rolling through the lapse of ages, met with the reveries of Plato and the reasonings of Aristotle, and acquired force and extent, until the divinity of Jesus became a dogma, which to dispute was death, which to doubt was infamy.

Christianity is now the established religion: he who attempts to impugn it, must be contented to behold murderers and traitors take precedence of him in public opinion; though, if his genius be equal to his courage, and assisted by a peculiar coalition of circumstances, future ages may exalt him to a divinity, and persecute others in his name, as he was persecuted in the name of his predecessor in the homage of the world.

The same means that have supported every other popular belief, have supported Christianity. War, imprisonment, assassination, and falsehood; deeds of unexampled and incomparable atrocity have made it what it is. The blood shed by the votaries of the God of mercy and peace, since the establishment of his religion, would probably suffice to drown all other sectaries now on the habitable globe. We

[1] Since writing this note I have seen reason to suspect, that Jesus was an ambitious man, who aspired to the throne of Judea.

derive from our ancestors a faith thus fostered
ported: we quarrel, persecute, and hate for its mai
Even under a government which, whilst it infri
very right of thought and speech, boasts of permit
liberty of the press, a man is pilloried and im
because he is a deist, and no one raises his voice
indignation of outraged humanity. But it is ever
that the falsehood of a proposition is felt by th
use coercion, not reasoning, to procure its admiss
a dispassionate observer would feel himself more p
interested in favour of a man, who, depending on
of his opinions, simply stated his reasons for en
them, than in that of his aggressor, who, daringly
his unwillingness or incapacity to answer them by
proceeded to repress the energies and break the
their promulgator by that torture and imprisonme
infliction he could command.

Analogy seems to favour the opinion, that as,
systems, Christianity has arisen and augmented
them it will decay and perish; that, as violence,
and deceit, not reasoning and persuasion, have pr
admission among mankind, so, when enthusi
subsided, and time, that infallible controverter
opinions, has involved its pretended evidence
darkness of antiquity, it will become obsolete; tha
poem alone will give permanency to the remen
its absurdities; and that men will laugh as h
grace, faith, redemption, and original sin, as the
at the metamorphoses of Jupiter, the miracles
saints, the efficacy of witchcraft, and the appe
departed spirits.

Had the Christian religion commenced and con
the mere force of reasoning and persuasion, the
analogy would be inadmissible. We should neve

on the future obsoleteness of a system perfectly conformable to nature and reason: it would endure so long as they endured; it would be a truth as indisputable as the light of the sun, the criminality of murder, and other facts, whose evidence, depending on our organization and relative situations, must remain acknowledged as satisfactory so long as man is man. It is an incontrovertible fact, the consideration of which ought to repress the hasty conclusions of credulity, or moderate its obstinacy in maintaining them, that, had the Jews not been a fanatical race of men, had even the resolution of Pontius Pilate been equal to his candour, the Christian religion never could have prevailed, it could not even have existed: on so feeble a thread hangs the most cherished opinion of a sixth of the human race! When will the vulgar learn humility? When will the pride of ignorance blush at having believed before it could comprehend?

Either the Christian religion is true, or it is false: if true, it comes from God, and its authenticity can admit of doubt and dispute no further than its omnipotent author is willing to allow. Either the power or the goodness of God is called in question, if he leaves those doctrines most essential to the well being of man in doubt and dispute; the only ones which, since their promulgation, have been the subject of unceasing cavil, the cause of irreconcileable hatred. *If God has spoken, why is the universe not convinced?*

There is this passage in the Christian Scriptures: "Those who obey not God, and believe not the Gospel of his Son, shall be punished with everlasting destruction." This is the pivot upon which all religions turn: they all assume that it is in our power to believe or not to believe; whereas the mind can only believe that which it thinks true. A human being can only be supposed accountable for those

actions which are influenced by his will. But belief is utterly distinct from and unconnected with volition: it is the apprehension of the agreement or disagreement of the ideas that compose any proposition. Belief is a passion, or involuntary operation of the mind, and, like other passions, its intensity is precisely proportionate to the degrees of excitement. Volition is essential to merit or demerit. But the Christian religion attaches the highest possible degrees of merit and demerit to that which is worthy of neither, and which is totally unconnected with the peculiar faculty of the mind, whose presence is essential to their being.

Christianity was intended to reform the world: had an all-wise Being planned it, nothing is more improbable than that it should have failed: omniscience would infallibly have foreseen the inutillity of a scheme which experience demonstrates, to this age, to have been utterly unsuccessful.

Christianity inculcates the necessity of supplicating the Deity. Prayer may be considered under two points of view;—as an endeavour to change the intentions of God, or as a formal testimony of our obedience. But the former case supposes that the caprices of a limited intelligence can occasionally instruct the Creator of the world how to regulate the universe; and the latter, a certain degree of servility analogous to the loyalty demanded by earthly tyrants. Obedience indeed is only the pitiful and cowardly egotism of him who thinks that he can do something better than reason.

Christianity, like all other religions, rests upon miracles, prophecies, and martyrdoms. No religion ever existed, which had not its prophets, its attested miracles, and, above all, crowds of devotees who would bear patiently the most horrible tortures to prove its authenticity. It should appear that in no case can a discriminating mind subscribe to the

genuineness of a miracle. A miracle is an infraction of nature's law, by a supernatural cause; by a cause acting beyond that eternal circle within which all things are included. God breaks through the law of nature, that he may convince mankind of the truth of that revelation which, in spite of his precautions, has been, since its introduction, the subject of unceasing schism and cavil.

Miracles resolve themselves into the following question:[1] —Whether it is more probable the laws of nature, hitherto so immutably harmonious, should have undergone violation, or that a man should have told a lie? Whether it is more probable that we are ignorant of the natural cause of an event, or that we know the supernatural one? That, in old times, when the powers of nature were less known than at present, a certain set of men were themselves deceived, or had some hidden motive for deceiving others; or that God begat a son, who, in his legislation, measuring merit by belief, evidenced himself to be totally ignorant of the powers of the human mind—of what is voluntary, and what is the contrary?

We have many instances of men telling lies;—none of an infraction of nature's laws, those laws of whose government alone we have any knowledge or experience. The records of all nations afford innumerable instances of men deceiving others either from vanity or interest, or themselves being deceived by the limitedness of their views and their ignorance of natural causes: but where is the accredited case of God having come upon earth, to give the lie to his own creations? There would be something truly wonderful in the appearance of a ghost; but the assertion of a child that he saw one as he passed through the church-yard is universally admitted to be less miraculous.

[1] See Hume's Essay, vol. ii. page 121.

But even supposing that a man should raise a dead body to life before our eyes, and on this fact rest his claim to being considered the son of God;—the Humane Society restores drowned persons, and because it makes no mystery of the method it employs, its members are not mistaken for the sons of God. All that we have a right to infer from our ignorance of the cause of any event is that we do not know it: had the Mexicans attended to this simple rule when they heard the cannon of the Spaniards, they would not have considered them as gods: the experiments of modern chemistry would have defied the wisest philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome to have accounted for them on natural principles. An author of strong common sense has observed, that "a miracle is no miracle at second-hand;" he might have added, that a miracle is no miracle in any case; for until we are acquainted with all natural causes, we have no reason to imagine others.

There remains to be considered another proof of Christianity—Prophecy. A book is written before a certain event, in which this event is foretold; how could the prophet have foreknown it without inspiration; how could he have been inspired without God? The greatest stress is laid on the prophecies of Moses and Hosea on the dispersion of the Jews, and that of Isaiah concerning the coming of the Messiah. The prophecy of Moses is a collection of every possible cursing and blessing; and it is so far from being marvellous that the one of dispersion should have been fulfilled, that it would have been more surprising if, out of all these, none should have taken effect. In Deuteronomy, chap. xxviii, ver. 64, where Moses explicitly foretells the dispersion, he states that they shall there serve gods of wood and stone: "And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even to the other, *and there thou shalt*

serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even gods of wood and stone." The Jews are at this day remarkably tenacious of their religion. Moses also declares that they shall be subjected to these curses for disobedience to his ritual: "And it shall come to pass if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all the commandments and statutes which I command you this day, that all these curses shall come upon thee and overtake thee." Is this the real reason? The third, fourth and fifth chapters of Hosea are a piece of immodest confession. The indelicate type might apply in a hundred senses to a hundred things. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is more explicit, yet it does not exceed in clearness the oracles of Delphos. The historical proof, that Moses, Isaiah and Hosea did write when they are said to have written, is far from being clear and circumstantial.

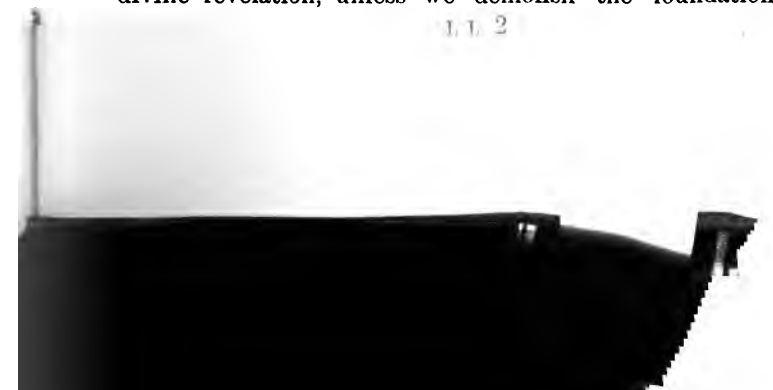
But prophecy requires proof in its character as a miracle; we have no right to suppose that a man foreknew future events from God, until it is demonstrated that he neither could know them by his own exertions, nor that the writings which contain the prediction could possibly have been fabricated after the event pretended to be foretold. It is more probable that writings, pretending to divine inspiration, should have been fabricated after the fulfilment of their pretended prediction, than that they should have really been divinely inspired; when we consider that the latter supposition makes God at once the creator of the human mind and ignorant of its primary powers, particularly as we have numberless instances of false religions, and forged prophecies of things long past, and no accredited case of God having conversed with men directly or indirectly. It is also possible that the description of an event might have foregone its occurrence;

but this is far from being a legitimate proof of a divine revelation, as many men, not pretending to the character of a prophet, have nevertheless, in this sense, prophesied.

Lord Chesterfield was never yet taken for a prophet, even by a bishop, yet he uttered this remarkable prediction: "The despotic government of France is screwed up to the highest pitch; a revolution is fast approaching; that revolution, I am convinced, will be radical and sanguinary." This appeared in the letters of the prophet long before the accomplishment of this wonderful prediction. Now, have these particulars come to pass, or have they not? If they have, how could the Earl have foreknown them without inspiration? If we admit the truth of the Christian religion on testimony such as this, we must admit, on the same strength of evidence, that God has affixed the highest rewards to belief, and the eternal tortures of the never-dying worm to disbelief; both of which have been demonstrated to be involuntary.

The last proof of the Christian religion depends on the influence of the Holy Ghost. Theologians divide the influence of the Holy Ghost into its ordinary and extraordinary modes of operation. The latter is supposed to be that which inspired the Prophets and Apostles; and the former to be the grace of God, which summarily makes known the truth of his revelation, to those whose mind is fitted for its reception by a submissive perusal of his word. Persons convinced in this manner, can do anything but account for their conviction, describe the time at which it happened, or the manner in which it came upon them. It is supposed to enter the mind by other channels than those of the senses, and therefore professes to be superior to reason founded on their experience.

Admitting, however, the usefulness or possibility of a divine revelation, unless we demolish the foundations of



all human knowledge, it is requisite that our reason should previously demonstrate its genuineness; for, before we extinguish the steady ray of reason and common sense, it is fit that we should discover whether we cannot do without their assistance, whether or no there be any other which may suffice to guide us through the labyrinth of life[1]: for, if a man is to be inspired upon all occasions, if he is to be sure of a thing because he is sure, if the ordinary operations of the spirit are not to be considered very extraordinary modes of demonstration, if enthusiasm is to usurp the place of proof, and madness that of sanity, all reasoning is superfluous. The Mahometan dies fighting for his prophet, the Indian immolates himself at the chariot-wheels of Brahma, the Hottentot worships an insect, the Negro a bunch of feathers, the Mexican sacrifices human victims! Their degree of conviction must certainly be very strong: it cannot arise from conviction, it must from feelings, the reward of their prayers. If each of these should affirm, in opposition to the strongest possible arguments, that inspiration carried internal evidence, I fear their inspired brethren, the orthodox Missionaries, would be so uncharitable as to pronounce them obstinate.

Miracles cannot be received as testimonies of a disputed fact, because all human testimony has ever been insufficient to establish the possibility of miracles. That which is incapable of proof itself, is no proof of any thing else. Prophecy has also been rejected by the test of reason. Those, then, who have been actually inspired, are the only true believers in the Christian religion.

Mox numine viso
Virginei tumuere sinus, innuptaque mater

[1] See Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, book iv. chap xix., on Enthusiasm.

Arcano stupuit compleri viscera partu
Auctorem peritura suum. Mortalia corda
Artificem texere poli, latuitque sub uno
Pectore, qui totum late complectitur orbem.

Claudian, Carmen Paschali.

Does not so monstrous and disgusting an absurdity carry its own infamy and refutation with itself?

VIII.—Page 452.

Him, (still from hope to hope the bliss pursuing,
Which, from the exhaustless lore of human weal
Dawns on the virtuous mind,) the thoughts that rise
In time-destroying infiniteness, gift
With self-enshrined eternity, &c.

Time is our consciousness of the succession of ideas in our mind. Vivid sensation, of either pain or pleasure, makes the time seem long, as the common phrase is, because it renders us more acutely conscious of our ideas. If a mind be conscious of an hundred ideas during one minute, by the clock, and of two hundred during another, the latter of these spaces would actually occupy so much greater extent in the mind as two exceed one in quantity. If, therefore, the human mind, by any future improvement of its sensibility, should become conscious of an infinite number of ideas in a minute, that minute would be eternity. I do not hence infer that the actual space between the birth and death of a man will ever be prolonged; but that his sensibility is perfectible, and that the number of ideas which his mind is capable of receiving is

indefinite. One man is stretched on the rack during twelve hours; another sleeps soundly in his bed: the difference of time perceived by these two persons is immense; one hardly will believe that half an hour has elapsed, the other could credit that centuries had flown during his agony. Thus, the life of a man of virtue and talent, who should die in his thirtieth year, is, with regard to his own feelings, longer than that of a miserable priest-ridden slave, who dreams out a century of dulness. The one has perpetually cultivated his mental faculties, has rendered himself master of his thoughts, can abstract and generalize amid the lethargy of every-day business;—the other can slumber over the brightest moments of his being, and is unable to remember the happiest hour of his life. Perhaps the perishing ephemeron enjoys a longer life than the tortoise.

Dark flood of time!
Roll as it listeth thee—I measure not
By months or moments thy ambiguous course.
Another may stand by me on the brink
And watch the bubble whirled beyond his ken
That pauses at my feet. The sense of love,
The thirst for action, and the impassioned thought
Prolong my being: if I wake no more,
My life more actual living will contain
Than some grey veterans' of the world's cold school,
Whose listless hours unprofitably roll,
By one enthusiast feeling unredeemed.

See Godwin's Pol. Jus. vol. i. *page* 411 *;—and Condorcet, Esquisse d'un Tableau Historique des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain, Epoque* ix.

VIII.—Page 453.

No longer now
He slays the lamb that looks him in the face.

I hold that the depravity of the physical and moral nature of man originated in his unnatural habits of life. The origin of man, like that of the universe of which he is a part, is enveloped in impenetrable mystery. His generations either had a beginning, or they had not. The weight of evidence in favour of each of these suppositions seems tolerably equal; and it is perfectly unimportant to the present argument which is assumed. The language spoken however by the mythology of nearly all religions seems to prove, that at some distant period man forsook the path of nature, and sacrificed the purity and happiness of his being to unnatural appetites. The date of this event seems to have also been that of some great change in the climates of the earth, with which it has an obvious correspondence. The allegory of Adam and Eve eating of the tree of evil, and entailing upon their posterity the wrath of God and the loss of everlasting life, admits of no other explanation than the disease and crime that have flowed from unnatural diet. Milton was so well aware of this, that he makes Raphael thus exhibit to Adam the consequence of his disobedience:—

——————— Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeared: sad, noisome, dark:
A lazar-house it seem'd; wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased: all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms

Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, cholic pangs,
Dæmoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.

And how many thousands more might not be added to this frightful catalogue!

The story of Prometheus is one likewise which, although universally admitted to be allegorical, has never been satisfactorily explained. Prometheus stole fire from heaven, and was chained for this crime to mount Caucasus, where a vulture continually devoured his liver, that grew to meet its hunger. Hesiod says, that, before the time of Prometheus, mankind were exempt from suffering; that they enjoyed a vigorous youth, and that death, when at length it came, approached like sleep, and gently closed their eyes. Again, so general was this opinion, that Horace, a poet of the Augustan age, writes—

Audax omnia perpeti,
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas;
Audax Iapeti genus
Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit:
Post ignem ætheriâ domo
Subductum, macies et nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors,
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.

How plain a language is spoken by all this. Prometheus (who represents the human race) effected some great change in the condition of his nature, and applied fire to

culinary purposes; thus inventing an expedient for screening from his disgust the horrors of the shambles. From this moment his vitals were devoured by the vulture of disease. It consumed his being in every shape of its loathsome and infinite variety, inducing the soul-quelling sinkings of premature and violent death. All vice arose from the ruin of healthful innocence. Tyranny, superstition, commerce, and inequality, were then first known, when reason vainly attempted to guide the wanderings of exacerbated passion. I conclude this part of the subject with an extract from Mr. Newton's Defence of Vegetable Regimen, from whom I have borrowed this interpretation of the fable of Prometheus.

"Making allowance for such transposition of the events of the allegory as time might produce after the important truths were forgotten, which this portion of the ancient mythology was intended to transmit, the drift of the fable seems to be this:—Man at his creation was endowed with the gift of perpetual youth; that is, he was not formed to be a sickly suffering creature as we now see him, but to enjoy health, and to sink by slow degrees into the bosom of his parent earth without disease or pain. Prometheus first taught the use of animal food (primus bovem occidit Prometheus[1]) and of fire, with which to render it more digestible and pleasing to the taste. Jupiter, and the rest of the gods, foreseeing the consequences of these inventions, were amused or irritated at the short-sighted devices of the newly-formed creature, and left him to experience the sad effects of them. Thirst, the necessary concomitant of a flesh diet," (perhaps of all diet vitiated by culinary preparation,) "ensued; water was resorted to, and man forfeited the inestimable gift of health which he had received from

[1] Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. vii. sect. 57.

heaven: he became diseased, the partaker of a precarious existence, and no longer descended slowly to his grave."[1]

> But just disease to luxury succeeds,
> And every death its own avenger breeds;
> The fury passions from that blood began,
> And turned on man a fiercer savage—man.

Man, and the animals whom he has infected with his society, or depraved by his dominion, are alone diseased. The wild hog, the mouflon, the bison, and the wolf, are perfectly exempt from malady, and invariably die either from external violence, or natural old age. But the domestic hog, the sheep, the cow, and the dog, are subject to an incredible variety of distempers; and, like the corrupters of their nature, have physicians who thrive upon their miseries. The supereminence of man is like Satan's, a supereminence of pain; and the majority of his species, doomed to penury, disease and crime, have reason to curse the untoward event, that by enabling him to communicate his sensations, raised him above the level of his fellow animals. But the steps that have been taken are irrevocable. The whole of human science is comprised in one question: —How can the advantages of intellect and civilization be reconciled with the liberty and pure pleasures of natural life? How can we take the benefits, and reject the evils of the system, which is now interwoven with all the fibres of our being?—I believe that abstinence from animal food and spirituous liquors would in a great measure capacitate us for the solution of this important question.

It is true, that mental and bodily derangement is attributable in part to other deviations from rectitude and nature than those which concern diet. The mistakes

[1] Return to Nature. Cadell, 1811.

cherished by society respecting the connection of the sexes, whence the misery and diseases of unsatisfied celibacy, unenjoying prostitution, and the premature arrival of puberty necessarily spring; the putrid atmosphere of crowded cities; the exhalations of chemical processes; the muffling of our bodies in superfluous apparel; the absurd treatment of infants:—all these, and innumerable other causes, contribute their mite to the mass of human evil.

Comparative anatomy teaches us that man resembles frugivorous animals in everything, and carnivorous in nothing; he has neither claws wherewith to seize his prey, nor distinct and pointed teeth to tear the living fibre. A Mandarin of the first class, with nails two inches long, would probably find them alone inefficient to hold even a hare. After every subterfuge of gluttony, the bull must be degraded into the ox, and the ram into the wether, by an unnatural and inhuman operation, that the flaccid fibre may offer a fainter resistance to rebellious nature. It is only by softening and disguising dead flesh by culinary preparation, that it is rendered susceptible of mastication or digestion; and that the sight of its bloody juices and raw horror does not excite intolerable loathing and disgust. Let the advocate of animal food force himself to a decisive experiment on its fitness, and, as Plutarch recommends, tear a living lamb with his teeth, and plunging his head into its vitals, slake his thirst with the steaming blood; when fresh from the deed of horror, let him revert to the irresistible instincts of nature that would rise in judgment against it, and say, Nature formed me for such work as this. Then, and then only, would he be consistent.

Man resembles no carnivorous animal. There is no exception, unless man be one, to the rule of herbivorous animals having cellulated colons.

The orang-outang perfectly resembles man both in the

order and number of his teeth. The orang-outang is the most anthropomorphous of the ape tribe, all of which are strictly frugivorous. There is no other species of animals, which live on different food, in which this analogy exists.[1] In many frugivorous animals, the canine teeth are more pointed and distinct than those of man. The resemblance also of the human stomach to that of the orang-outang, is greater than to that of any other animal.

The intestines are also identical with those of herbivorous animals, which present a larger surface for absorption and have ample and cellulated colons. The cœcum also, though short, is larger than that of carnivorous animals; and even here the orang-outang retains its accustomed similarity.

The structure of the human frame then is that of one fitted to a pure vegetable diet, in every essential particular. It is true, that the reluctance to abstain from animal food, in those who have been long accustomed to its stimulus, is so great in some persons of weak minds, as to be scarcely overcome; but this is far from bringing any argument in its favour. A lamb, which was fed for some time on flesh by a ship's crew, refused its natural diet at the end of the voyage. There are numerous instances of horses, sheep, oxen, and even wood-pigeons, having been taught to live upon flesh, until they have loathed their natural aliment. Young children evidently prefer pastry, oranges, apples, and other fruit, to the flesh of animals until, by the gradual depravation of the digestive organs, the free use of vegetables has for a time produced serious inconveniences; *for a time*, I say, since there never was an instance wherein a change from spirituous liquors and animal food to vegetables and pure water, has failed

[1] Cuvier, Leçons d'Anat. Comp. tom iii. pages 169, 373, 448, 465, 480. Rees's Cyclopædia, article Man.

ultimately to invigorate the body, by rendering its juices bland and consentaneous, and to restore to the mind that cheerfulness and elasticity, which not one in fifty possesses on the present system. A love of strong liquors is also with difficulty taught to infants. Almost every one remembers the wry faces which the first glass of port produced. Unsophisticated instinct is invariably unerring; but to decide on the fitness of animal food, from the perverted appetites which its constrained adoption produces, is to make the criminal a judge in his own cause: it is even worse, it is appealing to the infatuated drunkard in a question of the salubrity of brandy.

What is the cause of morbid action in the animal system? Not the air we breathe, for our fellow denizens of nature breathe the same uninjured; not the water we drink, (if remote from the pollutions of man and his inventions,[1]) for the animals drink it too; not the earth we tread upon; not the unobscured sight of glorious nature, in the wood, the field, or the expanse of sky and ocean; nothing that we are or do in common with the undiseased inhabitants of the forest. Something then wherein we differ from them: our habit of altering our food by fire, so that our appetite is no longer a just criterion for the fitness of its gratification. Except in children, there remain no traces of that instinct which determines, in all other animals, what aliment is natural or otherwise; and so perfectly obliterated are they in the reasoning adults of our species, that it has become necessary to urge considerations drawn from comparative anatomy to prove that we are naturally frugivorous.

[1] The necessity of resorting to some means of purifying water, and the disease which arises from its adulteration in civilized countries, is sufficiently apparent --- See Dr. Lambe's Reports on Cancer. I do not assert that the use of water is in itself unnatural, but that the unperverted palate would swallow no liquid capable of occasioning disease.

Crime is madness. Madness is disease. Whenever the cause of disease shall be discovered, the root, from which all vice and misery have so long overshadowed the globe, will lie bare to the axe. All the exertions of man, from that moment, may be considered as tending to the clear profit of his species. No sane mind in a sane body resolves upon a real crime. It is a man of violent passions, blood-shot eyes, and swollen veins, that alone can grasp the knife of murder. The system of a simple diet promises no Utopian advantages. It is no mere reform of legislation, whilst the furious passions and evil propensities of the human heart, in which it had its origin, are still unassuaged. It strikes at the root of all evil, and is an experiment which may be tried with success, not alone by nations, but by small societies, families, and even individuals. In no cases has a return to vegetable diet produced the slightest injury; in most it has been attended with changes undeniably beneficial. Should ever a physician be born with the genius of Locke, I am persuaded that he might trace all bodily and mental derangements to our unnatural habits, as clearly as that philosopher has traced all knowledge to sensation. What prolific sources of disease are not those mineral and vegetable poisons that have been introduced for its extirpation! How many thousands have become murderers and robbers, bigots and domestic tyrants, dissolute and abandoned adventurers, from the use of fermented liquors; who, had they slaked their thirst only with pure water, would have lived but to diffuse the happiness of their own unperverted feelings? How many groundless opinions and absurd institutions have not received a general sanction from the sottishness and intemperance of individuals! Who will assert that, had the populace of Paris satisfied their hunger at the ever-furnished table of vegetable nature, they would have lent their brutal suffrage

to the proscription-list of Robespierre? Could a set of men, whose passions were not perverted by unnatural stimuli, look with coolness on an auto da fè? Is it to be believed that a being of gentle feelings, rising from his meal of roots, would take delight in sports of blood? Was Nero a man of temperate life? could you read calm health in his cheek, flushed with ungovernable propensities of hatred for the human race? Did Muley Ismael's pulse beat evenly, was his skin transparent, did his eyes beam with healthfulness, and its invariable concomitants, cheerfulness and benignity? Though history has decided none of these questions, a child could not hesitate to answer in the negative. Surely the bile-suffused cheek of Buonaparte, his wrinkled brow, and yellow eye, the ceaseless inquietude of his nervous system, speak no less plainly the character of his unresting ambition than his murders and his victories. It is impossible, had Buonaparte descended from a race of vegetable feeders, that he could have had either the inclination or the power to ascend the throne of the Bourbons. The desire of tyranny could scarcely be excited in the individual, the power to tyrannize would certainly not be delegated by a society neither frenzied by inebriation nor rendered impotent and irrational by disease. Pregnant indeed with inexhaustible calamity is the renunciation of instinct, as it concerns our physical nature; arithmetic cannot enumerate, nor reason perhaps suspect, the multitudinous sources of disease in civilized life. Even common water, that apparently innoxious pabulum, when corrupted by the filth of populous cities, is a deadly and insidious destroyer.[1] Who can wonder that all the inducements held out by God himself in the Bible to virtue should have been vainer than a nurse's tale; and that those dogmas, by which he has there excited and justified the

[1] Lambe's Reports on Cancer.

most ferocious propensities, should have alone been deemed essential; whilst Christians are in the daily practice of all those habits which have infected with disease and crime, not only the reprobate sons, but these favoured children of the common Father's love. Omnipotence itself could not save them from the consequences of this original and universal sin.

There is no disease, bodily or mental, which adoption of vegetable diet and pure water has not infallibly mitigated, wherever the experiment has been fairly tried. Debility is gradually converted into strength, disease into healthfulness; madness, in all its hideous variety, from the ravings of the fettered maniac, to the unaccountable irrationalities of ill temper, that make a hell of domestic life, into a calm and considerate evenness of temper, that alone might offer a certain pledge of the future moral reformation of society. On a natural system of diet, old age would be our last and our only malady; the term of our existence would be protracted; we should enjoy life, and no longer preclude others from the enjoyment of it; all sensational delights would be infinitely more exquisite and perfect; the very sense of being would then be a continued pleasure, such as we now feel it in some few and favoured moments of our youth. By all that is sacred in our hopes for the human race, I conjure those who love happiness and truth, to give a fair trial to the vegetable system. Reasoning is surely superfluous on a subject whose merits an experience of six months would set for ever at rest. But it is only among the enlightened and benevolent that so great a sacrifice of appetite and prejudice can be expected, even though its ultimate excellence should not admit of dispute. It is found easier, by the short-sighted victims of disease, to palliate their torments by medicine, than to prevent them by regimen. The vulgar of all ranks are invariably

sensual and indocile; yet I cannot but feel myself persuaded, that when the benefits of vegetable diet are mathematically proved; when it is as clear, that those who live naturally are exempt from premature death, as that nine is not one, the most sottish of mankind will feel a preference towards a long and tranquil, contrasted with a short and painful life. On the average, out of sixty persons, four die in three years. Hopes are entertained that, in April 1814, a statement will be given, that sixty persons, all having lived more than three years on vegetables and pure water, are then *in perfect health.* More than two years have now elapsed; *not one of them has died;* no such example will be found in any sixty persons taken at random. Seventeen persons of all ages (the families of Dr. Lambe and Mr. Newton) have lived for seven years on this diet without a death, and almost without the slightest illness. Surely, when we consider that some of these were infants, and one a martyr to asthma now nearly subdued, we may challenge any seventeen persons taken at random in this city to exhibit a parallel case. Those who may have been excited to question the rectitude of established habits of diet, by these loose remarks, should consult Mr. Newton's luminous and eloquent essay.[1]

When these proofs come fairly before the world, and are clearly seen by all who understand arithmetic, it is scarcely possible that abstinence from aliments demonstrably pernicious should not become universal. In proportion to the number of proselytes, so will be the weight of evidence: and when a thousand persons can be produced, living on vegetables and distilled water, who have to dread no disease but old age, the world will be compelled to regard animal flesh and fermented liquors as slow but certain poisons. The change which would be

[1] Return to Nature, or Defence of Vegetable Regimen. Cadell, 1811.

produced by simpler habits on political economy is sufficiently remarkable. The monopolizing eater of animal flesh would no longer destroy his constitution by devouring an acre at a meal, and many loaves of bread would cease to contribute to gout, madness and apoplexy, in the shape of a pint of porter, or a dram of gin, when appeasing the long-protracted famine of the hard-working peasant's hungry babes. The quantity of nutritious vegetable matter, consumed in fattening the carcase of an ox, would afford ten times the sustenance, undepraving indeed, and incapable of generating disease, if gathered immediately from the bosom of the earth. The most fertile districts of the habitable globe are now actually cultivated by men for animals, at a delay and waste of aliment absolutely incapable of calculation. It is only the wealthy that can, to any great degree, even now, indulge the unnatural craving for dead flesh, and they pay for the greater licence of the privilege by subjection to supernumerary diseases. Again, the spirit of the nation that should take the lead in this great reform, would insensibly become agricultural; commerce, with all its vice, selfishness and corruption, would gradually decline; more natural habits would produce gentler manners, and the excessive complication of political relations would be so far simplified, that every individual might feel and understand why he loved his country, and took a personal interest in its welfare. How would England, for example, depend on the caprices of foreign rulers, if she contained within herself all the necessaries, and despised whatever they possessed of the luxuries of life? How could they starve her into compliance with their views. Of what consequence would it be that they refused to take her woollen manufactures, when large and fertile tracts of the island ceased to be allotted to the waste of pasturage?

On a natural system of diet, we should require no spices from India; no wines from Portugal, Spain, France, or Madeira; none of those multitudinous articles of luxury, for which every corner of the globe is rifled, and which are the causes of so much individual rivalship, such calamitous and sanguinary national disputes. In the history of modern times, the avarice of commercial monopoly, no less than the ambition of weak and wicked chiefs, seems to have fomented the universal discord, to have added stubbornness to the mistakes of cabinets, and indocility to the infatuation of the people. Let it ever be remembered, that it is the direct influence of commerce to make the interval between the richest and the poorest man wider and more unconquerable. Let it be remembered, that it is a foe to every thing of real worth and excellence in the human character. The odious and disgusting aristocracy of wealth is built upon the ruins of all that is good in chivalry or republicanism; and luxury is the forerunner of a barbarism scarce capable of cure. Is it impossible to realize a state of society, where all the energies of man shall be directed to the production of his solid happiness? Certainly, if this advantage (the object of all political speculation) be in any degree attainable, it is attainable only by a community, which holds out no factitious incentives to the avarice and ambition of the few, and which is internally organized for the liberty, security and comfort of the many. None must be entrusted with power (and money is the completest species of power) who do not stand pledged to use it exclusively for the general benefit. But the use of animal flesh and fermented liquors directly militates with this equality of the rights of man. The peasant cannot gratify these fashionable cravings without leaving his family to starve. Without disease and war, those sweeping curtailers of

population, pasturage would include a waste too great to be afforded. The labour requisite to support a family is far lighter[1] than is usually supposed. The peasantry work, not only for themselves, but for the aristocracy, the army, and the manufacturers.

The advantage of a reform in diet is obviously greater than that of any other. It strikes at the root of the evil. To remedy the abuses of legislation, before we annihilate the propensities by which they are produced, is to suppose, that by taking away the effect, the cause will cease to operate. But the efficacy of this system depends entirely on the proselytism of individuals, and grounds its merits, as a benefit to the community, upon the total change of the dietetic habits in its members. It proceeds securely from a number of particular cases to one that is universal, and has this advantage over the contrary mode, that one error does not invalidate all that has gone before.

Let not too much, however, be expected from this system. The healthiest among us is not exempt from hereditary disease. The most symmetrical, athletic, and long-lived, is a being inexpressibly inferior to what he would have been, had not the unnatural habits of his ancestors accumulated for him a certain portion of malady and deformity. In the most perfect specimen of civilized man, something is still found wanting by the physiological critic. Can a return to nature, then, instantaneously eradicate predispositions that have been slowly taking root in the silence of innumerable ages?—Indubitably not. All

[1] It has come under the author's experience, that some of the workmen on an embankment in North Wales, who, in consequence of the inability of the proprietor to pay them, seldom received their wages, have supported large families by cultivating small spots of sterile ground by moonlight. In the notes to Pratt's Poem, "Bread, or the Poor," is an account of an industrious labourer, who, by working in a small garden, before and after his day's task, attained to an enviable state of independence.

that I contend for is, that from the moment quishing all unnatural habits, no new disease and that the predisposition to hereditary malac perishes, for want of its accustomed supply. consumption, cancer, gout, asthma, and scrc the invariable tendency of a diet of vegetab water.

Those who may be induced by these rem the vegetable system a fair trial, should, in th date the commencement of their practice from of their conviction. All depends upon breakir pernicious habit resolutely and at once. Dr. Trc that no drunkard was ever reformed by grac quishing his dram. Animal flesh, in its eff human stomach, is analogous to a dram. It i the kind, though differing in the degree, of it The proselyte to a pure diet must be warned temporary diminution of muscular strength. T tion of a powerful stimulus will suffice to acco event. But it is only temporary, and is succe equable capability for exertion, far surpassing various and fluctuating strength. Above all, he v an easiness of breathing, by which such exerti formed, with a remarkable exemption from that difficult panting now felt by almost every one, a climbing an ordinary mountain. He will be equa of bodily exertion, or mental application, after his simple meal. He will feel none of the nar of ordinary diet. Irritability, the direct cons exhausting stimuli, would yield to the power and tranquil impulses. He will no longer pine lethargy of ennui, that unconquerable wearir more to be dreaded than death itself. He wil

[1] See Trotter on the Nervous Temperament

epidemic madness, which broods over its own injurious notions of the Deity, and "realizes the hell that priests and beldams feign." Every man forms as it were his god from his own character; to the divinity of one of simple habits no offering would be more acceptable than the happiness of his creatures. He would be incapable of hating or persecuting others for the love of God. He will find, moreover, a system of simple diet to be a system of perfect epicurism. He will no longer be incessantly occupied in blunting and destroying those organs from which he expects his gratification. The pleasures of taste to be derived from a dinner of potatoes, beans, peas, turnips, lettuces, with a dessert of apples, gooseberries, strawberries, currants, raspberries, and, in winter, oranges, apples and pears, is far greater than is supposed. Those who wait until they can eat this plain fare with the sauce of appetite will scarcely join with the hypocritical sensualist at a lord-mayor's feast, who declaims against the pleasures of the table. Solomon kept a thousand concubines, and owned in despair that all was vanity. The man whose happiness is constituted by the society of one amiable woman, would find some difficulty in sympathizing with the disappointment of this venerable debauchee.

I address myself not only to the young enthusiast, the ardent devotee of truth and virtue, the pure and passionate moralist, yet unvitiated by the contagion of the world. He will embrace a pure system, from its abstract truth, its beauty, its simplicity, and its promise of wide-extended benefit; unless custom has turned poison into food, he will hate the brutal pleasures of the chace by instinct; it will be a contemplation full of horror and disappointment to his mind, that beings capable of the gentlest and most admirable sympathies, should take delight in the death-pangs and last convulsions of dying animals. The elderly man, whose

youth has been poisoned by intemperance, or who has lived with apparent moderation, and is afflicted with a variety of painful maladies, would find his account in a beneficial change produced without the risk of poisonous medicines. The mother, to whom the perpetual restlessness of disease, and unaccountable deaths incident to her children, are the causes of incurable unhappiness, would on this diet experience the satisfaction of beholding their perpetual healths and natural playfulness.[1] The most valuable lives are daily destroyed by diseases, that it is dangerous to palliate and impossible to cure by medicine. How much longer will man continue to pimp for the gluttony of death, his most insidious, implacable and eternal foe?

Ἀλλὰ δρακώντας ἀγριὰς καλεῖτε καὶ παρδελέις καὶ λέοντας, αὐτοὶδέ μιαφονεῖτέ εἰς ὠμοτητα καταλιπόντες ἐκείνοις ἠδέν. ἐκείνοις μὲν ὁ φόνος τροφὴ, ἡμῖν δὲ ὄψον ἐστίν.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Ὅτι γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν ανθρώπῳ κατὰ φὺσιν τὸ σαρκοφαγεῖν, πρῶτον μὲν ἀπὸ των σωμάτων δηλῶται τῆς κατασκεῦης. Οὐδεν γὰρ ἔοικε τὸ ἀνθρώπιθ σῶμα των επὶ σαρκοφαγίᾳ γεγονότων, ἰ, χρωπότης χείλθς, οὐκ ὀξύτης ὄνυχος ἰ τραχύτης ὀδὸντων πρόσεστιν, ἰ κοιλίας ευτονία, καὶ πνέυματος θερμὸτης, τρέψαι, καὶ κατεργάσασθαι δυνατὴ τό βαρὺ καὶ

[1] See Mr. Newton's book. His children are the most beautiful and healthy creatures it is possible to conceive; the girls are perfect models for a sculptor; their dispositions are also the most gentle and conciliating; the judicious treatment, which they experience in other points, may be a correlative cause of this. In the first five years of their life, of 18,000 children that are born, 7,500 die of various diseases; and how many more of those that survive are not rendered miserable by maladies not immediately mortal? The quality and quantity of a woman's milk are materially injured by the use of dead flesh. In an island near Iceland, where no vegetables are to be got, the children invariably die of tetanus, before they are three weeks old, and the population is supplied from the main land.---Sir G. Mackenzie's Hist. of Iceland. See also Emile, chap. i. pages 53, 54, 56.

κρεῶδες; ἀλλ' αὐτόθεν ἡ φύσις τῇ λειότητι των ὀδόντων, καὶ τῇ σμικρότητι τῦ σοματος, καὶ τῇ μαλακότητι τῆς γλὼσσης, καὶ τῇ πρὸς πέψιν ἀμβλὐτητι τυ πνέυματος, εξόμνυται τὴν σαρκοφαγιάν. Ει δὲ λεγείς πεφυκέναι σεαυτὸν ἐπὶ τοιάυτην ἐδώδην, ὅ βέλει φαγεῖν, πρῶτον αὐτύς απόκτεινον. ἀλλ' αὐτός, διὰ σεαυτῦ μὴ χρησάμενος κοπίδῃ, μὴδὲ τυμπανῳ μὴδὲ πελέκει. ἀλλὰ ὡς λύκοι, καὶ ἄρκτοι, καὶ λεόνες αὐτόι ὡς ἐσθιέσι φὸνευὸσιν, ἄνελε δήγματι βῦν, ἤ σώματι σῦν, ἤ ἄρνα ἤ λαγὼον διάῤῥηξον, καὶ φὰγε προσπεσὼν ἔτι ξῶντος ὡς ἐκεῖνα.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Ημεῖς δὲ ὅτως ἐν τῷ μιαιφὸνῳ τρυφῶμεν, ὥστε ὄψον τὸ κρέας προσαγορεύομεν, εἶτα ὄψων πρὸς αὐτὸ τὸ κρέας δέομεθα, ἀναμιγνύντες ἔλαιον, οἶνον, μέλι, γὰρον, ὄξος, ἡ δὐσμασι Συριακοῖς, Ἀῤῥαβικοῖς, ὥσπερ ὄντως νεκρὸν, ἐνταφίαξοντες. Καὶ γὰρ ὅτως αὐτων διαλυθέντων καὶ μαλαχθέντων καὶ τρόπον τινὰ κρευσαπέυντων ἔργον ἐστὶ τὴν πέψιν κρατῆσαι καὶ διακρατηθείσης δὲ δεινὰς βαρὐτητας ἐμποιεῖ καὶ νοσὼδεις απεψιάς.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Οὕτω τὸ πρῶτον ἄγριόν τι ξῶον ἐβρώθη καὶ κακὸργον εἶτα ὄρνις τις ἤ ἰχθὺς ἔιλκυστο· καὶ γεύομενον, ὅτο καὶ προμελετῆσαν εν ἐκείνοις τὸ νικᾶν ἐπι βῦν ἐργάτην ἦλθε, καὶ τὸ κοσμον πρὸβατον καὶ τὸν οἰκῳρον ἀλεκτρὺονα· καὶ καταμικὸν ὅτο τὴν ἀπληστιάν τονώσαντες, ἐπἰσφαγὰς ανθρώπων, καὶ φονᾶς καὶ πολὲμους προῆλθον.

Πλουτ. περι της σαρκοφαγιας.

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APPENDIX.

I.

THE DINNER PARTY ANTICIPATED.[1]

A PARAPHRASE OF HORACE'S NINETEENTH ODE, BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.—The Poet rallies his young friend Telephus upon his fondness for talking of genealogy and antiquities, and complains that he does not fix a day for having a dinner party somewhere. The thought of such a meeting fires his imagination, and he supposes them all in the midst of their enjoyment, and talking of their Mistresses. Commentators differ, as usual, upon passages in this ode. I have given myself up to the spirit of the occasion, as the most likely, if not the most learned guide.

DEAR Telephus, you trace divinely
The Grecian king who died so finely;
And shew a zeal, that betters us,
For all the house of Æacus;

[1] The story of this paraphrase, not hitherto known as a work of Shelley's, is somewhat complicated. Among the Leigh Hunt MSS. placed at my disposal by Mr. S. R. Townshend Mayer, are two sheets of extremely thin foreign paper such as numerous poems of Shelley's were written upon for convenience of transit through the post,—on which sheets, in Mrs. Shelley's writing, are this paraphrase from Horace, and *The Magic Horse*, from Cristofano Bronzino. The sheets have been folded in three as they would be if enclosed in a letter. Had this been all that was known of the MS., I should scarcely have hesitated, looking at the internal evidence, and considering that the paper was found among other transcripts of Shelley's works by his wife, to have attributed the translations positively to him; and I do not, in fact, doubt that they are his. But in a periodical of Leigh Hunt's, *The Companion*, for the 26th of March, 1828 (the number, as originally printed), this paraphrase from Horace appears, without any translator's name. If there were any intrinsic quality in this poem to countenance for a moment the supposition that it came from Hunt's pen,—and I do not think

And make us to our special joy,
Feel every blow bestowed at Troy:
But not a syllable do you say,
Of where we are to dine some day;
Not one about a little stock
Of neat, you rogue; nor what o'clock
Some four of us may come together,
And shut the cold out this strange weather.

Good Gods! I feel it done already!
More wine, my boy! There—steady, steady:
"Whose health?" whose health! why here's the moon:
She's young: may she be older soon:
"Whose next?" Why next, I think, it's clear

there is,—such a notion would be disposed of by the fact that, when he printed *The Companion* as a book he omitted this piece, and that he did not print it among his translations, admirable as it is. In the weekly number of *The Companion* following that which contains this paraphrase, he apologizes, on the plea of illness, for using something of Procter's, sent to him "for another purpose"; and the presumption is that he used a translation of Shelley's under like circumstances. Following the search further, Mr. Mayer and I discovered Leigh Hunt's own copy of this paraphrase,—"copy" that has evidently been used to print from. The Ode has there been introduced as the first of a series of articles to be called *The Dessert* and to consist of compositions "not large enough to stand by themselves"; and this introduction, which after all did not appear with the Ode, concludes with the words, "Here have we been going to heaven, when our sole design was to introduce a thing no less earthly than one of Horace's Odes. But if ever heaven and earth meet (not to speak it profanely), it is at the table of a wit and good fellows; and so, finding ourselves right in that matter, we call upon Horace for his Ode." After the last line of the Ode, Hunt has written "The following is a portrait from the life, and comes well after our Dinner-Party. The subject is not a *beau ideal*, like Telephus; but he is human and Horatian, and might illustrate a series of odes, from the *mox reficit rates* of the beginning, to the *est mihi nonum* of Book the Fourth." Then follows the heading, and *only* the heading, "Sketches from the Club-Book—No. I. Old Charlton,"—such being the title of the composition of Procter's used with the apology already referred to. It is to be noted, further, that, whereas in Mrs. Shelley's transcript we read *I have given myself up to the spirit of the occasion*, in the argument as published by Hunt we read *The translator has given himself up* &c. The word *somewhere*, after *dinner party*, is omitted in Hunt's copy, where we also read, after *enjoyment*, the words *drinking their toasts and discussing their mistresses*. He inserts, further, before the word *Commentators*, the following—*His proposal to torment the old fellow next door, who envies them their good humour, is very pleasant*. I should say from the writing, that this translation belongs to about the year 1820.

Comes Mother Midnight—Here's to
And after her, with three at least,
Our reverend friend the new made p
Three cups in one then. *Three* and
Fill, as is[1] fitting, three times three:
For poets in their moods divine
Measure their goblets by the Nine;
Although the Graces, naked trembler
Talk of a third to common tumblers.

Parties like us, true souls and glad
Have right and title to be mad.
Who told the flutes there to leave off
They've not been breathed yet half er
And who hung up the pipes and lyre
They have not done with half our[2] fi
The roses too—heap heap one's hair!
I hate a right hand that can spare.
Let the old envious dog next door,
Old Lycus, hear the maddening roar,
And the blithe girl (she'll love it well
Whom Lycus finds—not haveable.

Ah! Telephus! those locks of thine,
That lie so thick, and smooth, and shi
And that complete and sparkling air,
That gilds one's evenings like a star,
'Tis these for which the hussey wishes,
And comes to meet with willing blush
"And you too,[4] Horace, what fair she

[1] In Hunt's copy, *'tis;* but simply *is* in Mrs. Shelley's.

[2] So in Mrs. Shelley's transcript; but *their* in Hunt's.

[3] So in Mrs. Shelley's transcript; but in Hunt's copy there is a different couplet

'Tis these the
And cuts her

[4] So in Mrs. but in Hunt's *Horace.*

Inspires you now?" Oh, as for me,
I'm in my[1] old tormenting way,—
Burnt at a slow fire, day by day,
For my dull dear Glycera.

II.

THE MAGIC HORSE.[2]

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF CRISTOFANO BRONZINO.

I.

His Highness has found out a happy way
Of making presents to his friends of horses:
It saves one saddles: nobody need pay
For bits and spurs, which bother one's resources:
They want no grooms and stable-boys, not they,
No breaking in of paces and of courses:
Only accept them, and have faith to boot,
And all the rest's as if you went on foot.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's copy, *my;* but *the* in Hunt's.

[2] For an account of the MS. from which this poem is printed (as far as I know, for the first time), see the note to the foregoing translation of Horace's Nineteenth Ode, Book III. The two translations from Horace and Bronzino form one continuous MS.; and the only notable variation between this translation and the other is that this has hiatuses in it, as is the case in so many other transcripts by Mrs. Shelley of her husband's poems. I imagine that the two translations were, like many other compositions of Shelley's, sent to Hunt to do what he liked with, and that, in this case not being quite certain of Bronzino's meaning in some instances (and no wonder), Shelley left blanks for Hunt to fill as best he might. In subsequent notes are indicated the words filled in in Hunt's writing. I have already said that the handwriting of Mrs. Shelley in this MS. seems to be of about the year 1820; and it may be added that the playful style of both pieces corresponds with the treatment of the *Hymn to Mercury* and *The Witch of Atlas*,—both compositions of 1820. It will be noted, too, that the stanza of this piece from Bronzino is that of *The Witch* and the *Hymn*. This obscure writer, of whom Mazzuchelli gives a short account, is better known as a painter, his real name being Allori.

II.

'Tis certainly an excellent invention,
This mode of giving horses to one'
And found,—I've not a doubt with t
Of mounting multitudes for public
Riding without a curb shews compre
But here, as 'twere, we fairly ride
So that, although the road may not
You'll go four miles an hour;—at le

III.

I'm sure of it, because I go the road
On my lord's business, twenty tim
And never take, whether it's bad or
More than an hour to do it in; to
Nothing of other trips. The Emperor
Hasn't a beast in all it's blessed h
Which runs, trots, leaps, and is a pe
Yet never feels a thing upon its bac

IV.

Perhaps you think that to maintain t
Some hay is wanting, or at least s
Not it—He'd fairly choke with such
Grain would be worse than poison
The whole thing's supernatural . . .

* * * *

So that in all that constitutes what t
Expence, I can aver he's none at all.

[1] This word, and the word *back* in the next line, are imperfectly written by Mrs. Shel Hunt.

V.

The reason of all this (which you mayn't[1] think)
Is, that it has been used to live at court,
And have such modicums to eat and drink,
As keep one's bills astonishingly short:[2]
And even then, there's so much need to blink,
The "vittles" not being of too good a sort
That what with eating nothing, and with starting
Off at its drink, less would'nt keep a martin.

VI.

But to do justice to this horse of mine
Is dangerous: I might utter such strange things,
You'd think it all a falsehood, every line,
And bid the devil take my trumpettings.
You know not, as it is, what to divine,
I make in my attempt such awkward flings:
In short I'd better leave the thing defrauded,
Of its due praise: it *cannot* be applauded.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's writing, *might*, —which is erased, and *mayn't* substituted by Hunt.

[2] The words *astonishingly short* are in Hunt's writing, as is also all the next line except the word *And;* and he has supplied the expression ending the stanza (so unlike Shelley), *wouldn't keep a martin.*

III.

THE STORY OF GINEVRA DEGLI AM "OSSERVATORE FIORENTINO."[1]

Invaghitosi di Ginevra degli Amieri A
non potette a niun patto ottenerla da
piacque di darla piuttosto a Francesco
tutte distinte per Nobiltà. Se dispiace
nelli non è da dire; ma non dispiacque
la quale niente concorse col genio a ta
fosse dunque lo struggersi per questa pas
fatta, o le isteriche affezioni, o altro q
fatto fu che dopo di essere stata in
unione per anni quattro, sorpresa da im
e rimasta senza polso e senza alcun s

[1] This story, on which Shelley's fragment, *Ginevra*, was based, occurs in a book entitled *L' Osservatore Fiorentino sugli edifizj della sua patria. Terza edizione, eseguita sopra quella del* 1797. *Firenze*, 1821. The extract, for which I am indebted to Mr. Garnett, is from the first volume, pp. 119 to 122, and is there headed "Via Della Morte, Ossia Della Morta, Così Detta Per Un Caso Singolare D'Asfissia." It will be observed that the story furnishes the groundwork of Leigh Hunt's *Legend of Florence* (in the preface to which there is a reference to Shelley's poem), and of Scribe's *Guido et Ginevra*. In Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's *Cities of Northern and Central Italy* (London, 1876), Vol III, p. 105, occurs the following abridged translation from the *Osservatore*:

"Antonio Rondinelli, having fallen in love with Ginevra degli Amieri, could not by any means obtain her from her father, who preferred to give her to Francesco Agolanti, because he was of noble Rondinelli can was equalled b could never be riage which w Whether ther with hopeless or some other after this ill- lasted for four an unconscious maining witho for some time, and as such w tomb in the ce near the camp Ginevra howeve appearance pr The night afte returned to co ceiving what ha to unfasten her well as she co of the vault, stone, came f shortest way, from this cir

creduta morta, e come tale sepolta in un tumolo di sua Famiglia sul cimitero del Duomo presso al campanile. La tomba si è mostrata a dito fino a' dì nostri; e dice Leopoldo del Migliore, che innanzi che ella fosse restaurata, e passasse nella famiglia de' Bracci, aveavi sopra un G. ed un A., iniziali del nome della Ginevra degli Amieri, per contrassegno del fatto.

La morte però della Ginevra non fu reale, ma apparente, ed una di quelle Asfissie, di cui i moderni Fisici anno trovato in tante diverse malattie l'esistenza, e ne an raccolti numerosi esempj fortuitamente venuti a notizia. Forse l'essere avvenuto il caso della Ginevra nel tempo della gran morìa, detta de' Bianchi, nel 1400, affrettò ancor dipiù la tumulazione della medesima.

Checchè siasi di ciò restata finalmente, nella notte susseguente all' interramento, libera la donna, o alquanto riavuta dal grave suo assopimento, si accorse di quel che era successo, e però volto l'animo a sottrarsi da quel miserabil luogo, meglio che potè si disciolse le mani e i piedi, ed errampicandosi salì la piccola scala della sepoltura illuminata da qualche raggio di Luna, e dato di cozzo alla lapida, se n'uscì fuora. Quindi per la più corta via, cioè per quella che rasenta la Compagnia della Misericordia, e che poi prese il nome della Morte, o della Morta da ques-

to her husband's house in the Corso degli Adimari; but, not being received by him, who from her feeble voice and white dress believed her to be a spectre, she went to the house of Bernardo Amieri, her father, who lived in the Mercato Vecchio behind S. Andrea, and then to that of an uncle who lived close by, where she received the same repulse.

"Giving in to her unhappy fate, it is said that she then took refuge under the loggia of S. Bartolommeo in the Via Calzaioli, where, while praying that death would put an end to her misery, she remembered her beloved Rondinelli, who had always proved faithful to her. To him she found her way, was kindly received and cared for, and in a few days restored to her former health.

"Up to this point the story has nothing incompatible with truth, but that which is difficult to believe is the second marriage of Ginevra with Antonio Rondinelli, while her first husband was still living, and her petition to the Ecclesiastical Tribunals, who decided, that the first marriage having been dissolved by death, the lady might legitimately accept another husband."

to caso, se n' andò a casa del marito, che rispondeva nel Corso degli Adimari. Ma non essendo ricevuta da lui, che dalla fioca voce e dalla bianca veste la credette uno spettro, o com' egli se l' immaginò, il ritorno dell' anima della medesima; s'incamminò alla casa di Bernardo Amieri suo padre, che abitava in Mercato Vecchio dietro S. Andrea, e poi a quella d' un Zio li vicino, donde ebbe ripetutamente la stessa repulsa.

Abbandonatasi allora alla sua mala sorte, dicesi che si refugiasse sotto la loggia di S. Bartolomineo nella via de' Calzaioli, dove chiedendo che morte o mercè desse fine al suo dolore, si sovvenne dell' amato suo Rondinelli, che se l'era sempre mostrato fedele. A lui dunque portatasi come il meglio potè, ne fu benignamente accolta, ristorata, e in pochi dì ristabilita nella primiera salute.

Fin quì l' istoria, che è passata tradizionalmente sino ai nostri giorni, non à niente d'inverosimile. Ciocchè è malagevole a credere, è lo sposalizio della Ginevra in seconde nozze con Antonio Rondinelli, vivente ancora il primo marito, e reclamante al tribunale Ecclesiastico davanti al Vicario, il quale sentenziò, che per essere stato disciolto il primo matrimonio dalla morte, poteva la donna legittimamente passare ad altro marito. Non veggo altra ragione per creder possibile una sentenza così stravagante, che l' ignoranza del tempo.

Del rimanente, quanto al fatto, oltre la tradizione costante per tre secoli e mezzo, avvi l'asserzione di due nostri Storici, quantunque non molto antichi, cioè di Ferdinando del Migliore nella Firenze Illustrata, e di Francesco Rondinelli, che era della famiglia medesima dello sposo di Ginevra, nella Relazione del Contagio; dipiù una ricordanza di quegli anni stessi, ritrovata già in casa di Zanobi Mazzinghi, ed il nome di una strada che dall' avvenuto caso conserva il nome. Arroge che nel 1546, il

martedì del Carnevale a' 10. di marzo, si narra nel Diario MS. di Antonio da S. Gallo essersi recitata nel Palazzo di abitazione del Duca Cosimo una bellissima Commedia intitolata: Ginevra morta dal campanile, la quale sendo morta e sotterrata, resuscitò.

IV.

SHELLEY'S LETTER TO "THE EXAMINER" CONCERNING "QUEEN MAB."[1]

To the Editor of THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—Having heard that a poem, entitled *Queen Mab*, has been surreptitiously published in London, and that legal proceedings have been instituted against the publisher, I request the favour of your insertion of the following explanation of the affair as it relates to me.

A poem, entitled *Queen Mab*, was written by me at the age of eighteen,[2] I dare say in a sufficiently intemperate spirit—but even then was not intended for publication, and a few copies only were struck off, to be distributed among my personal friends. I have not seen this production for several years: I doubt not but that it is perfectly worthless in point of literary composition; and that in all that concerns moral and political speculation, as well as in the subtler discriminations of metaphysical and religious doctrine, it is still more crude and immature. I am a devoted enemy to religious, political, and domestic oppression; and I regret this publication, not so much

[1] This letter appeared in *The Examiner* for the 15th of July, 1821, and was reprinted by Mrs. Shelley at the end of her note to *Queen Mab*.

[2] Concerning this statement, see note at p. 380.

from literary vanity, as because I fear it is better fitted to injure than to serve the cause of freedom. I have directed my solicitor to apply to Chancery for an injunction to restrain the sale; but after the precedent of Mr. Southey's *Wat Tyler* (a poem, written, I believe, at the same age, and with the same unreflecting enthusiasm), with little hopes of success.

Whilst I exonerate myself from all share in having divulged opinions hostile to existing sanctions, under the form, whatever it may be, which they assume in this poem, it is scarcely necessary for me to protest against the system of inculcating the truth of Christianity and the excellence of Monarchy, however true or however excellent they may be, by such equivocal arguments as confiscation, and imprisonment, and invective, and slander, and the insolent violation of the most sacred ties of nature and society.

Sir, I am,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

Pisa, June 22, 1821.[1]

[1] In a letter to Mr. Gisborne dated the 16th of June, 1821 (*Essays &c.*, 1840, Vol II, p. 296), Shelley says :— "A droll circumstance has occurred. Queen Mab, a poem written by me when very young, in the most furious style, with long notes against Jesus Christ, and God the Father, and the King, and bishops, and marriage, and the devil knows what, is just published by one of the low booksellers in the Strand, against my wish and consent, and all the people are at loggerheads about it. H. S. [Horace Smith] gives me this account. You may imagine how much I am amused. For the sake of a dignified appearance, however, and really because I wish to protest against all the bad poetry in it, I have given orders to say that it is all done against my desire, and have directed my attorney to apply to Chancery for an injunction, which he will not get." In a letter to Horace Smith, dated the 14th of September, 1821 (*Essays &c.*, 1840, Vol II, p. 331), Shelley says :—"If you happen to have bought a copy of Clarke's edition of Queen Mab for me, I should like very well to see it.—I really hardly know what this poem is about. I am afraid it is rather rough." Notwithstanding this ignorance as to what *Queen Mab* was about, Shelley had characterized it as "villainous trash" in a letter to Mr. Ollier, dated the 11th of June, 1821, quoted in the *Shelley Memorials*, at pp. 53 and 160-1.

V.

On the "Ahasuerus" fragment and other points in the Notes to "Queen Mab."

The curious fragment appended as a note to the words *Ahasuerus, rise!* (pages 503-6), and described by Shelley as "the translation of part of some German work" which he "picked up dirty and torn, . . . in Lincoln's-Inn Fields," appears to be an adaptation from *Der Ewige Jude* (a "rhapsody") of Christian D. F. Schubart, to which fact attention was called in a letter signed "Joannes," published in *The Pall Mall Gazette* for 21 December, 1866. "Joannes," says:—"Down to the words in the note: 'Fire dripped upon me from the trees, but the flames only singed my limbs; alas! it could not consume them,' Schubart's words are followed with tolerable accuracy, though not so closely as is possible when a composition in verse is rendered into prose. But much that follows is a mere interpolation, and to the passage beginning with 'I now mixed with the butchers of mankind,' and ending with 'the giant's steel rebounded from my body,' there is nothing corresponding in Schubart. With the words 'the executioner's hand could not strangle me,' we return to the 'rhapsody,' and keep pretty close to it, till we have completed the interrogatory: 'Avenger in heaven, hast thou in thy armoury of wrath a punishment more dreadful?' The following words, with which the fragment concludes, are added by the translator: 'Then let it thunder upon me; command a hurricane to sweep me down to the foot of Carmel, that I may there lie extended; may pant and writhe and die.'" "Joannes" also translates the last seven lines of

Schubart's poem ("the only omitted lines
Ahasuerus sank. There was a sound
covered his bristly eyelashes; an angel
the cave. 'Sleep there now,' said the an
sleep sweet sleep; God is not wrathful
thou awakest, He is there whose blood
on Golgotha, and who—pardons even th
was of opinion that Shelley found
German, and translated it, adapting it
Hogg had (under some mistake) declared
to be really Shelley's own; but Medwin
volume of his *Life of Shelley* (page 57)
fragment was actually picked up in Li
though by himself instead of Shelley;
Mr. Rossetti in thinking that Medwin'
may be accepted on such a point, n
constitutional inaccuracy betrayed in
Shelley might well have tripped in
extent implied in claiming to have fou
of paper himself: probably he forgot
friend picked it up. Medwin thought
translation had appeared in a maga
shewn in *Notes and Queries* (Second
page 373), under the signature "R. S.,
come out in 1802 in the third volu
Museum (a monthly magazine).

Concerning the dissertation on ve
closes the notes to *Queen Mab*, it shou
that this was the first part of the vo
published. After privately printing *Q*
this note with some slight changes ar
separate pamphlet. This took place
tured in the British Museum catalogu
of the tract having the date torn off

internal evidence shews the tract to be of later date than *Queen Mab*. This small volume will take its place among Shelley's Prose works, and need not be further discussed here.

Speaking generally of the *Queen Mab* notes, it should be stated that certain errors or peculiarities observed in the original edition have been silently corrected, as having no apparent significance, a statement of the changes being reserved for this place in order to avoid mixing small editorial notes with Shelley's own foot-notes, and yet redeem the pledge given that nothing printed by Shelley should be altered without notice. The words found in the original edition and silently altered are *synonime* and *Syrius*, page 466; *characterise* (for *characterize*, Shelley's usual orthography), page 474; *occillation* (for *oscillation*), page 483; *fit* (for *fil*), page 496; *crire* (for *croie*), page 498; *partraux* (for *partiaux*) and *ceux* (for *aux*), page 500; *milleniums*, page 505; *prophesies* (for *prophecies*), pages 511 and 514; *will* (for *wilt*) and *causes* (for *curses*), page 514; *Claudiam* (for *Claudian*), page 517; and *Cyclopœdia*, page 524.

It should perhaps be stated further that the extract from Godwin's *Enquirer* given at pages 467-8 is from the Essay *Of Trades and Professions*, the fifth of Part II. It is not very accurately transcribed; but I have left it alone, as also the extract from the same work at pages 476-7, which is but slightly inaccurate, and which likewise is from Part II (from the Essay *Of Avarice and Profusion*). The reference to *Political Justice* is, in the original edition, clearly to "Book VIII, chap. 11"; but as there is no such chapter in Book VIII, and the chapter alluded to is doubtless the second, the figure "11" must have been a misprint for "II," which I have therefore substituted. The citations from *Ecclesiastes* (page 472) and

Deuteronomy (pages 513-14) are not quite accurate; but I leave them as Shelley left them,—as also the extract from Newton's *Return to Nature* (pages 521-2), which is tolerably correct.

VI.

On certain Words used by Shelley in the Poems printed in the present Volume.

Desart—Desert.—Desart, with an *a*, occurs as an adjective in more than one instance in the volume of *Posthumous Poems* given to us in 1824, by Mrs. Shelley,—as in line 107 of the *Ode to Naples*, page 46 of the present volume: in line 227 of the first scene from Calderon, page 261, this word is used presumably as an adjective, and is spelt with an *a* both in Mrs. Shelley's transcript and in the *Posthumous Poems;* and we have *the wide, the desart waste* in line 44 of the *May-day Night* (page 292), both in *The Liberal* and in the *Posthumous Poems.* In *Queen Mab* we find *desert* (noun) in Sections VIII and IX (pages 448, 449, and 455), and *desart island* in the notes (page 489, line 3).

Etherial.—In *Queen Mab*, the same orthography is adopted as in *Alastor,—etherial.* See Section I, line 65 (page 387), and Section II, line 29 (page 395).

Aërial—Aerial.—The form which I have elsewhere found reason to believe Shelley preferred, *aërial*, occurs in *Queen Mab*, Section II, line 92 (page 397). See note on this word in the Appendix to Volume II, page 435.

Demon—Dæmon.—This word occurs without the diphthong in *Queen Mab*, Section II, line 150 (page 399), although in revising that poem for *The Dæmon of the World*, the

diphthong was certainly adopted; and it was, I believe, pretty consistently adhered to afterwards. In the extract from *Paradise Lost* (page 520), *Dæmoniac* was duly printed with the diphthong.

Ecstasy—Ecstacy—Extacy.—The incorrect form *extacy* is found in *Queen Mab*, Section II, line 245 (page 402); and in Section I, line 176 (page 391), we have *extatic*. It is noteworthy, as bearing on the remarks upon this word made at pages 404 and 405 of Volume I, that the instance of *extacy* in *Queen Mab* occurs in one of the passages afterwards incorporated in *The Dæmon of the World*, and that in the latter poem the word is duly spelt *ecstasy*.

Falshood.—Throughout *Queen Mab* this orthography occurs; but, as I find also several instances of the more correct orthography, *falsehood*, I have not wittingly left *falshood* standing in any case.

Stedfast.—So far as the mature poems in this volume are concerned, it has not been intended to leave *stedfast* in any case, looking at the reasons for adopting the orthography *steadfast*, given in Volume I (page 407). In *Queen Mab*, not having noted this preferable orthography, I have left *stedfast*, as in Section VI, line 156 (page 434), and Section IX, line 139 (page 458). Perhaps it would have been better to alter the word and note the change; but I have generally preferred to deal with *Queen Mab* as nearly as practicable as I have dealt with other Juvenilia, —that is, to leave it as I found it.

Honor—Favor—Vigor—Fervor.—These forms occur in *Queen Mab* pretty frequently; but not consistently. They appear often enough to incline me to think Shelley dropped the *u* intentionally at one time; but it is possible enough that he had not attended to the word, and left himself at the mercy of various-viewed compositors. We have *honors* and *honor* in VI, 223, VII, 141, and VII, 152; *favoritism*

in VI, 213, and *favorite* in IX, 168, but
193, and *favour* in the notes, page 519;
and *fervor* in VIII, 71. I have not atte
instances of these words, but have printe
them.

Tyger.—The occurrence of this orth
Mab is curious. Elsewhere in Shelle
noted it in *A Vision of the Sea*, alone, c
in his lifetime, though, as stated in Vol
I found it in Mrs. Shelley's transcript
Atlas. In Shelley's edition of *Queen M*
in line 35 of Section I, and line 213
also in those passages of the notes wh
volume, are printed at pages 488 and
tygress in line 79 of Section VIII.
spelling may have some weight in carry
Sea back to a much earlier date than
to it: if so, its immense inferiority to
it would be accounted for.

Besprent.—This old word is used in
Dante known as *Matilda gathering Fl*
243). It is used as a rhyme.

Strook.—We find this obsolete past
stanza of *Arethusa*, page 30, and in
the *Hymn to Mercury*, page 177,—in b
would seem, for rhyming purposes. See

Cope.—*Cope*, in its usual poetic se
the epigram from the Greek, which is
at page 231; but I have found no se
use in the sense of *stroke*, as in *A V*

Teint.—This obsolete form of the w
Queen Mab, Section I, line 56 (pag
noting as an early instance of Shelle
the-way words.

Ken.—Of the same category is the verb to *ken*, in the eighty-sixth line of Section II (page 397); and we should, perhaps, also note in this connection *faery*, in the thirtieth line of the same Section (page 396).

Comment.—Not having at hand any information concerning the somewhat peculiar use of this word in *Ginevra*, I merely note it as unusual in modern English. It is in line 5 (page 104).

Depend.—This verb in its primitive sense, as used in the *Sonnet to the Nile* (Volume III, page 411), is also peculiar in modern English; but Shelley uses it in the same sense in Section IV of *Queen Mab*, line 10 (page 411).

Many-mingling.—In regard to a line which is common to *Queen Mab* and the second part of *The Dæmon of the World*, namely

Now to the sweet and many-mingling sounds,

it was pointed out, both in the third volume (page 371) and at page 449 of this volume, that *many mingling* stood without a hyphen in Shelley's edition of *Queen Mab*. Internal evidence is sufficient to mark this as an oversight; but the fact that the words are used to imply diversity of combination is further borne out by the occurrence of the term *many-mingling* (with the hyphen) in the early poem *Falsehood and Vice* (line 60) printed by Shelley in the Notes to *Queen Mab*, page 470 of this volume.

Sill.—The word *sill*, as it occurs in the seventy-ninth stanza of the *Hymn to Mercury*, page 176 of this volume, is employed in a manner that is remarkably ingenious, and yet, as far as I can judge, strictly correct. It appears to be meant simply as an equivalent for *seat*, thus answering completely to the sense of the Greek; but to meet with it in a place so essentially modern as Shelley's version of this Hymn is something of a surprise:

thy sill
Is highest in heaven among the sons of Jove. . .

Mr. John W. Hales, with whom I have had some correspondence on certain points such as this, regards *sill* as being here a various spelling of *sell*, which is certainly a good old word for *seat*,—generally, but not always, a *saddle*. As *sill* (base or foundation) becomes interchangeable with *sell* when compounded with *ground*, so as to yield the forms *ground-sill*, *ground-sell*, and *groundsel*, the distinction between the two words would not be very clearly marked to most poetic minds, and certainly not to Shelley's. Mr. Hales points out that in Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, the word *sylle* for *seat* is cited from an early manuscript. *Apropos* of the interchangeableness of *e* and *i*, the same gentleman has pointed out to me that *upriste* is used as a noun for *uprising*, by Chaucer: this is a more reasonable derivation for Shelley's *uprest* than that given at page 406 of the first volume.

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[1] In this Index of first lines are included those of the various scenes and cantos of the longer poems, and also several of lyrics in the text of such longer poems. In the examples of lyric drama which Shelley's works include there are numerous choruses and lyric movements, not following any express break, and yet opening fresh subjects so markedly, that the first lines of them form landmarks quite as distinct as the first lines of the shorter poems. It has been thought useful to include these in the present index, and also to insert the first lines of various fragments which have stood independently in other editions, but are now connected with other fragments. The lines which are on these grounds not strictly first lines are distinguished by asterisks (*).

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When winds that move not its calm surface sweep ...	I ...	58
Where art thou, beloved To-morrow?	IV ...	87
*Where has he of race divine	IV ...	191
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*Would I were the wingèd cloud	III ...	74
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Ye gentle visitations of calm thought—	IV ...	17
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ADDENDA.

Since the issue of Vol. II, Mr. Rossetti has courteously informed me of the existence of an additional stanza belonging to the poem printed at pp. 294-5 of that volume,—*An Ode* [*written, October,* 1819, *before the Spaniards had recovered their Liberty.*],—a stanza which must be regarded as rejected by Shelley, inasmuch as he published the poem without it, but which should appear in its place as a Cancelled Passage. This stanza, it seems, was printed in *The Times*, in a review of Mr. W. B. Scott's edition of Shelley (published by Routledge), and was said to be the final stanza of a MS. of the Ode in Shelley's writing, preserved in the Bodleian Library, in a collection known as "the Montagu Letters." I have had no opportunity of seeing the MS., and give the stanza as furnished to me by Mr. Rossetti :

> Gather, oh gather,
> Foeman and friend in love and peace !
> Waves sleep together
> When the blasts that called them to battle cease.
> For fangless Power, grown tame and mild,
> Is at play with Freedom, fearless child—
> The dove and the serpent reconciled.

Since the issue of Vol. III, the MS. from which *Hellas* was printed has come to light, having remained in the family of Mr. Charles Ollier, the publisher. It was sold by public auction on the 19th of July, 1877, together with 24 letters from Shelley, one of which contained a list of corrigenda for *Hellas*, never yet carried out. As yet, I have been unable to collate the entire MS., which, I doubt not, would shew minute variations far too numerous to be given in this place. It is not in Shelley's writing, but in a somewhat ordinary hand, said to be that of Edward Williams ; and it is revised throughout by Shelley, whose own edition and list of errata ought to afford a substantially satisfactory text, especially as, in the letter forwarding this list, the poet again pronounces *Hellas* unusually free from error : "On the opposite page," he says (under date 11 April, 1822), "you will find a list of errata for Hellas, which in general is more correct than my other books." The following is the list :

SHELLEY'S LIST OF ERRATA FOR HIS EDITION OF HELLAS.

Page 5, 6, and 7. The speech of the chorus is divided into 3 stanzas the 1st of which ends at the word *Switzerland*, the second at the word *Spain*. [See Vol. III, pp. 49 and 50 : the first stanza ends with line 63, the second with line 75.]

Page 24, line 9. Instead of *Repulsed on the waters* read *Repulse is on the waters!*—(this error is of so much consequence that it would be worth while to cancel the leaf). [See p. 66 : the correction is for line 466.]

Page 24, line 15. For *Hold* read *Told* [See p. 67, line 472.]

Page 31, line 7. For *upon Clelonites* read *Chelonite's*. [See p. 73, line 620.]

Page 33, line 5, For *Bask in the blue noon divine* read *Bask in the deep blue noon divine*. [See p. 74, line 657.]

Page 37, last line. For *Apprehend* read *Apprehended*. [See p. 79, line 755 : this is one of the readings suggested in the note on that line.]

Page 52, line 6. Make a division between the stanzas. [See p. 92. The reference is to the division after line 1071.]

The reading *Told* for *Hold* in line 472 is that of the MS., in which, however, the mistake *apprehend* for *apprehended* occurs in line 755. The established reading of line 475, *senseless are the mountains* (p. 67) is confirmed by the MS., which does not, moreover, bear-out Mr. Rossetti's emendation *Fear* for *For* in line 728 (p. 78) : the word *For* stands clearly there ; but I still think it is an undetected mistake.

Among the documents sold at the Ollier sale were MSS. in Shelley's handwriting of *The Question* and the Sonnet "Ye hasten to the dead." The line recovered by Mr. Garnett from the Boscombe copy of *The Question* is not in this copy, so that Shelley would seem to be responsible for its accidental omission ; and in the same stanza to which that line was restored (stanza II, p. 33 of this volume), we read in the seventh line *Heavens collected* instead of *heaven-collected*. In the Sonnet (p. 63 of this volume) Shelley has struck out *dead* in the first line and substituted *grave*, which reading I should take to be his final intention ; and in the fifth line, instead of *anticipation* we read *pale Expectation*,—an expression which also occurs in line 3 of the Fragment headed *Hope, Fear, and Doubt*, at p. 65.

Since the issue of Vol. III, and indeed since three fourths of Vol. IV were printed, Major General Catty has kindly placed in my hands, for reference, the MSS. alluded to at p. 150, Vol. III, and pp. 12 24, 49 and 62, Vol. IV, which belonged to his mother, formerly Miss Sophia Stacey, and which were locked out of reach when these volumes were in preparation. The MS. heading of

the Song at p. 150, Vol. III, is *On a dead Violet To* ———. I have failed to discover the words *To Miss* ——— quoted by Mr. Rossetti ; and the only unnoted variation of consequence which I find is the fourth line of stanza II, which is *With it's cold, silent rest.* Except that the commas at *gone, flown* and the first *thee,* and the note of exclamation at the second *thee,* in stanza I, are wanting, I find no other variation from the text as given in this edition. The heading of the stanzas to Miss Stacey (p. 12) is simply *Sophia ;* and Shelley's MS. varies from Mr. Rossetti's version in numerous instances as to pointing and capitalling : these are of no great significance ; but it is important to note that the epithet *gentle* in line 4, stanza II, is struck out, and *tender* substituted by Shelley, and that in the next two lines there are cancelled readings, *the light breeze* for *Zephyrs* and *softest* for *gentle* : doubtless it was the insertion of *gentle* in line 6 that led to its removal from line 4. In lines 3 and 4, stanza III, there are cancelled readings, *thine* for *those* and *heart* for *soul ;* and in line 4, stanza IV, I can find no trace of the word *but,* the word in the MS. being *yet.* In the autograph copy of *Love's Philosophy* (p. 24 of this volume) the variations in pointing and capitalling are very numerous ; but I only find two unnoted variations of consequence, both of which, I should say, ought to be received into the text : line 7 of stanza I, reads *In one spirit meet and mingle ;* and line 7 of stanza II, *What is all this sweet work worth.* In the copy of *Good Night* from which Mr. Rossetti gave the version quoted in the note at p. 49, there are only a few variations in pointing and capitalling ; but one of them is of consequence as emphasizing the sense : in stanza II Mr. Rossetti reads

> Be it not said, thought, understood,—
> Then it will be *good* night.

while the exact reading of the MS. (a very careful one) is

> Be it not said, thought, understood—
> Then it will be—"*good* night."

In the MS. of *Time Long Past,* p. 62, are minute variations of like kind from the printed text ; but only one of consequence to the rhythm, namely a comma after *remembrance* in the last line but one : *Time* has invariably a capital *T.*

END OF VOL. IV.

CORRECTIONS FOR VOL. IV.

Page 24, Foot-note, line 7, left hand.—Omit *of*.

Page 53.—Supply full-stop after letter *A* heading the speech which opens with line 38.

Page 207, Foot-notes, line 6, right hand.—For *Ai !* read *ai !*

Page 381 (Title-page to *Queen Mab*), last line but 2.—Substitute comma for full-stop after *Shelley*.

Page 445, line 1.—Supply comma after *chastise*.

Page 547, line 10.—For *Bartolomineo* read *Bartolommeo*.

ADDITIONAL CORRECTION FOR VOL. II.

Page 240, line 54.—Insert *the* between *With* and *thunder*.

ADDITIONAL CORRECTIONS FOR VOL. III.

Page 22, Foot-note, line 7 from bottom, left hand.—For *concensus* read *consensus*.

Page 316, line 322.—For *pierced* read *pieced*.

Page 371, line 111.—For *flowerets* read *flowrets*.

Page 461, line 6.—For *Dæmon* read *Dæmon*.